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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

JANUARY 7, 1959

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## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JANUARY 7, 1959

Vol. 26, No. 31

### Our cover

● Ava Gardner, one of the world's most beautiful women, heads a star-studded cast for Stanley Kramer's Melbourne production of "On The Beach." Ava's last film, "The Naked Maja," in which she plays the Duchess of Alba, with Anthony Franciosa as the artist Goya, will be seen by Australian audiences before "On The Beach."

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### The Weekly Round

● Bonar Dunlop delivered the final illustration for our new serial, "The Trouble With Lazy Ethel," only a few hours before sailing for England with his wife and two children.

MR. DUNLOP was commissioned to do the illustrations just a few weeks before his departure. When he delivered the last, he announced cheerfully, "Next stop is to pick up the tickets for the ship."

"The Trouble With Lazy Ethel," which begins on page 16, is by leading American author Ernest Gann.

Mr. Gann has had three of his novels made into films—"The High and the Mighty," "Soldier of Fortune," and "Twilight for the Gods."

HAVE any readers aerial color photographs of the outback suitable for inclusion in our new "Australia From the Air" series, the first of which appears on pages 32 and 33?

For 1959, "Australia From the Air" replaces the very popular "Australian Year" series of 1958.

We have a selection of aerial views of cities and more settled districts. We would like aerial photographs in color of the inland and outback.

AUSTRALIA'S marching girls have captured the imagination of Mrs. Rosemary McMurtry, fashion director of

the American teenage fashion magazine "Seventeen."

Mrs. McMurtry and a party of six, including two top New York mannequins, have been visiting Broome, Western Australia, to boost the pearl-shell industry (story pages 12, 13).

"We have nothing like the marching girls in the United States," said Mrs. McMurtry. "It's so good for deportment, and it would be an answer to juvenile delinquency."

On her return to the United States Mrs. McMurtry plans to feature in "Seventeen" a story and color pictures of Australia's marching girls.

### NEXT WEEK

● France, the House of Dior's famous mannequin, recently spent a three-week holiday in Australia. In our next issue we publish the first of a series of four articles by France. In this she tells how she became a mannequin and of her life at the House of Dior, for which she has travelled the world and appeared before Royalty.



# WEP'S PRIZE PORTRAIT

***The artist  
who  
seeks the  
best in  
everyone***

ARTIST William E. Pidgeon (Wep) and his portrait of Sydney journalist Ray Walker, which won the Archibald Prize of 1958.



By RONALD McKIE

● Ten years ago William Edwin Pidgeon—better known as Wep—set out to win the coveted Archibald Prize. He has succeeded at last, with his portrait of Sydney journalist Ray Walker, and everyone is glad.

**Y**EARS ago Jimmy Bancks, creator of Ginger Meggs, used to call Wep "the poor man's Leonardo"—after the famous Florentine who mastered everything from painting and sculpture to engineering and mathematics.

And Bancks wasn't far wrong, for Wep, who combines the slow, plodding determination of a woolly mammoth with the meticulous precision of a web-building spider, can do anything—or almost anything.

He can stop a tap dripping, fix a fuse, paint a house, make a dog kennel (and forget to give it a roof), lay concrete, build cupboards, mend a radio (sometimes with a well-directed kick), hang doors, overhaul a car, and many, many other things.

His 23-year-old car, which he bought 20 years ago for £265 and which strongly resembles a decadent hearse and has to be cranked, must be seen to be believed, particularly the interior, which looks as if a buffalo herd had thundered through it.

He calls the car "Baldy Bill," and loves it with that devotion men reserve for vintage hats or trusted, paint-mead pants. His approach to its innards is generally paternally gentle, though sometimes direct and violent.

When one blade of his engine fan fell off in King Street recently, he attacked the corresponding blade with a hacksaw—and the car hasn't faltered since.

He is also a superb cook—even his wife admits it—the sort of cook who can produce a fine meal from an almost empty fridge, a spot of tarragon, and a bunch of parsley.

He's so passionately fond of cooking, especially Chinese, which he rates the world's finest, with French next, that he keeps his culinary library of at least 30 volumes, including one tome which cost him seven guineas, in the kitchen.

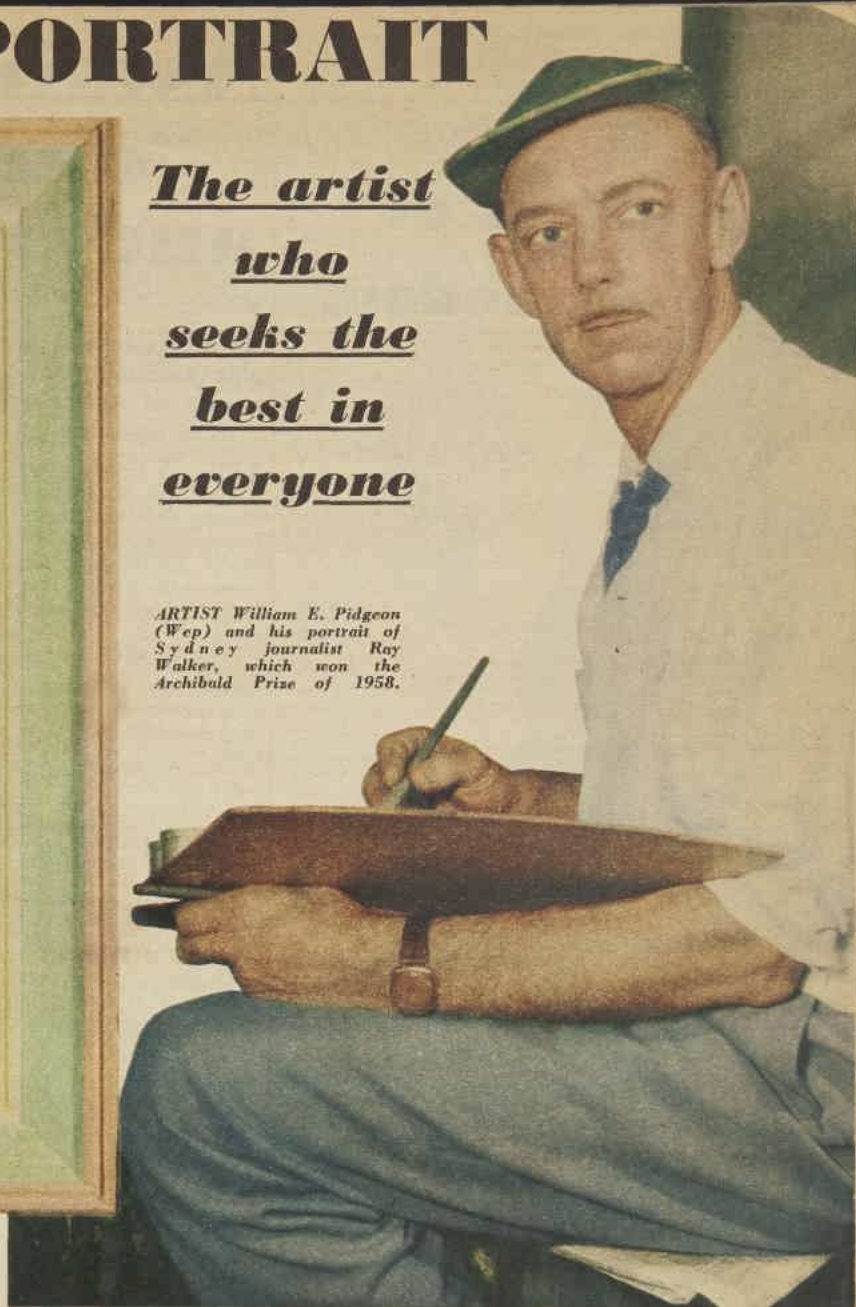
And, you housewives, he prefers to cook with a bottle of beer handy because, somehow, it does startling things to the most commonplace sauce or helps transform a piece of scrag into a tender creation.

The Pidgeons, as Wep says with a mad cackle, have been "flapping round Sydney" for generations.

A description like that would have horrified his great-grandfather Nathaniel, who was a loyalist Protestant Irish clergyman from County Cork—it doesn't seem possible—and who often prayed, his knees deep in the mud of George Street, for the sinful of Sydney.

Nathaniel, also the great-grandpappy of Sydney sculptor Lyndon Dadswell, was one of the great proselytising parsons of Early Victorian Sydney, a man who practised Christianity so thoroughly that he gave to the needy practically every penny, he ever owned, and even the clothes he wore.

**BILL PIDGEON** with his son Graham, by his first marriage, and his wife, Dorothy, at their Northwood, N.S.W., home.



Wep's father designed stained-glass windows and lived in Paddington, where Wep was born in 1909. There his mother's father, Cornishman John White, who stares back sternly from an old family photograph like a bearded Spanish grandee, was Mayor and one of the suburb's distinguished citizens.

Wep wanted to be an electrical engineer, and even won a scholarship at Sydney Technical High School to achieve this early ambition.

Instead, he drifted into his first job as office boy at the firm where Bill Dobell, who

was later to win the Travelling Scholarship, to study in London, win the Archibald Prize several times, and become Australia's foremost portrait painter, was drawing advertisements and designing ceilings.

Wep left after one month—although there must be something about this firm to have spawned two Archibald winners—and became a cadet artist on the "Evening News" before moving to the "Guardian" and the "Sunday Sun," where he became the only artist to have

—Continued overleaf





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# Astaire keen to watch "dances and rites"

By VIOLA MOORE

● While Fred Astaire is in Australia he plans to watch the dances and rites of two groups of Australians — an aboriginal tribe and punters on a racecourse.

HIS only worry is that he will be so busy working on the Stanley Kramer film "On the Beach" in Melbourne that he won't have enough time to see the country and its people.

Just before leaving America he said:

"Now that I'm actually going to Australia after all these years, I'm afraid I'm going to be rather short of time for sightseeing.

"I'll be working most of the time we're shooting 'On the Beach' from January to April.

"But if I should get a few days off I'd like to spend them visiting the aborigines and then take another few days to go to the races."

### Shy, diffident

Australians who get to know this man of the flashing feet and jaunty smile will find that he is shy and diffident. Starring in "On the Beach" with Gregory Peck and Ava Gardner, Fred Astaire has the role of Julian Osborne, a scientist who drives racing cars. The story, projected ahead to 1962, tells of the aftermath of a devastating nuclear war that has spared human life only in Australia.

"I have a straight part in this picture," Fred said. "It's the type of role I've been wanting for a long time.

"It marks a complete change of pace for me. As you can guess—there's no place in the script for a song-and-dance man."

Fred got the role by chance. "It was all due to a television show I did one Sunday," he said.

"For once I was playing a dramatic part. Stanley Kramer turned on the programme by chance, and started to watch the show.

"When it was over he phoned and offered me the part. The deal was set in five minutes."

### 40 years on job

Fred Astaire hasn't changed much in the past 10 years, and it's hard to believe that he has nearly 40 years of show business behind him.

Twenty-five of these years have been spent making 27 movies.

Before that he had nine years on Broadway and three in London starring in musical comedies with his talented sister, the lovely Adele Astaire, who married Lord Cavendish, son of the ninth Duke of Devonshire.

Remember the nine fabulous movies he made with Ginger Rogers? And the other glamor girls he partnered to

stardom? There were Rita Hayworth, Eleanor Powell, Paulette Goddard, Judy Garland, Vera-Ellen, and, more recently, Audrey Hepburn and Cyd Charisse.

Fred does not dance for his own amusement.

"Dancing is darned hard work," he said.

"For instance, preceding my last hour-long television show, 'An Evening with Fred Astaire,' I worked out daily for six solid weeks. This is necessary for me. It's the way I work.

"Then when it comes time to give a performance I can relax, sure that I know every last movement and beat."

Fred said his hobbies were song-writing, breeding horses, and going to the races.

They may be hobbies, but they are also big business.

As a song-writer he's the author of such hits as "I'm Building Up to an Awful Let-down," "Just Like Taking Candy From a Baby," "No Time Like the Present," "Hello, Baby," and others.

He's written his life story, which will be off the presses soon.

### Home-lover

As for breeding horses, he has his own "Blue Valley Ranch" in the San Fernando Valley, and one of his horses, Triplicate, is said to have won him £109,000.

Often nominated as one of the world's best-dressed men, Fred waves away the honor.



FRED ASTAIRE, who breeds and races horses as a hobby, with a portrait of Triplicate, which won him £109,000 in stake-money before going to the stud.

"I'm a sloppy dresser," he said. "Comfortable old clothes feel best to me, and I'd rather potter about the house than go to a nightclub."

Fred Astaire's Hollywood home is on a quiet street behind the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Since he lost his wife, Phyllis, in 1954, he lives there with his eighty-year-old mother.

When an empty lot across the street was put up for sale

recently they bought it to ensure their privacy. They plan to landscape the area to add to the beauty of their neighborhood.

Fred has a son and a daughter and a stepson, Peter.

"My son, Fred, is working in television production," he said, "and my daughter, Ava, attends Wesley College.

"I don't propose to choose their careers. I want them to do as they please."

Continued  
from p. 3

## Wep's prize portrait

ever been sacked for drawing people with long, thin noses.

As he says, tilting his concave nose ceiling-wards: "How could I help drawing people with long noses? Take a look at the one I got in the lucky dip."

Wep illustrated Lennie Lower's articles in The Australian Women's Weekly, illustrated a strip, "In and Out of Society," designed covers, and cartooned for the "Daily Telegraph" and the "Sunday Telegraph."

His covers alone—"The School Bus," "The Country Dance," "Melbourne Cup," and many more—were so popular that thousands of our readers collected them or wrote for copies; and still write.

Only recently a Melbourne woman asked him for a new copy of "The School Bus." She said it had been framed in her house for years, with a new calendar fixed to it each year, but it was now getting a bit tattered.

In World War II Wep did a series of illustrations of the war in New Guinea and Borneo for this paper, and 10 years ago he left newspapers to concentrate on painting.

When photographer Keith Barlow and I arrived to spend the morning with him at his home at Northwood he had just clipped the hedge near the front door—a job he does when "journalists or bishops" call—but he hadn't worried about tidying his studio, which is above the garage and has a rickety verandah known as the "poop deck."

We had to fight our way into the studio through discarded canvases, easels, old chairs, boxes, tables, a palette fixed to a movable metal stand which came from an operating theatre, a bullock's skull, about 250 brushes, enough paint to cover the studio itself, and a New Guinea wood carving of a male wearing a white shell as a bikini.

Somewhere among all this Wep, wearing a filthy green long-peaked cap, was painting in between long periods under the house, where he is building a pottery kiln and designing his own potter's wheel.

Bill Pidgeon, who has one son, Graham, by his first marriage and is soon to be a father again, is one of those rare people who, in a world of narrowing specialisation, can claim to be an educated man.

Apart from his work, which shows tremendous humor, vitality, and deep humanity, his interests range from Oriental religions to metal work, from painting to cooking, from carpentry to writing stories.

Deep down he is a shy, gentle, serious, sensitive man who always seeks to find the best in people, and whose satire, though often devastating, is never cruel.

While in Paris two years ago, during a trip to many parts of Europe, he wandered all one night, sitting on bridges and in parks, knowing that sleep was impossible among the dark enchantment of this beautiful city.

When he was asked what he had been doing all night he replied, "Just sitting."



# BORED?

By DAWN JAMES



● For those who feel that life is often rather dull and, wearily, that nothing new or interesting ever happens, these suggestions may bring some spice into the variety of life. There's a lot of good in a little madness — now and then.

## HINTS FOR HOME

**A**LTER the furniture arrangements in every room.

- Put artificial roses in a bowl of fresh leaves.
- Attend classes in interior decorating, basket-making, cookery, woodwork.
- Paint the kitchen.
- Go to different shops for the weekly marketing. Then you won't have to listen to the same old jokes every week.
- If your washing day is a Monday, do the washing on Thursday. That should upset the household routine.
- Have one afternoon a fortnight "at home" to your friends. Persuade them to do the same.
- Forget about housework, make a sandwich lunch and eat it in the garden. Take a book, too, and stay in the sun for a few hours.
- Resolve to try at least one new recipe a week. The more exotic the better.
- Use a different set of china for meals, or odd plates. Or use paper plates — no washing-up is practically a holiday in itself.



- Buy a puppy or a kitten, a lovebird or a baby crocodile.
- Browse through junkshops and buy something for the house. It could be one of those old-fashioned hat-stands that look marvellous painted white.
- Buy a pot-plant.
- Paper the wall of the laundry with bright pictures cut from a magazine (preferably this one).
- Get hold of a Japanese cook-book, and give a Japanese-style party, with everyone sitting on the floor.
- Write to Marlon Brando—or some celebrity you admire.
- Make a vase. Buy a cheap brandy goblet, lacquer it black, and then fill it with a Victorian posy of flowers.

## FASHION FROLICS

**W**EAR a full-length skirt instead of tapered pants for entertaining at home this season.

- Throw caution to the winds and buy or make a trapeze dress.
- When washing underclothes add a few drops of delicately perfumed cologne to the rinsing water.
- Have your ears pierced. Then, if you're the gipsy type, invest in a pair of not-too-heavy gold earrings.
- Wear an orange linen or cotton chemise with a pair of pale pink shoes.
- Buy a bright red bra and matching panties.
- Wear a Hawaiian muu-muu (long, shapeless, comfortable garment in bright cotton) to the beach.
- Throw away at least one old belt from your wardrobe as a gesture to this practically waistless summer.
- Wear just one enormous earring—at least it will cause some comment.
- Have a black swimsuit, white flowered cap, towel of sharp turquoise for the beach.
- Wear those currently fashionable long strings of beads but wear them hanging down your back.
- For the young: with a white party dress wear flowered shoes and a tiny circlet of similar-colored flowers in your hair.



- Pin an extra large brooch at the hemline of your chemise.
- Wear Bermuda shorts and long white socks to tennis.
- With casual clothes, or to the beach, tie a narrow ribbon round one ankle—with the bow at the front.
- Tie a sash-tie under the bustline of a straight-cut chemise for the Empire-line look.
- Clip a pair of big floral earrings to the corners of your sunglasses.
- At party-time: mask your hair with  $\frac{3}{4}$ yd. veiling, gathered tightly by a running string of thread along one  $\frac{3}{4}$ yd. edge. Sew the other two edges together and cut off veiling till it just reaches your mouth. The gathered edge sits on the crown of your head; cover it with one beautiful rose or a velvet bow.

**G**O barefoot round the house with your toenails painted gold.

- Consider using purple eyeshadow.
- Try the model's trick of pale brown shadows at the bridge of your nose (between the eyes) to make it look narrower.
- Have a Turkish bath.
- Have a triangular or heart-shaped beauty spot high up on one cheekbone. (There, it's called "The Gallant." At the corner of the mouth it would be "The Kissing.")
- Beautify your mind—read a book on philosophy (Plato's "Republic" for a beginning).
- Or give yourself a facepack of the frothed up white of an egg mixed with a few drops of lemon juice. (And hope you don't have any visitors while the facepack's on.) Wash it off after 15 minutes and apply skin cream.
- If you're sitting at the table reading, prop your elbows up in the halves of a lemon. It may look odd, but it's good for bleaching the skin. Apply dry skin cream afterwards.
- Give yourself a "smiling" mouth with lipstick. On the upper lip, extend the lipstick right to the outer edges and slightly upwards. On the lower lip, DON'T take the lipstick to the



## BE BEAUTIFUL

outer edges . . . this should give you an amiable expression — but it takes a bit of practice.

- Put natural roses in your cheeks: go for a long hike in the country.
- Tint one strand of your hair pink.
- Wear a different perfume. If you're the sophisticated type, buy a fresh flower fragrance. It will be a piquant off-set for your personality. (If you're the lazy-daisy type, get one of the exotic scents.)
- If your hair is long, have a short and bouffant cut.
- See how long you can grow your fingernails.
- If your hair gets untidy at night and hard to manage in the morning, try confining it in a nylon stocking. With the "tail" end, plait in two other legs of old stockings and tie the end with bright plaid ribbon. Like a Chinaman's pigtail.
- Do you wear a pony-tail? Arrange it the new way: comb the hair back as before. Catch it in place (high on your head) with a rubber band. Take one strand of the "tail" and wind it round and round to cover the rubber band. Secure this with (invisible) hairpins.





Take the key  
of a Volkswagen...  
all you lose  
is your heart!

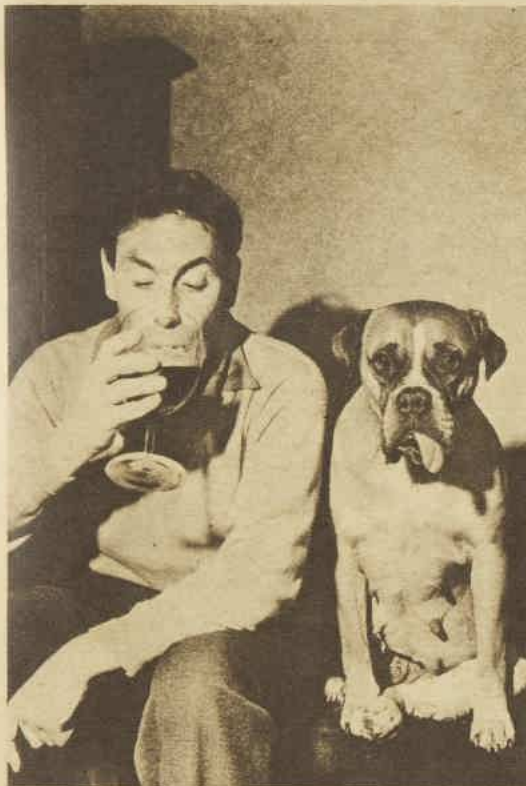
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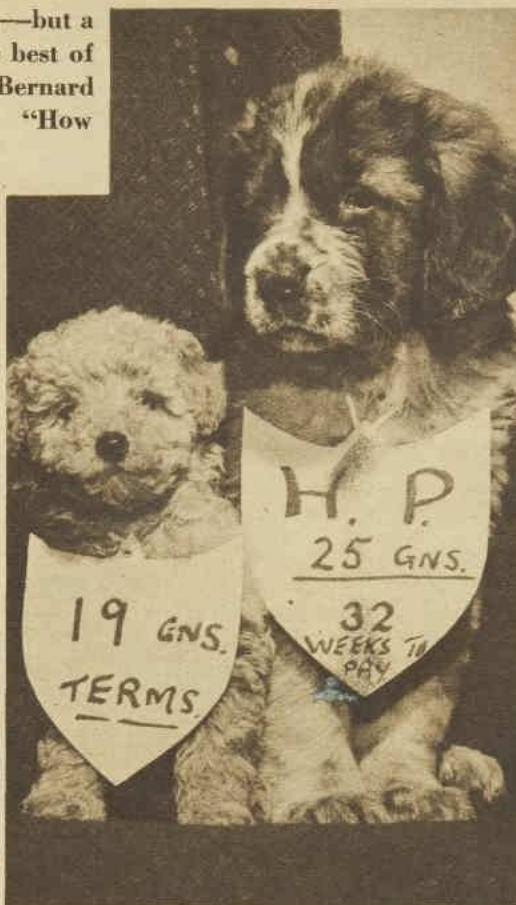


# A dog's life—whichever way you look at it...

● "Those humans have some funny ideas—but a chap's got to live with them and make the best of it." Pekes, poodles, boxers, and one St. Bernard pup here demonstrate that dog maxim: "How human can you be?"



"MY TONGUE'S HANGING OUT," says the boxer, looking grumpy, and no wonder, with John Slater, English TV story-teller, enjoying a drink and not offering one.



"NEVER-NEVER" terms for the miniature poodle (left) and St. Bernard pup were asked by a breeder of Durham, England, who wants to help people own pedigree dogs.

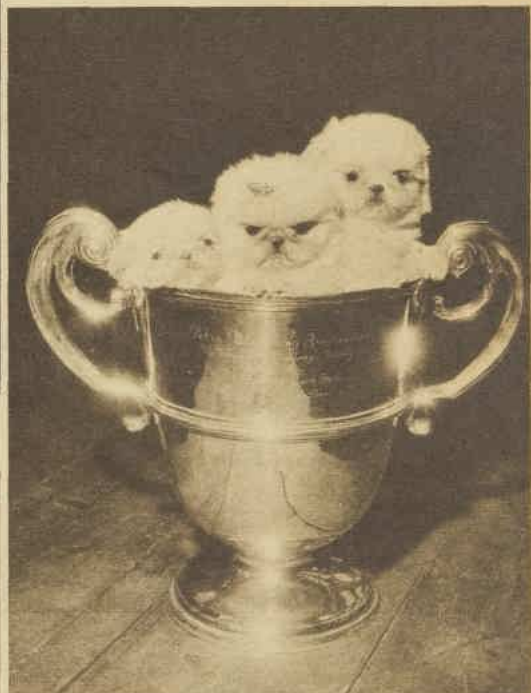


"STEADY ON, THERE. It's my head you're standing on," says the boxer puppy, one of a litter of five, waiting his turn for the weigh-in, while proud mother, Sally, keeps watch. Four weeks old, the pups weigh about 6lb. each.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 7, 1959



"SAY AH!" English comedian Benny Hill obliges, so does his companion, a fluffy white poodle, who has been clipped in French fashion and has sophisticated tricks to match.



RIGHT SIZE for these miniature Pekingese puppies is the silver cup for which they were competing in the Pekin Palace Dog Association's Championship Show in London.



SAY IT WITH PEKES — instead of flowers, a miniature Pekingese fills a vase and wins admiration.



# PANTOMIME TIME



**UGLY SISTERS** Buttercup and Dandelion in the children's favorite, "Cinderella," are Don Williams and his wife, Iris Shand, who are known also for their skillful roller-skating acts. The "Cinderella" pantomime opened at Sydney's Tivoli Theatre on Boxing Day.

THE modern pantomime is a form of Christmas entertainment popular throughout the British Commonwealth, and incomprehensible elsewhere. Its origins are buried in early Indian and Egyptian civilisations, but the Ancient Greeks regarded it as an art form, and Nero's Rome encouraged shows in which a chorus supported a lone actor (called "*pantomimus*" from the Greek, "all-imitating"), who represented in dumb show all the persons and events in the story. Pantomime nearly died in the 19th century owing to the decline of the ballet. Its revival as a musical fairy story for children is comparatively recent — and totally unlike the plays the Greeks had a word for.



**CINDERELLA** is played by Gloria Dawn, principal girl of many pantomimes. She took the same part with visiting comedian Tommy Trinder in 1953. In private life Gloria is Mrs. Frank Cloury, mother of two children.



**STEPPING** from the golden coach, Cinderella is assisted by the Fairy (Hungarian ballerina Edit Juhasz) and Buttons (English comedian Johnny Lockwood). These pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.



HAPPY ENDING of the charming tale unites Cinderella and Prince Charming for ever. Sydney actress Dolore Whitehead, who has played in British pantomime, is the Prince. OVERLEAF: Aladdin in color.





## NEW ARRID ROLL-ON

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New Arrid lotion deodorant with lanolin rolls protection into all the pores . . . rolls away perspiration odour.

Easy-to-apply Arrid lotion keeps your underarms soft, sweet and dry—without

drying your skin . . . in fact, Arrid Roll-on actually soothes tender skin.

New Arrid Roll-on—in the bottle with the ball on top. At all cosmetic counters . . . 7/6.

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The cream deodorant that safely checks perspiration and stops odour. Arrid cream is gentle—it won't hurt your skin or your clothes. Available in two handy sizes—Regular 3/9, Large 5/10.

Fragrant, refreshing.

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SUPER  
SPRAY**

in a pretty blue  
squeeze bottle . . . un-  
breakable, too—just  
the thing for travel-  
ling. 6/11.



USE ARRID . . . TO BE SAFE . . . TO BE SURE.

### FREE OF RHEUMATIC PAINS FREE OF ILL-HEALTH thanks to MENTHOLS

—says Mrs. W.M., of Kensington.  
"Severe rheumatic pains made life a misery. I cried with pain as it was agony to move. I was advised to take Menthols. After the first flask I felt so much better I continued treatment. I'm happy to say I'm now really well. Aches and pains have left me. I can do my housework and go about as I used to. My bad health has gone and I feel really alive and well. Thanks to Menthols."  
(Original letter on file, Head Office.)

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The remarkable double action of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthols ride the system of poisonous toxins, the main cause of rheumatic aches and pains, sciatica, lumbago, kidney and bladder weaknesses, hot flashes, aches and pains in limbs and muscles.

Menthols tonic action also tones the system to recapture youthful energy, buoyant health and a real zest for living. Say goodbye to aches and pains that sap your strength and make life a misery. For yourself and your family—start Menthoid treatment TO-DAY.

**DR. MACKENZIE'S  
MENTHOLS**



#### FATHER



"I hope you stole it!"

#### MOTHER



"How much sympathy should I give him, Doctor?"

## It seems to me

By



*Dorothy Drann*

ONLY Englishwoman in charge of a Paris fashion house, Madame Ginette Spanier, says that lack of air "contributes to hysteria in haute couture."

Because Parisians rush to close windows, Madame has decided that the absence of oxygen causes the frenzies in dress salons.

This is like thinking that the launching of space satellites contributed to the popularity of rock-'n-roll.

No. Hysteria and high fashion go together because hysteria and dress go together.

There are few women, from the age of nine to ninety, who can't be thrown into a flap by a new dress that isn't just right—and that applies whether the dress comes out of a Paris salon or from the hands of a modestly priced dressmaker in the suburbs.

The instinct of adornment is so basic, and the hope of transformation by it so eternal, that men are often baffled by the fuss it causes.

They may have a glimmer of understanding when teenage daughters become hysterical over a disappointing new dress. They are puzzled when their wives, who have reached an age to have more sense, are similarly fussed over an ill-setting neckline or an unbecoming color.

Madame Spanier, being a woman, should know better. I suspect she probably does. Being English she just wanted to make that crack about the French aversion to fresh air.

DIET has a marked effect on hair health, according to hairdressers who met at a congress in Paris recently.

Sheep fed on a special diet, said the hairdressers, had produced a heavier and curlier fleece.

Nobody said what the sheep ate. One can only hope that they didn't eat crusts.

The thought suggests a field for research. Anybody with the time and inclination could make an interesting study on how long it takes for an old wives' tale to turn into a scientific truth.

WELL-MEANING people get the dopiast ideas sometimes.

In America the Texas Heritage Society asked President Eisenhower to grant a pardon to the late O. Henry.

Author O. Henry (real name William Sydney Porter) was gaoled for three years 63 years ago for embezzling £380 from a Texas bank.

President Eisenhower explained that he had no authority to grant a posthumous pardon.

The Texas Heritage Society evidently suffers from a kindly muddle-headedness—or else a sound sense of the virtues of publicity.

Sixty years later a pardon would only serve for a footnote in a biography of the author.

If he were still alive he might have relished such an anecdote relating to someone else. It could have provided him with one of the wry twists for which his short stories are celebrated.

THE Old Year is about to expire in its usual burst of fireworks, balloons, and sirens.

Like most Old Years it provided a show worth the price of admission—the customary mixture of drama, tragedy, comedy, and spectacle.

It was a year when satellites became so commonplace that hardly anybody stood on the back lawn to watch for them.

A monkey, nicknamed "Little Old Reliable" was lost in an American rocket, but caused nothing like the

stir excited by its predecessor, the Russian space dog Laika.

People of the Space Age meanwhile continue to try to recapture old-time adventure, with a transatlantic balloon following the pattern set years ago by the Kon-Tiki raft.

Princess Grace put on some weight, but continued to occupy a star position in what might be called respectable glamor.

Neither Princess Margaret nor Group-Captain Townsend married anyone or each other and the subject wore a bit thin.

The "beat generation" replaced the "angry young men" in the endless procession of names for youth bent on being noticed before it is superseded by the march of time.

The sack, the chemise, and the trapeze stopped raising eyebrows and will soon be relegated to snapshot albums (or color-slide libraries), there to languish till they enliven some wet afternoon in the nineteen-sixties.

Best of all, World War III didn't break out. Let's keep our fingers crossed for 1959.

STUDENTS in California told police that a flying saucer had chased their truck, blasted it with a white ray, wrecked the dashboard, and stopped their watches. Police reported: "Anything can happen, but this is improbable."

A policeman has to deal with what is likely,

He seasons what he hears with grains of salt,

His fancy may be fertile but he figures There comes a point at which to call a halt.

He's used to murder, robbery, and arson, To folks who hit each other on the head, Unlicensed dogs, lost wallets, traffic breaches; Of minor crime he gets a trifle fed.

He'd like a flying saucer for his notebook, Who knows what really gives in outer space?

But he pictures, as he primly writes a footnote,

That expression on the station sergeant's face.



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# THE WONDER OF ALADDIN

MELBOURNE'S PRINCESS THEATRE is presenting a modern version of Aladdin, the boy who won fortune and a princess with the help of a magic lamp. This sophisticated pantomime includes even space travel. Here, television stars Joffre Allen and Graham Kennedy make a guest appearance as the genie gives Aladdin a preview of entertainment 1000 years ahead of his time. From left: Joffre Allen, genie Barbara Robinson, Graham Kennedy, Margaret Gray (with fan), Nanette Allan as Princess Scheherazade, and Judith Cohen. Frank Lloyd plays Aladdin. This picture by Laurie Kimber.



# AUSTRALIA—A FASHION BACKGROUND



FILM DIRECTOR Henry Sandos holds up the continuity sequence for cameramen Jacques Curtis, left, and Ron Osborne when the team arrived in Melbourne. From the foot of the gangway, they are, left, Anne Gunning, model, R. Dormer, photographer, Pat O'Reilly, model, Mrs. J. Easton, fashion editor, R. McArthur, photographer, and Mr. Lancaster, managing director of "Harper's."



ABOVE: Perky matador pants and boxy top in rose-printed British cotton are modelled by blond Pat O'Reilly. Her sandals are gold and white.

★

RIGHT: "Harper's Bazaar" photographer Richard Dormer takes a fashion shot of Anne Gunning, right, and Pat O'Reilly wearing clothes outside Captain Cook's cottage in the Fitzroy Gardens, Melbourne.



*The Australian outback and capital cities took on a new role recently when they became the settings for glamorous fashion shots for American and British magazines. Top London and New York models have been photographed — see story below and opposite — in high fashion clothes against typical Australian backgrounds.*

● Modelling British clothes on a Flight of Fashion around the world is not all glamor for English models Pat O'Reilly and Anne Gunning. Sometimes they need the steel nerves of a film stunt man.

A CAMERAMAN, carried away with inspiration for the job, expects the same enthusiasm from the models he perches precariously on top of a high Indian temple or places within inches of a horse's flying hoofs.

The girls were photographed against backgrounds in India, Thailand, and Australia for a special issue of the English edition of "Harper's Bazaar," which will appear in May.

It's a double-lensed expedition from the photographic angle.

"Harper's" photographer Richard Dormer and his assistant, Roy McArthur, are doing still pictures.

A film unit from Association Re-Diffusion (British Commercial Television), directed by Henry Sandos, is filming the still photographers at work to show how a fashion flight for a magazine is conducted.

The half-hour film will be shown on television in England in May the night before the special issue is on sale.

It was Henry Sandos, with a film director's sudden rush of inspiration, who gave the girls one of their most hair-raising experiences.

In Delhi, India, they were treated to a musical ride by the President's bodyguard.

This was a magnificent spectacle of white-coated, maroon-turbaned Indians on

horseback performing stunts to music.

One of the most breathtaking acts was performed with a small, four-foot-long table set with tablecloth, with a turbaned bearer at each end.

The horsemen hurdled the table between the bearers, their horses' hoofs passing within inches of the bearers' faces.

The inevitable bright idea came to Sandos. He replaced the bearers with Pat and Anne.

"They were magnificent," said Henry's French wife, Monique, who looks after the continuity for the film. "Although their hearts were pounding, they just sat there and smiled calmly, until one horse's hoofs passed within an inch of Pat's face. She smiled

I have a brunette wig," Pat said. "We've also got a red wig between us."

The girls were delighted to have their first hairdo since they left London in Melbourne. In India and Bangkok they had to do their own.

Pat O'Reilly is not a stranger to Australia.

She was one of the team of models brought to Australia by The Australian Women's Weekly two years ago for the Irish Fashion Parades.

Both girls have been on modelling trips to America, and Anne visited India once before with "Vogue."

They are both freelance models, and have flats in the same block in London.

Pat started work as a photographer's assistant in London, joined the staff of "Harper's Bazaar," where her modelling talents were discovered, and quickly rose to be one of Britain's top models.

Mrs. Josephine Easton, fashion editor of "Harper's," who is travelling with the girls, claimed they were two of the most perfect models for round-the-world fashion trips.

"We must find the girl with the 'Harper's Bazaar' look," she said. "She must be able to pose for the camera, yet look natural. She must be able to act in front of the camera and work in front of crowds without getting flurried."

Mrs. Easton had the worry of looking after the all-British clothes throughout the six weeks' trip by B.O.A.C.

Neither Anne nor Pat has to diet to keep slim.

"Our beauty care becomes so automatic it is hard to describe what we do," Pat said.

"I never use soap on my face, and we both use artificial eyelashes for work. I sometimes wear them for evening, too, but only half ones. I trim them a little."

"I always put on a little grease under heavy make-up so my skin doesn't dry too much."

Both girls carry small brushes in their handbags instead of a comb.

Most exciting part of their Australian trip, said the models, was their visit to the sheep station. Pat previously had seen only the cities.

By BARBARA WALLIS, staff reporter

away, but we filmed that, too. It was all wonderful.

"The girls have an enormous amount of courage," Monique said. "We've had them balancing precariously with one foot on old temples high above the ground. Nothing seems to worry them."

"We've had some superb shots in this film. In India we found a delightful little boy actor. Everywhere we went we were followed by hundreds of children, and at this particular temple my husband noticed this little boy imitating every pose Pat struck."

"All the other little boys were hysterical watching him, so we filmed that, too."

"Pat got quite annoyed at the imitations and poked her tongue out at him, and he poked his tongue back at her. We filmed the lot. That's perfect light relief for a film showing how fashion photographs are taken round the world."

In Australia the girls were photographed in Melbourne and Sydney and at a sheep station about 60 miles from Wagga, N.S.W.

As they were the only models, the girls carried several wigs to give variety to the pictures.

"Anne has a blond wig and



# GLAMOR INVADES A PEARLING OUTPOST



FASHION TEAM from America who went "on location" in Broome. LEFT: Judy Stenberg, of Perth (left), who flew to Fiji to join the party as liaison officer, in Perth with Kryn Taconis, Rosemary McMurtry, Martin Jacobs, Mimi Burns, and Francesco Scavullo. BELOW: Top New York models Sandra Brown (left) and Rita Egan.



## "Broome is like Alaska," said the American fashion experts

● The pearling outpost of Broome—1374 miles north of Perth—briefly became a hub of high-fashion and glamor when it was "invaded" recently by two top New York models and a team from America's leading teenage fashion magazine.

THE party, headed by Mrs. Rosemary McMurtry, the magazine's fashion director, were there "on location" to photograph the models in new season's fashions and boost the pearl-shell industry.

"Broome might seem a strange location for an American fashion story, but it was no more odd than dozens of other assignments we've had," said Mrs. McMurtry.

"We all loved the place and found the Broome hospitality was something to remember. 'I'd been told before leaving New York that Broome was like Alaska, and there was a similarity.

"Not, of course, in climate, which we found most trying, but there is an air of a Western town about it. And there are the same wide, wide streets, the verandah posts, and similar architecture."

Although she knew she was going right into the outback, Mrs. McMurtry was amazed at Broome's isolation.

"We met some fine people up there, but it took some mental adjustment to realise that to some women 'town' is Broome, not Perth.

"I can still see one woman I met. She'd travelled a couple of hundred miles for a couple of days in 'town' and she was nearly in tears when it was time to go home.

"And it was tough, for it would be some weeks, perhaps

months, before she returned to Broome and saw other white women.

"We've lots of isolated places in the States, but women are never called on to be separated from their families the way your pioneer women are," she said.

Mrs. McMurtry said her team expected to have some superb pictures of Broome.

"There is plenty of color there, and we were very lucky to strike such a place on our first trip to Australia," she said. "After all, most cities are alike the world over. But we surely feel that up there we have seen something of the real life of Australia."

"I think your people are just like ours," added Mimi Burns, sportswear editor of the magazine. "They're friendly, don't waste time, and get on smartly with whatever is on hand."

She'd seen the same towns as Mrs. McMurtry: a whiff of Sydney, Mt. Isa, Darwin, Derby—where a buffet tea was waiting at midnight on the airport lawns and 200 people turned out in force to meet the glamorous visitors—Broome, and Perth.

The magazine, "Seventeen," sent a first-class team on this job to boost Australia's pearl-shell industry.

Apart from Mrs. McMurtry and Mimi Burns, who in private life is Mrs. Hirsch, there are the top models Sandra Brown and Rita Egan; fashion photographer Francesco Scavullo; his assistant, Martin Jacobs; and feature

and news photographer Kryn Taconis, who came specially from Paris to do the job.

"We've all worked together as a team before," said Mrs. McMurtry. "That way there's no waste of time. Everyone in the team has had some pretty sticky assignments from time to time, but they take it in their stride.

"We couldn't afford to carry any prima donnas with us on these long-distance assignments.

By  
WINFRED BISSET,  
staff reporter

"Sandra and Rita, who are aged 22 and 21, are two of the highest-paid photographic models in New York, but they're not temperamental.

"And it's just as well," she added.

"For instance, during our three days in Fiji we motored 2000 miles looking for the right background. We wanted a jungle and we wanted the real thing, not some cultivated garden in a beautiful hotel.

"We found our jungle, but it was a swamp. So into it we went, up to the knees in squelch. There were leeches and things running up and down the trees. People said they were a sort of mongoose, but they just looked like plain rats to me.

"The photographers had to stand in mid-swamp and try to steady their cameras in the unstable ooze. The girls had

to pose nonchalantly on a base of bamboo sticks, hoping it would hold.

"They're real troupers," said Mrs. McMurtry. "They've accepted everything as it came as all part of a day's work.

"At Broome the beaches and rocks were hot, and shooting began at the first light of dawn. We just couldn't have got the pictures we wanted if the girls hadn't been experienced and of the right temperament," she said.

"Background is so important for fashion pictures. I remember my dismay at Dakar, in West Africa. Our plane landed at 2 a.m. and we went straight to bed.

"Next morning I looked out of the window and there was simply nothing—no tree, no scenery, nothing.

"I thought my room must have been on the wrong side of the hotel, so I dressed quickly and went to inspect the other side. And there was still nothing.

"Almost in despair, and ready to pack up and go home, I agreed to explore a bit of the country with our liaison officer. We drove for two hours and it wasn't till then I saw that there was scenery in West Africa."

It was 1945 when Mrs. McMurtry, a young girl fresh from college, began on "Seventeen" just eight months after the magazine started.

Then the staff was very small. Only three worked on fashion—the fashion editor, the assistant fashion editor, and Mrs. McMurtry, the stamp-licker.

"Seventeen" was the first magazine in America to be devoted entirely to the teenager, and its circulation rose rapidly till now 1,100,000 copies are sold weekly. The magazine has offices in the main American cities, and in New York alone there is an editorial staff of 75.

"Teenagers are important people in the States today," said Mrs. McMurtry.

"American teenage girls number 8,000,000—nearly the entire population of Australia—and they have a finger in almost every pie.

"They've even become very conscious of politics—locally, nationally, and internationally.

"Our magazine caters for this, and we include articles giving the constitutional set-up of the country and other features of general political interest, because, after all, the political future of a country is in the hands of its young people," she said.

"We have a tie-up with the United Nations Organisation, and run an annual competition to help the underprivileged children of Europe.

"For 15 cents the competi-

tor buys a standard kit containing one plain white cotton man's working sock, and a plastic doll's face.

"The prize—a trip to Europe—is for the best doll fashioned from this.

"About 45,000 dolls are entered each year and are then sent to Europe to the underprivileged children."

"The magazine also advocates that high school boards be attached to the different department stores in the big towns," said Mrs. McMurtry.

"There are 12 teenager members of these boards in each store, and their objective is to see teenagers are properly catered for. And they arrange lectures on general subjects, modelling classes, and work for charitable objects."

The model frocks and suits which "Seventeen" has brought to Australia to be photographed are still top secret, but a special section of the magazine will be devoted to frocks highlighting pearl-shell buttons and other ornaments.

It's hoped to start a vogue for the new "pearly look," which will be cool, luminous, and chic. As well as pearl-shell, special luminous materials will be used to create this impression.





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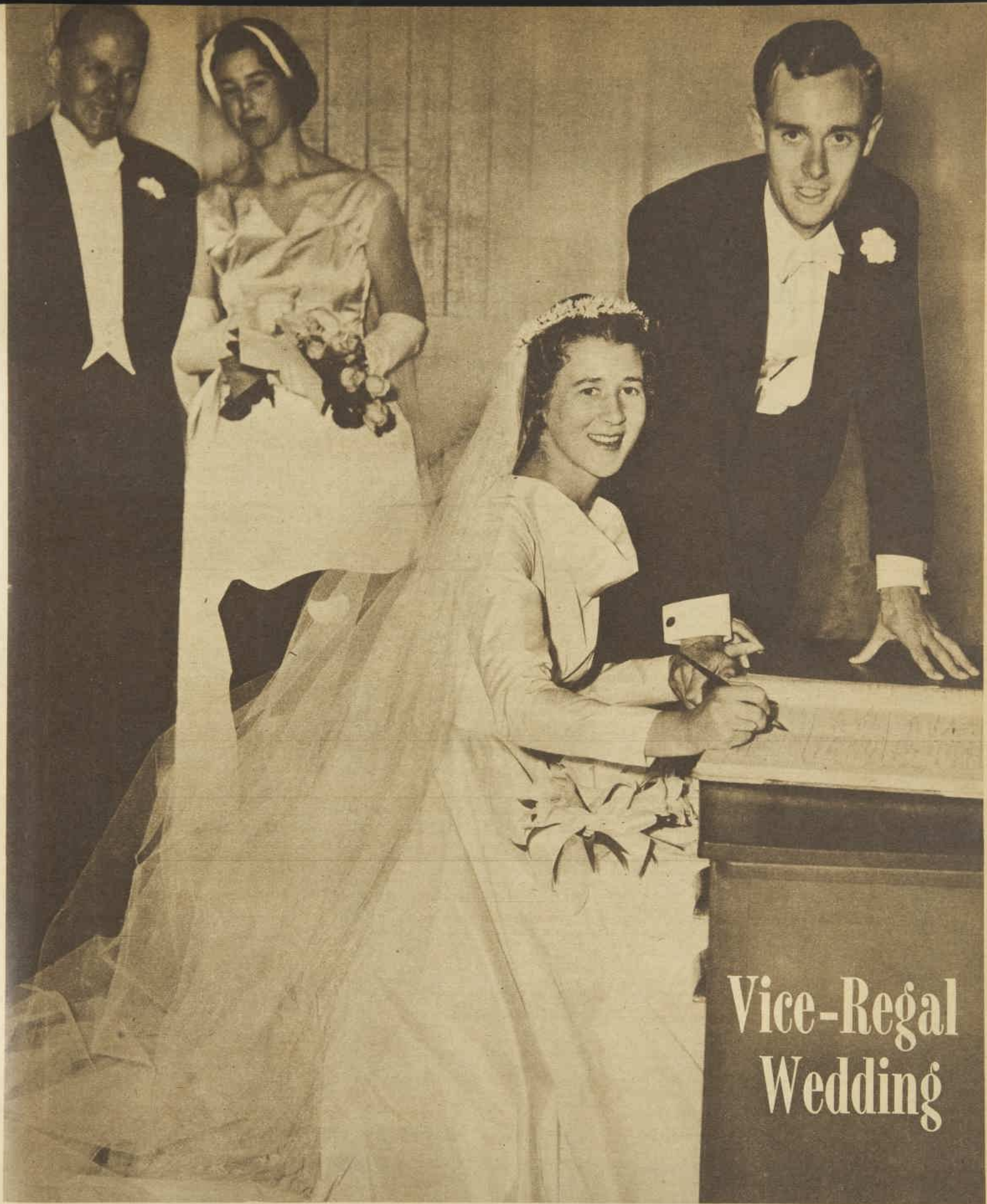
"When the *heat* is on..."

*buy the coolest sweet!"*



IN THE CANDY SHOP"





## Vice-Regal Wedding

**GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.** Mrs. Miles Little, signs the register at St. Andrew's Cathedral watched by her husband, Dr. Little, and (in the background) her father, Sir Eric Woodward, and one of the bridesmaids, Miss Rosemary Ashton. The bride was formerly Miss Judith Woodward, the only daughter of the Governor of New South Wales and Lady Woodward. The wedding ceremony was performed by the Dean of Sydney, the Very Reverend E. A. Pitt, and Dr. Felix Arnott, warden of St. Paul's College at Sydney University, the bridegroom's old college. After the ceremony, the 300 guests were received in the beautifully decorated reception rooms at Government House and just before the newlyweds left on their honeymoon Miss Rosemary Ashton caught the

bride's bouquet of November roses. Dr. Little is the only son of Dr. Norman Little, of Point Piper, and Mrs. H. F. Pennesfather, of Durling Point. He recently completed his final year of medicine with second-class honors, winning the Hinder Memorial Prize for Clinical Surgery, and will take up his appointment as a resident in the professorial unit at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital within the next few weeks. Mrs. Little also has a brilliant academic record. She graduated as a B.A. from Sydney University with first-class honors and won the University Medal in English. Dr. and Mrs. Little return to Sydney this week to live in a flat at Double Bay. The Governor-General, Sir William Slim, and Lady Slim came from Canberra to attend the wedding.



# The Trouble with Lazy Ethel

**I**N the first day the freighter anchored just outside the narrow channel which led into the lagoon. In the morning the people of the construction company unloaded enough amphibious equipment so that the dynamiting and pile-driving could proceed. A new wharf was completed before darkness, and, moving in cautiously, the freighter became a temporary part of Nikki atoll. Then there was night.

On the second day the cargo booms worked with monotonous regularity depositing all manner of equipment upon the new wharf. There were set down tractors, earth-moving machines, diesel generators, pumps, fuel tanks, pipes of many sizes, and great clanging squares of corrugated steel. There were sacks of cement, racks of lumber, stacks of wallboard, toilets and stoves, huge spools of wire, boxes of nuts, bolts, screws, tools, barrels of tar and nails, steel girders with numbers painted on each end, cases of crockery, valves, medicines, candy bars, mattresses, and bedsprings.

Upon all this the natives of Nikki gazed in awe. They stood patiently in the blinding sun on the opposite side of the channel. They kept their backs to their own village and were silent. They stood so until it was night again.

On the third day one hundred and thirty-seven skilled men, most of them stripped to the waist, dispersed among the coconut palms which from the opposite side of the channel seemed to grow out of the freighter. And all of this third day the equipment roared and snorted and screeched at the bidding of these men.

By nightfall a principal street had been crushed into the coral, four auxiliary streets traversed it at right angles, three miles of drainage ditches had been dug, stakes covered with hieroglyphics had been methodically set out along the streets, and one mile of heavy pipe had been laid.

On the fourth day, while the grunting earth-movers levelled an airstrip and transported the fill to obliterate a swamp, the carpenters, fitters, joiners, plumbers, sheet-metal men, masons, roofers, electricians, and crane operators moved across the staked area beyond the freighter. Before the trade wind subsided in the late afternoon they had erected thirteen structures of wood, steel, and wire screen. Each was almost exactly like the other.

Upon all this the natives gazed in amazement, for they had barely time to split the husk of a coconut and drink of its milk before another building met their eyes.

On the fifth day eleven additional buildings were completed, as was the airstrip. A seventy-foot control tower was bolted together and the radio equipment installed. The pumping station was set in operation and seventy-six toilet bowls flushed at the press of a handle. The diesel stove was installed in the mess hall. Four radioteletype

machines were placed in the small prefabricated building which would serve as the communications centre, but there was as yet no electricity to operate them. The foundation boss said he wanted to let the cement set another day before he subjected it to the vibrations of the main generator.

On the sixth day there was less noise from the settlement area, as most of the workmen were engaged within the buildings. Minor frustrations caused a certain amount of cursing and some laughter, which echoed clearly between the empty buildings and could sometimes even be heard by the natives on the opposite side of the channel. Yet by noon the main generator was started and there were lights in the buildings and on the airstrip and on the new wharf—a development which left the natives aghast, since the sun was bright.

The refrigerators which were just behind the mess hall were started, and so was the water evaporation plant. The X-ray equipment in the hospital was tested and approved. Radioteletype communication was established with the control island of Tuamani, which was three hundred miles to the northeast. The lathes in the machine shop and the power saws in the carpenter shop were pronounced ready for such efforts as the future might require. Thirty-eight small ice-boxes scattered throughout the settlement began making ice cubes. Eight soft drink vending machines were filled and began to vibrate slightly with the life of their compressors. The line of six automatic washing machines in the laundry churned their water with busy efficiency, although they were empty of apparel.

A crew of three men passed from building to building in a jeep. They nailed stencilled signs over the doors of certain buildings—**PHOTO LAB—WEATHER—SERVICE PERSONNEL—HOSPITAL—COMMUNICATIONS—SCHOOL**. In time they paused before a building set apart from the rest. They took a moment to admire its favored location, which was between the sea and a row of coconut palms; then they nailed a more carefully lettered sign over the door — **HERBERT ZEBULON PIKE**. Along the bottom of the sign in much smaller letters were these symbols: **Brig. Gen. U.S.A. Ret.**

And again there was night. One of the last men to leave the settlement tested the electric barber-shop clippers on his sideburns.

At the end of the sixth day the ship employed the swift current of the channel to swing out from the wharf and at once proceeded to sea. She did not bother to blow her whistle.

The natives watched her mast lights mingle with the stars and were lost in wonder. This night in their two churches they sang the familiar hymns without enthusiasm. Both the Mormon elders in their church and the Catholic priest in his church had difficulty in capturing their attention. There

was so much else to think about—on the other side of the channel.

On the seventh day, just as the bells of both churches proclaimed the Sabbath, a second vessel crept slowly towards the newly created wharf. It was smaller than the first and her decks were lined with passengers.

Herbert Zebulon Pike stood on the bridge wing behind the Captain and watched the approach to Nikki through a pair of massive binoculars. And he said to himself, It is good. He breathed deeply of the fresh morning air, and he thought that he would feel even better if there had been time to take his morning callisthenics. But there wasn't time. Innumerable problems had assailed him since before dawn.

He had twice cut himself during the process of shaving in his cabin. Five teeth were missing from his comb, and for a man of sixty who still had use for a comb and liked to see each hair aligned with mathematical precision this was enough to merit some comment upon the dubious qualities of plastic and why didn't they still make steel combs like they did during World War I?

It was just then that his wife, Sue Anne, rose up in her bunk and threw a slipper at him. The slipper had a heel and the hit was direct and the back of his neck was still sore from the impact.

She said in a voice that must have been heard all over the ship or at least in the adjacent cabins, "For crimony sakes, Zebulon! Will you stop splashin' around like a water buffalo and yellin' like you been wounded? You goin' to make every morning of my life just as downright miserable as you can? It's not even light yet and you have to be milling around and primping as if you was agoing to stand dress parade! Well, you ain't, honey."

"No more parades of any kind for you, so forget about them. Nobody's going to salute you 'cause from now on you're just plain Mister Pike and you better get used to it! So stop thrashin' around like a battery of horse-drawn and leave me get some sleep before I have to look at your silly island."

Of course, Sue-Anne was still a little confused from her energetic celebration of the last night aboard. It was also true that her speech contained certain elements of fact which her husband preferred to ignore. Pike had completed his toilet in such silence as he could manage, put on fresh

To page 50

Led by Herbert Zebulon Pike, the Americans come to the island Nikki, to set up a base for an H-bomb explosion.

A new serial, the latest novel by ERNEST GANN







# Marry Me, Maggie

MARGARET stood in front of the window in the living-room of the apartment on East End Avenue which she shared with her mother, and told herself to be still. After all, she reasoned, Bill was just another man. If she tried hard, perhaps tonight she would be able to make herself believe it, but she smiled at the ridiculousness of this idea.

It was not quite twilight, and the buildings across the street looked tired and dirty, as if they had had another hard day. Outside Margaret's window there were cabs, limousines from Gracie Square, and anonymous, everyday cars driving past, all of them equally impatient, and honking horns at one another.

Margaret saw that most of these cars contained men. There were men walking on the street, too, but none of them was Bill, so she relegated them in her mind to positions of unimportance, and wondered briefly at the way the handsomest, most distinguished-looking males in New York had suddenly become pale and innocuous looking beside the man she now awaited.

Then, all at once, Margaret's heart rose from her chest and began to beat almost painfully in her throat. The stars came out and clothed the weary buildings in a soft radiance, and the raucous automobile horns were a symphony. Bill had turned the corner and was coming to her.

She turned to glance in the mirror over the divan and straightened her hat. If she were all ready to go when he came in, he wouldn't kiss her in that shattering way of his, and if he didn't kiss her perhaps she would be able to remain calm to think sensibly. But she had not been sensible since Bill had happened to her, and he never did anything towards improving her emotional state.

What was she to do, she wondered, with a man who wanted to marry her, whom she wanted to marry, but who had a wholly different set of ideals, goals, and desires from her own?

Every time she saw him she thought, maybe tonight I can make him see. But each time he left her she realised how hopeless it was.

The bell rang and Margaret pressed the door buzzer. When she opened the door of the apartment to him, she had her gloves on.

What was it, she asked herself, that made him so outstanding? The way his grin changed his whole face? The way his eyes made her feel as if something terrifically interesting was about to happen? The way he said "Hi, Maggie," so that she felt like the most beautiful woman in the world?

"Hello, Bill," she said.

"Shall I break Unbreakable Rule Number Six Thirteen and kiss you with your hat on?" he asked.

His words were part of the secret, silly but wonderful love language between them. Always before, in taxicabs, down by the East River, wherever they happened to be alone, he had taken off her hat and put one hand on the back of her neck, under her heavy gold hair, and then kissed her. Now he tipped up her chin with one finger and put his mouth softly against hers, and Margaret's emotions were more tangled than ever.

Out on the street he took her hand and they started to walk.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"Are you hungry this early?"

"Not particularly."

"Let's go to Europe," said Bill.

"No, not tonight."

"Tomorrow night, maybe?"

Why did he keep on asking her when he knew that she couldn't? thought Margaret. Why wouldn't he see that her way was the right way, the only way?

"Let's not talk about it tonight, Bill," she said.

But she knew that they would talk about it. On some street, or in some restaurant, Bill would look at her and say, "Marry me, Maggie?" and she would go to bed that night with her head aching and her heart aching worse.

As they stood on the street corner, Margaret experienced the usual little thrill of anticipation that walking with Bill always brought her. These were no longer ordinary streets; they were highways of adventure, because Bill was there. Everything that she passed in her everyday comings and goings, the things that had been there for years, unnoticed, were all new and different with him.

Margaret was a New Yorker, but until Bill she had never seen the public market on First Avenue, nor Wall Street in its absolute Sunday stillness. For years the man in the cage down in the Lexington Avenue Subway had given her change for dollar bills, but she had never seen him; much less known his name, until Bill told her. He saw everything and he knew people by name. If he had not seen he went out of his way to look, and if he did not know the name he made it a point to ask.

"I'm going to be clite and offer you a penny for your thoughts," Bill said.

He even invents his own words, thought Margaret, smiling. "Clite" was a combination of cliché and trite.

"I was thinking of a clite phrase," she said. "Strolling down the Avenue. It's nice, isn't it, strolling?"

Gently he pulled the glove from the hand he held, and Margaret felt the warmth of him rush through her. She gripped his hand more firmly.

She was really gone and lost forever in love, she mused, when a man's hand covering hers had this effect.

They stopped in front of a book shop with a window made of little square panes of glass.

"Look, Maggie," said Bill. "Do you see that book up on the first shelf, the one with the aeroplane on the dust jacket? I was in the Air Force with the guy who wrote it. He sent me a copy of the book the other day. It's about an ex-bombardier going back to all the places he had seen during the war from over a bomb-sight."

"It must be depressing reading," said Margaret.

"No, not at all. You should read his chapter on Frankfurt. He says—"

But Margaret was not listening. She had seen a book in the rear corner of the window that she had to have.

"Look, Bill! Over there in the corner!"

She had a forefinger against the glass, trying to point out the book to him. "It's that book on antiques that I've been looking for. Let's go in and buy it."

"Depressing reading," he commented, using her phrase. "Besides, the shop is closed. What do you want it for, anyway?"

"So that I can learn to tell the difference between good antique furniture and imitation, darling," she answered, still looking at the book.

"Why?" he asked, and his voice had grown cool.

But she was not listening to his tone. She was arranging Hitchcock chairs in an antique dining-room.

"So that when we get married and have a house and start a collection I can be sure that I'm not spending money for junk. It's so easy to make a mistake, because imitations can be made to look almost like the real thing, and, after all, I wouldn't like our house furnished with—"

"I know," he interrupted. "With junk."

She turned to look at him then. His nice grin was gone, and his eyes were no longer bright with amusement.

"Of course," he continued. "In such a house the cellar and attic would be full of junk, and the closets full of more towels and sheets than we would ever use, and other closets full of more dishes than we could ever break, but all our furniture would be honest-to-goodness antique. Oh, Maggie, how can you be so beautiful, so young, and still want a house full of old furniture and a heavy mortgage around your neck?"

"And how can you say that you love me, when you want me to live out of a suitcase and worry whether or not your next story will sell?" she asked.

So they were talking about it after all, even before dinner.

"Shall we go back to the corner and pretend that we never came this way at all?" he asked.

"No," she answered. "Let's forget the whole thing and start a fresh conversation."

They walked on, but Margaret knew that she would not forget, and there was no conversation, not because they were angry with each other but because they loved and had the power to hurt, so they were being very, very careful, and they did not speak.

They rode on a bus, down Fifth Avenue, and when they got off they walked slowly, looking in shop windows, and stopping to watch the fountains at Rockefeller Centre. They went over to Broadway, and Bill bought her a bag of popcorn and a gardenia. He pinned the thick-petalled blossom to her dark handbag, and Margaret was careful not to let it brush against anyone in the crowd of people.

Times Square had once held the nightmarish quality of an unending carnival for Margaret; a carnival where the music never stopped, where the lights never went out, and where there was too much of everything; too much noise, too many hot dogs, and too many people. But Bill loved it all, the bright electric signs, the garishness, the people, everything.

They ate fried chicken at a dark little restaurant where the waiter called Bill by his first name. Dinner with Bill was never dull, nor ever tete-a-tete. There were always people who came to Bill's table to talk about the news, to meet Margaret, to curse editors, and to give invitations to parties.

"Bill!" called a strange voice. "Bill Reid!"

Bill stood up quickly, and in the next moment he was pumping the hand of a man as tall as himself, with hair as blond as his own was dark.

"Dave!" exclaimed Bill. "It's good to see you. When did you get back?"

"Day before yesterday, I sent the book from England. Did you get it?"

"Yes," said Bill. "It's a swell job, Dave. I certainly wish you all the luck in the world, including fifty-two weeks on top of the best-seller lists."

"What have you been doing?" asked Dave. "I heard that you were offered a job on some newspaper. You're not taking it, are you? I read your article on Guatemala in the 'Post.' It was a great story. I thought that you might still be down there."

"No," said Bill. "It's been quite a while since Guatemala, but I've been busy enough." He turned to Margaret, who was dawdling over her coffee. "Maggie Sherwood, Dave Carrigan. She's what has been keeping me busy," said Bill, and grinned.

"How do you do, Mr. Carrigan?" said Margaret.

"Hiya," said Dave, returning her cool gaze.

"Sit down and have a cup of coffee," said Bill. "Tell me what England is like these days."

Dave's eyes took in Bill's hand holding Margaret's. He saw the gardenia, beginning to wilt, pinned to her bag.

"No, thanks, Bill," he said. "I've an appointment. I'll call you soon. Are you still at the same place?"

"Same place," said Bill. "You?"

"Same place," said Dave, and turned to Margaret. "I'm glad to have met you, Miss Sherwood."

His voice was courteous, but his eyes probed her and asked, "Are you a danger to my friend?"

"I'm glad to have met you, Mr. Carrigan," said Margaret, and her eyes looked away from him.

"Goodbye, Bill."

"See you, Dave."

When Margaret and Bill were outside, she said, "He doesn't look like the kind of man who dropped bombs."

"Not many men looked like the parts for which they were cast during the war," said Bill.

"He doesn't look like the kind of man who would enjoy going back to look at the damage he'd done," she said.

Bill looked at her quickly. "That's not why he went back, Maggie."

Margaret chose her words carefully. "You can write other things besides newspaper and magazine articles about the state of the world," she said. "I know you can. We have conditions right here in this country that need rectifying every bit as badly as conditions in countries abroad. If you won't stay in America, why won't you take a job with a newspaper? One that would pay you every week?"

"Because when you work for one newspaper you go where they send you. You write what they tell you to write about, or you don't write at all. Nuts to that. I'll go where I please, write what I please, and take my chances on selling my stuff after it's written."

"Yes," she said. "And wind up in some neck of the woods with no money and no ticket home."

"I can always work at something," he replied. "If I can't sell my stories I can dig ditches, or tend bar, or fly cargo."

"Yes," said Margaret. "Anything at all to get from one meal to the next."

"I never pretended to you that it was any other way."

"No," Margaret had to agree. "You never did."

They walked in silence for a short way and then Bill said, "I'm tired of writing clite little stories to soothe the jittery American. I've got to get moving again, to get something done that counts. Maggie, listen to me. Don't you want to soar through the skies with me, land in strange places with me?"

His hand held hers so tightly that it hurt, and she felt his excitement catch fire within her. Yes! she wanted to cry. Yes! Bill did not know how she had cut out pictures from the National Geographic instead of paper dolls, as a child; he didn't know how strange names ignited little flares of curiosity in her. Yes! her heart cried. Yes! I want to go! But she remembered just in time.

"It's not for me, Bill," she said. "I'm still the girl who wants a home and children."

"I love you, Maggie," he said.

And that much she had and held close to her.

What if her father had been like Bill? She remembered the terror, when her father had gone, the terror of two women alone, who had never been alone before. What if there hadn't been enough money? What happened to women like her mother when there wasn't enough money, women who knew no other job but that of wife and mother?

Margaret knew. She had seen them in parks, wearing uniforms, and pushing someone else's children in baby carriages. She had seen them waiting on table in second-rate restaurants. Margaret had given up many of what she considered to be her romantic, immature ideas when her father had died.

She had thought, with horror, of what might have happened to her mother, and she realised that by assiduous care over the years her father had protected his family. Margaret's father had known that there is nothing gentler about poverty. He knew that it was black, and cold, and frightening, and that a man could not leave it as a legacy to his wife and children.



A delightful romantic short story by the author of "Peyton Place"

# GRACE METALIOUS

"I'll never marry you, Bill," she said. "Let's just say goodbye now and forget we ever met."



ILLUSTRATED BY

John Mills

"We just don't see things in the same way, Bill," said Margaret. "I guess we never will. I want marriage and everything it means and should be, beautiful, safe, and secure. You want someone to take with you on your trips, to play with, to have fun with. Our ideas are miles apart. We're no good for each other."

He signalled a cab then, and as they rode he twisted the college ring on her finger around and around, and neither of them could say a word to break the heavy, hurting silence.

She remembered the first night that he had taken her home. They had been in a dark taxi, and he had turned the same ring on the third finger of her left hand, but the silence then had been like an elastic band stretched taut between excitement and adventure.

She had been a quiet, happy girl then, with a good job as a laboratory technician at a large hospital. The people she worked with were nice, everyday people.

Once or twice a week she had a date with an intern, and once a week she and her mother went out to dinner and to a movie. Other evenings she stayed at home and washed her hair, or pressed her clothes, or read. Her mother kept house, and two evenings a week she went to school to study oil-painting.

Once in a while she went out to dinner with one of her instructors. Margaret and her mother and their friends enjoyed their lives and liked one another. Certainly, Margaret knew that other, more exciting lives were being lived all around her, but she was comfortable in her cocoon, and told herself that she was content to let the rest of the world go by.

The day that Bill had come into Margaret's life had begun like any other day. It was April, and Margaret wore a new blue suit, and a silly hat with almost lifelike flowers on it. She was going to dinner and the ballet with Dr. McGregor after work.

The day veered from its smooth course late in the afternoon, when the doctor called her small office in the laboratory to tell her that he had to cancel their engagement in order to relieve an intern on duty who had been taken ill.

"I'll send the ballet tickets down to you," he said. "You can take your mother with you."

But her mother had an art class that evening, and Margaret had no dinner waiting for her at home. Also, it was spring, and she had a new hat.

Oh, well, thought Margaret, I'll go by myself. I can cash in the other ticket and return the money to Alan McGregor. So she had eaten dinner by herself and then walked to the theatre. She stood in line at the box office, and a man got into the line behind her.

"Do you suppose that they'll have any decent tickets left?" asked the man behind Margaret.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Margaret coldly.

The man lifted an eyebrow and smiled a little, and Margaret was a bit sorry that she had been so short. She was a bit ashamed, too, when she turned in the extra ticket to the grumpy cashier.

"It's kinda late," said the cashier. "Hope I can get rid of a single at this hour."

The man behind Margaret said, "I'll take it."

Margaret's face grew hot, and when she glanced back at the man he was just turning away, his grin lighting up his whole face.

She sat quietly in her seat while the orchestra tuned up, and for an ordinary girl who claimed that she liked living

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# Mummy! pussy scatched me!



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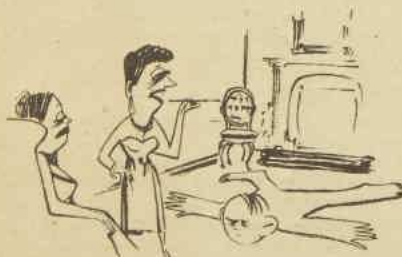
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"Not much of a rug, but then he wasn't much of a butler—didn't serve Lipton's."

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# Ask

What can be worse than  
spending New Year's  
Eve all alone?

I WOULD like to make one thing clear. I didn't come to London to find a husband, but if I just happened to stumble on one I didn't want him to be anyone else's! Husbands, after all, look almost exactly like bachelors. What I mean is . . . how can you tell?

Jean Boyden and I were drinking coffee and discussing the situation late one night in the kitchen of the girls' hostel where we both lived. It was a couple of days after Christmas and I was very depressed, to say the least.

There I was, only a few short months away from home and I had become emotionally involved with Robert Tate, a man who was, in all probability, married. So young, not even twenty, and already I had started along the "primrose path"? The way I was heading I'd go down, down, down until I ended up in a luxury flat with a drawer full of perfumed underwear (black lace), a mink coat, and a French maid.

That may not sound exactly like a fate worse than death, but it just happens that for generations the women in my family have been content with nothing less than matrimony.

"But Robert simply doesn't seem married," I insisted.

"Sweetie," Jean said pityingly, "no wonder they didn't want you to leave home! You're too trusting." She turned to me. "Consider the facts," she ordered. "Besides occasional lunch dates, you see him only every other Saturday night. Right?"

I nodded glumly. "Where does he spend those alternate Saturdays?"

"That's not my business," I said with dignity. "If he's spending them with a wife, it is!" she said savagely. "Has he asked you out for New Year's Eve?"

"Not yet."

"If he doesn't, after the way he's been behaving for these past few months, there can be only one possible explanation. His better half won't let him out."

"He hasn't got a better half," I said stubbornly, pushing away the coffee which, to tell the truth, wasn't very good, anyway, having been reheated for the third time since that morning. "At least," I added miserably, "I don't think so."

"He's taking you to lunch tomorrow, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Once and for all, be brave! Ask him!"

I could just see myself! I mean that sarcastically, of course. I couldn't see myself. It isn't the easiest thing in the world; ask any girl. For instance, imagine us, Robert and me, at the little French restaurant where he usually took me for lunch.

The prices there are staggering. I don't care how fancy it sounds in French, eggs are eggs and it's outrageous to charge so much for them. But I was sure the prices didn't stagger Robert, who had a new car and spent money as if it were water. I didn't feel the least bit guilty letting him spend his money as it were water because, after all, he has a very well-paid job in a large publicity firm.

So there we would be and he'd say as usual, "Meg! You've hardly eaten a thing."

I'd answer lightly, toying with my omelet, "I never eat a big lunch." Then, according to Jean, I was supposed to ask casually, "By the way, how's your wife?"

You see what I mean? A girl just can't—which is why I think that every married man should be required by law to wear a wedding ring at all times.

You can understand why I was decidedly on edge





# any girl

BY WINIFRED WOLFE

by the time I arrived at the office the next morning. There's a rather amusing story, incidentally, about how I got that job. It's really a laugh on my mother, who always said it was so important to have a "good background." The truth of it is, I got my first job in London because I have such a good "foreground."

An employment agency had sent me to a sportswear firm called Maxwell's Kutie Knits, where I was interviewed by Mr. Maxwell, who was middle-aged but not unattractive. He gave me a test in shorthand and typing. I admit I was a little nervous and had to keep asking him to slow down, and my typing, to be perfectly candid, was slightly sloppy.

He looked at it, then looked at me, then he said, "Miss Whelan, I've interviewed six other applicants this morning. There isn't one of them who couldn't, blindfolded, do this test better than you have."

I got up to leave.

"But, Miss Whelan," he went on, "none of them looks like you in a sweater. I'm happy to say the job is yours."

Well! You can imagine! I was outraged. "Mr. Maxwell," I said icily, "I'm simply not interested."

He explained then very quickly. He wanted a secretary-receptionist to occupy a desk in the middle of the carpeted acre he referred to as the main showroom and wear a different Kutie Knit sweater each day for the benefit of the constant stream of buyers. So . . . I took the job and wore the sweaters.

The very first day Robert Tate came into the office I had on a white turtle-neck with long push-up sleeves. He gave me his card. I showed him in to see Mr. Maxwell, then took my time getting ready to go out to lunch. I put on lipstick three times. Slowly. Any girl, taking a quick inventory of Robert Tate's obvious charm, would have done exactly the same.

When he finally emerged from the sanctum of sanctums I was reaching up towards my coat and hat.

"Going out to lunch?" he inquired.

"Yes," I said.

"Well, isn't that a coincidence? So am I. Why don't we have it together?"

That may not be the most stimulating dialogue you've ever heard, but it was good enough for me at the moment. We went to that expensive French restaurant and I tried to be nonchalant, as if I went to places like that every day.

He told me he was handling the Kutie Knits' publicity campaign and I related the amusing story of why I got the job. Then he asked me what I was doing on Saturday night. I could hardly wait to get back to "The Nunnery" to tell Jean. (The Nunnery . . . that's what we sometimes call the hotel . . . No one allowed in after a certain hour, no men allowed in the rooms, and so on. Extremely dull, but it made my mother in the country sleep better at night.)

Jean decided that if he asked me I was to tell him that I wanted to go somewhere extremely elegant.

"Frankly, Jean," I said, "I was going to ask him to take me for a walk. I want to see the shops all lit up."

"Don't," Jean said, screwing up her face with distaste, "be a fool. He can afford it, can't he?"

I had to agree. "Obviously," I said.

"Men like Robert Tate, if he's really what you say he is . . ."

"What about the Chandelier Grill?" I suggested meekly. "Mr. Maxwell always takes his wife there."

She nodded approval. "That's better, and while you're at it don't forget to find out if he's married."

"Married?" I croaked.

"It's possible, you know."

I didn't know what to say.

"Well," I murmured, "I'll try to . . . somehow."

So, when he asked me, I suggested that we go to the Chandelier Grill. Have you ever been there? I can tell you it's an experience. The place is all gold and glass and is hung with dozens of crystal chandeliers. I knew Robert was watching me, so I made a supreme effort and didn't even gasp.

Instead I said in a blasé tone of voice, "This is Mr. Maxwell's favorite place."

"Mine, too," he said. "I would have suggested coming here if you hadn't, Meg."

I thought, delightedly: Jean was right. At that moment I wanted to kiss her. At that moment I wanted Robert Tate to kiss me. I felt my cheeks burning, so I hid my face behind the menu.

I decided to get to the unpleasant subject of his marital status before I lost my nerve. "What's your opinion of married men who take out single girls?" I asked.

He couldn't have been more taken aback if I had borrowed the chicken from the woman at the next table and hit him in the face with it. "What?" he said.

I supposed that I had flung the question at him a trifle abruptly, so I repeated it slowly. I had put a lot of thought into the phrasing of that question, thinking cleverly that if he were somebody's errant spouse his answer would be something like, "Well, Meg, it depends on the circumstances. You see, in my case, I'm afraid my wife doesn't understand me."

To my dismay, he said simply, "If a girl is old enough to live alone in London, Meg, surely she's old enough to know what she's doing?"

Now what did that tell me? Not very much, but I tried hard to convince myself that he had given me the answer I wanted.

Every alternate Saturday from then on was slightly spectacular. To make sure I'd look as if I'd been around, Jean gave me tips on the best restaurants in town. At the same time, I compiled a list of places Mr. Maxwell mentioned.

When Robert and I went to the theatre, we sat in the stalls. Often I thought how nice it would be to go for a quiet walk and just . . . talk. But Robert continued to spend money and Jean said I was not only ungrateful but an idiot to complain about my "good fortune."

. . . All of which brings me directly to that critical luncheon date. If you really like somebody, you want to be with that somebody on New Year's Eve. Robert had to ask me to go out.

I took a deep breath. "I wonder if it's going to snow on New Year's Eve."

Please, I was praying frantically, please, please say, "We're going out that night, aren't we, Meg?"

But all he did was shrug and answer, "You never can tell."

I took out the silver compact he had given me for Christmas and nervously began to dab at my nose with the dear little puff.

"I'm glad you like the compact," he said, brightening.

"Oh, I do. I love it."

"By the way, what did Mr. Maxwell give you for Christmas?"

"Perfume," I told him. (I had been thrilled when Mr. Maxwell had given me that perfume.

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"Just going to lunch, Miss Whelan? I wonder if you'd come with me?" Robert said as he came out of the inner office.







## Take it easy... Take the Train!

*In an Air-Conditioned Train it's  
Armchair Luxury all the way*

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**NEW SOUTH WALES GOVERNMENT**

# RAILWAYS





ILLUSTRATED  
BY KICKHEFER

## A short short story By JOYCE DINGWELL

AS soon as Sarah learned that her migration papers had gone through, she went along to her boss.

"Mr. Cassidy," she announced, "I'm off to Australia next week."

Mr. Cassidy, who had known that Sarah had applied for a passage out, looked regretful and assured, "We'll miss you on the Lilac Hills Weekly Chronicle, Miss Smith."

"Thank you," acknowledged Sarah. "I was wondering if you knew any paper in Sydney where I could be placed with your recommendation."

Mr. Cassidy did not know any paper where someone experienced in cooking, love, hints, hints, weddings, and departed columns could be absorbed . . . indeed, he knew nobody, and no business, in Sydney apart from Percy Brown, and Brown's Greeting Cards, and that was a long way back.

But Greeting Cards, thought Mr. Cassidy, greeting cards meant little verses, which meant that Miss Smith's able pen need not be called upon to waste its ink on columns of figures and other lesser things.

He told Sarah and she said "Oh, good," and he wrote a recommendation at once.

All the way out to Australia, between deck golf and deck quoits, Sarah sat on a deckchair and composed Greeting verses. By the time they cleared Sydney Heads she had nine samples, Wedding Congratulations, Announcement of Baby Boy, Announcement of Baby Girl, Get Well, Happy Birthday to Son, Daughter, and Niece, Valentine, and Hands Across the Sea.

Mr. Percy Brown, as old and pink-domed and sweet as Mr. Cassidy, smiled through them and beamed. "Really lovely, Miss Smith. I especially like:

"Although, my dear, we're far apart,  
I feel that you are in my heart."

"Hands Across the Sea," nodded Sarah, "then I can start, Mr. Brown?"

Mr. Brown lost his beam. "Well, temporarily, shall we say—"

"Temporarily?"

"Some years ago," said Mr. Brown, "I handed over to my son. He is away just now, but until he flies back, Miss Smith—"

There was a deep significance somewhere there, and Sarah instantly

recognised it. No hands across the sea for Mr. Brown, jun., she deduced, no thatched cottages with sundials saying Tempus Fugit, no forget-me-nots, no pansies for thoughts.

"And when he returns?" she questioned.

Mr. Brown, sen., picked up and read her Get Well verse.

"Never let tomorrow's woes  
Spoil the bloom, be like the rose,  
Open up to sunshine clear,  
Get well, for I love you, dear."

"That is Get Well to Sweetheart from Sweetheart," explained Sarah superfluously.

Mr. Brown said, "Never let tomorrow's woes, Miss Smith. You see what I mean? You can begin right now."

The artist looked a little nervous, but she complied with Sarah's instructions for cherubs and twin hearts. Later Mr. Brown beamed, later still the cards sold well, and Sarah settled in.

She had settled in three months when one morning Percy Junior walked in. There was six feet three of him, shoulders to match.

"He's hooker for North United," whispered the artist, hiding Sarah's cherub that puffed "North, South, East, West, you're the one I love the best" tremblingly behind her back. Sarah soon knew the reason for concealment. Percy Junior took up a card, goggled, paled, reddened, then roared.

It was all over very soon. Sarah was not dismissed, but she was transferred to Accounts. She tallied up columns of figures that she was aware she had helped to swell, and she knew a deep hate.

It was a hate akin to something else, though. Try as she could she could not entirely dismiss it. Every time she met Percy Junior in the corridor her heart turned over like the verse in her Valentine sample.

She even sneaked out to the football to watch him. She was there the Saturday he was knocked down and carried off to hospital. When she got back to her flat her nails were bitten to the quick and she was muttering deliciously the cherub verse, because she loved that brute, she realised it now.

All the staff sent flowers, fruit, and messages to the hospital. The messages were Percy's own choice

... "Chin up, chum, good times will come" . . . "Don't feel wet, you're not dead yet." Sarah sent nothing.

On the third day Mr. Brown Junior sent for her.

He looked different in a cot. Not so much the hooker. He pointed to his pile of cards and reproached, "None from you, Miss Smith."

"I'm Accounts now."

"But you could have bought one."

"You wouldn't like mine," she replied.

"Miss Smith," he said, "when a man is hospitalised a man sometimes finds a change in mind if not in heart. All at once he notices flowers, butterflies, bees, things like that. Do you see what I mean?"

"No, Mr. Brown."

"Well, in spite of my previous policy, I have to admit that your cards have sold well. Apparently there is still a certain sentimental demand."

"You mean you want me to add up some figures, Mr. Brown?"

"No, I don't," shouted Mr. Brown. "I want you to listen, Miss Smith."

I said a change in mind if not in heart. Now do you comprehend?"

"No, Mr. Brown."

"Well, think it over. Think over the number of times I've been hanging round the corridor waiting for you to come out of Accounts. Think and think and think. And then, Miss Smith—"

"Yes, Mr. Brown?"

"Go home and send me a card."

She went out in a dream. Her feet must have touched earth, but she didn't remember when.

The next time she met him was in the office once more. He was perfectly recovered, and he filled the room again, six feet three of him, shoulders to match.

"That Get Well, Miss Smith," he called, "To Sweetheart From Sweetheart series, take it off the list."

"Yes, Mr. Brown, I'll give instructions at once."

She went towards the door, head high, chin up, but halfway there she paused.

"May I inquire why?" she asked coldly of Mr. Brown.

When he answered her she was not halfway to the door any more, and he wasn't where he had been standing, either. They were together, and she thought he should be a very good hooker indeed by the size and encircling capacity of his arms.

"Why? Because it's our verse, our theme song, ours, darling," he was whispering, and instantly Sarah's thoughts were doves singing around a dovecot, cherubs blowing tender messages from little pink cheeks, silver clouds raining nostalgic greetings, thatched cottages, Tempus Fugit, pansies for thoughts . . . twin hearts pierced with Cupid's arrow saying "I love you, dear."

(Copyright)

A Christmas Wish  
From Our House  
to Your House



May Christmas-time  
at your house  
be a time  
of joy and cheer  
and may  
its gladness  
linger  
through the  
nicest  
kind of year!



1959

KICK





Harriet—the second Mrs. Alisander—whose marriage had brought her beauty.

ILLUSTRATED BY  
BOOTHROYD

HARRIET came back, reluctantly, from powdering her nose and stood a moment on the edge of the dance floor waiting till she could cross to the big table opposite. The scene was both gay and elegant: it was an expensive, well-mannered nightclub, deservedly popular among top executives giving their guests the full treatment; Harriet was nonetheless anxious for the night to end.

Her dress was right, her hair and make-up were right, everyone was nice to her, but she was conscious of being in the undignified position of the odd woman called in at the last moment to even a number.

She was also conscious—as she was permanently conscious—of being in the still less dignified position—the positively corny position—of the secretary in love with her boss.

With a slight feeling of guilt—as though she hadn't been there when he buzzed for her—she observed him now sitting alone, horn-rims on nose, leafing through the early-morning edition of a newspaper. All the rest of the party were on the floor; even so, in a host, his attitude was altogether too detached; and without waiting for the number to end—indeed, fearing it might have only just started—Harriet began to thread her way between the encircling tables. When she was halfway there Mr. Alisander looked up and saw her.

Absurdly, more like a schoolgirl than a woman of thirty, Harriet felt her heart beat; and under his watching eye, instead of moving slowly and elegantly—smooth progress of neat black slippers, smooth manoeuvre of neat black stoles—plunged on like a hockey captain. She was even, as he pulled out her chair and she sank down into it, slightly breathless.

"I'm fonder of you than of any woman I

know," said Mr. Alisander. "Will you marry me?"

There are moments when the only thing to do, if one is to keep one's head at all, is to fix the eyes on the nearest inanimate object. Harriet's eye fell on the paper: observed the print slightly snudged (probably still damp from the press), took in three headlines ("Crisis in Middle East"; "New Traffic Rule"; "Film Star's Divorce"), also a minute paragraph about jellyfish on bathing beaches. Then she looked back at Mr. Alisander. He was . . . serious.

In five years she had never seen him so serious, not even in the crisis over the bank rate. He was more: he was tense. His rather long, rather bony features were sharpened, the skin over them was stretched by tension. It was as though within the past few moments, perhaps as he watched her coming towards him, an emotional shock had so buffeted him that only by the rigid tensing of every nerve could he, any more than she, keep his head.

"You came so . . . readily," said Alisander.

Harriet nodded. (Of course. Wasn't she always ready when he wanted her? Hadn't she come to this party readily—even at the last moment?) But she was absolutely incapable of speech.

"I suppose you know more about me than I do myself," said Mr. Alisander.

Harriet nodded again. It was true. She knew his passport by heart, she made out his income-tax returns, she paid his doctor's and dentist's bills. She knew also how many lumps of sugar he took and what particular Western would relax him on a train journey, and where he liked his shirts laundered.

"So you know I'm at least fif-

teen years older," continued Mr. Alisander, "and occasionally had-tempered. But I can give you—"

"No!" cried Harriet.

For the first time he smiled. The tension in his face relaxed, he looked at her and smiled.

"My dear Harriet," said Mr. Alisander experimentally. Evidently he liked the sound of the words; he repeated them. "My dear Harriet," said Alec Alisander, "I always knew you were an exceptionally nice woman—but you still haven't answered my question."

"Yes," said Harriet.

So it was, with literally only two words spoken—one "no," one "yes"—that Harriet accepted unimaginable bliss. When they left the nightclub she smuggled out the newspaper under her wrap. She had no memory book as yet, but she meant to start one.

They were married within the following week, by special licence, at a registrar's (thus profiting by a lull in Mr. Alisander's affairs in Spain), but not without a very pleasant flurry of guests and congratulations. Harriet herself was peculiarly relationless, but all Mr. Alisander's friends knew her, and all liked her; his married sister came up from the country to play hostess at the reception. There was a wedding cake; also photographers.

They then flew to Spain for two weeks, and on their return settled into Mr. Alisander's more-than-adequate Parkside flat, which Harriet was to amuse herself by redecorating.

As though she needed amusement! She was so happy she could have sat all day with her hands in her lap contemplating her good fortune. For as in Spain she had found a perfect lover—it must be said that Harriet had no experience of any lover: her virgin troth had been so long plighted; five years plighted, she told herself, from the day she walked into Mr. Alisander's office!—so now, at home, she found a perfect husband.

Their joint lives fitted together like the two halves of an apple; they knew and liked each other, besides loving each other, so well. With every day, every month that passed, Harriet felt herself more and more happy, growing used to being happy, able at least to accept bliss as the natural climate of a life.

Then someone told her.

It was, naturally, her sister-in-law: Mrs. Hambro, who had played hostess at the reception and who had subsequently, because she liked Harriet, formed the habit of coming to London more often for a day's shopping and a cosy feminine lunch with her brother's wife. The two women were agreeably intimate; an hour of gossip with Ellen Hambro, over their coffee and peppermints, was one of Harriet's new pleasures.

"You know Alec was married before?" said Mrs. Hambro.

Harriet didn't. She thought she knew everything about her husband, but she hadn't known this. The surprise, the shock momentarily tied her tongue; she could only shake

her head. Mrs. Hambro's cheerful look, however, was quickly reassuring.

"Divorced ten years ago," said Ellen Hambro briskly, "and thank goodness for it! But he hasn't told you?"

"No," said Harriet. She reflected. "And as he hasn't—"

"What a thoroughly nice woman you are!" said Mrs. Hambro appreciatively. "I can't tell you, my dear, how lucky I think Alec is! But there's no harm in your knowing—in fact, you positively deserve to know, you've made him so happy; it's not every woman who could cut out Lisa Vanna!"

For a moment, to Harriet, the words made absolutely no sense. Naturally she knew who Lisa Vanna was—as who did not? Film star of film stars, the latest romantic ikon adored from California to Cathay—who didn't know of Lisa Vanna? But the idea of being in any way connected with such a figure—of cutting her out—was too extraordinary to be comprehended.

"Lisa Vanna?" repeated Harriet stupidly.

"No less, my dear! Of course she wasn't Lisa Vanna when Alec married her, she was Elizabeth Brown, just another little actress in rep. They all have to start somewhere," said Mrs. Hambro knowledgeably—and settling down to a good gossip.

"And I must admit it, she was the prettiest creature one ever set eyes on. No one could blame Alec for adoring her! I can say it now, now it's all over and done with, but he literally did, my dear! When she wanted a divorce—"

"How long was it?" asked Harriet clumsily. Mrs. Hambro was going too fast for her; she needed to hark back.

"How long were they married? No more than a year!" snapped Ellen Hambro. "After one year, when she wanted a divorce to marry this Hollywood tycoon, I think you call them, Alec simply provided the evidence without a murmur, because she was going to be a great star and he wouldn't stand in her way. Let's do her justice," said Mrs. Hambro fairly, "she is a great star. Even in our neck of the woods—and my son Dicky says it was the same in Hong Kong!—there's her face on the posters. One can't get away from her. And Alec, my dear, which was the real tragedy, couldn't get away from her, either. How many times has she been married since?"

"I've no idea," said Harriet.

"Three or four? Dicky says she's a reversion to type, he says everyone else in Hollywood has gone quite intensely monogamous, it's the new thing—well, between marriage she'd turn to Alec for sympathy. In other words," glossed Mrs. Hambro, with unusual bitterness, "to set him spinning on her hook again like a poor besotted trout. For he always hoped, you see, that she might be coming back—"





# WOMAN

short story

By **MARGERY SHARP**

"Because he was still so much in love with her?"

"Because he used to be, my dear! That's why it's so wonderful that he's married you; as I say, you've cut her out! If she couldn't see him, she'd write to him—all about how the glamor of stardom faded, how she longed to be just a wife again . . . That letter Alec showed me," almost snorted Mrs. Hambro, "before he flew out to her in Rome. When he got there, she was just marrying Prince Who-sit. So you can see what a comfort it is," finished Mrs. Hambro, "and how thankful I am to see him so safely and happily married, all the past forgotten!"

When she had gone (kissing Harriet warmly on both cheeks, promising to send up-country butter and fresh-cut flowers), Harriet went and took out the newspaper she'd carried home from a nightclub.

She'd never, since, read it; only looked at it. (As one looks at a valentine.) Now she read through in detail the paragraph headed "Film Star's Divorce":

"Miss Lisa Vanna, top star of Colorado United, today won her divorce from fifth husband, Prince Marco Compostelli (previous mates Alec Alisander, Arthur Schmidt, Jack Brennan, Jacques Ducros), on grounds of mental cruelty. Questioned as to her future plans, Miss Vanna said: 'Naturally I have professional commitments for several years, but I hope first, in fact immediately, to take a short holiday in Europe to find myself again and recover perspective. My first stop will probably be London, where I shall live as quietly and simply as possible—not like a film star but like a rather sad woman.'"

So that, thought Harriet, was what Alec had just read, that early morning in a nightclub, just before he asked her to marry him. He'd seen what was coming and jumped for safety. The trout, at last, had perceived the hook.

Because he couldn't endure one time more the alternation of hope and hopelessness, he'd married the first odd woman who came to

hand . . . and when Lisa Vanna descended on London was himself safely honeymooning in Spain. Having left behind him, in every illustrated paper, the evidence of his escape.

And why should I worry? thought Harriet—level-headed and sensible Harriet.

Admit the jump for safety; recognise that one had played the slightly undignified role of lifebelt or hen coop—could any marriage, in the event, be happier?

She found another point of reassurance. Quite early, while they were still exploring their mutual content—"Why did you ask me so suddenly?" marvelled Harriet. "Actually I'd had you in mind for quite a while," stated Alec blandly. Harriet believed it. In her five years of secretaryship, she'd seen every decision he took, often to outsiders bafflingly abrupt, as the fruit of long, preliminary cogitation. He'd genuinely contemplated marrying her, she thought, wanted to marry her, long before that paragraph brought matters to a head.

So I won't worry, decided Harriet. I have no reason to.

It cost her a little struggle not to tell Alec what she had learned. But as he hadn't told her, she kept his sister's indiscretion to herself, and determined to forget it.

Only she couldn't help noticing, during the next eighteen months, how inevitably their sudden trips abroad coincided with Lisa Vanna's sudden descents on London.

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*Lisa—the first Mrs. Alisander—the spoilt beauty, exquisite and fragile, who never would forget she had been married to Alec.*





# The Secret of Loch Lure

An amusing short novel by DAVID WALKER

COLIN McLURE and Jock Dunblane came off the moor. The valley was before them. The loch sparkled and the hills of Argyll were fair. They walked in dejected if companionable silence, until Colin said, "Let's have a smoke." They sat. "Not a beast on the hill," he said. They had stalked all day.

"Not a fish in the river," said Jock Dunblane. "Not a trout in the loch. Not a grouse on the moor." These statements were not literally true, but they were true enough. "And who is the laird aye after blaming?"

The laird ignored the challenge of his temperamental henchman, mentor and companion of his youth, now fellow bachelor. "Wool prices have gone to bits," he said. "Timber prices ditto. Oats crop failed."

From here, a thousand feet above Loch Lure, Colin could see a sizeable proportion of his thirty thousand acres. What he saw was beautiful to his eye or to a stranger's. But Colin knew the story underneath.

The salmon, the grouse, the deer stalking, the loch fishing had been good sources of revenue and employment in the past. But all had been steadily going off, until this year he had not had a single tenant. There had been an unprecedented spell of cold in February; result: his mother's tender hybrid rhododendrons killed, that market lost. The gale in March had reduced a thousand acres of young conifers to a shambles. Colin catalogued the tale of woe in silence to himself. No wonder the people were emigrating. It was an old, old story. He watched a solitary motor-cycle creep along the narrow road beside Loch Lure.

"If only we had a decent road," he muttered, "we might at least get tourists. But look at that blasted cart track. I've asked the county council umpteen times."

"Don't take it too hardly, Master Colin. We all ken fine you've done the best you could. But I would wonder to myself: Is there no way at all? Is there not some drastic action we might be after taking, short of murder, or including?"

"You tell me it," Colin said. They reached

the road and turned along Loch Lure. They passed one deserted, unworked field; a second, and then they came to Glenlure Shop and Post Office, where the widowed Bella Graham was digging potatoes in her garden.

Bella Graham was a cheery soul and bonny. She put her basket down and smiled at them. "No luck?" she said.

"You're about the first living thing we've seen," said Colin. They continued on the pot-holed road.

"Take Bella now," said Jock. "If we had you fine broad road the laird was speakin' of, and buses and cars and bikes, Bella in her pop-and-sweetie shop would make a grand tourist attraction."

"True," the laird agreed. They came to the boat. Colin settled himself on the forward thwart. Jock started the outboard motor and headed for Castle Lure, which stood on a wooded point across the loch. It was a mile by water, four miles round the shore.

Colin looked at his grey old house. Home had never looked so good to him as on this evening of September.

Will I? he said again to himself. Or won't I? Would he accept the timber merchant's offer of sixty-five thousand pounds? It was his only hope of selling at a reasonable price, his only hope of finding the cash to buy himself a workable farm elsewhere. But Jock and his other employees—what about them? He imagined Castle Lure in ghastly nudity after the timber merchant's ministrations.

He grunted. "I've got to sell," he said. "I will." It is often the most painful image that steels a man to hard decision.

Something caught his eye. He turned to Jock and held up his hand. The motor petered out, a rocking and a lapping. He put the telescope on to three birds. "Great northern divers," he said. "Now that's unusual."

Colin forgot his many troubles. The diver, the common loon, did visit Lure occasionally in winter, but this was September, and there were three of them. The leader gave a wild wail or melancholy laugh and dived. The

second followed suit. The third did likewise. Suddenly no loons. They would have to range far and wide and deep to find trout for supper in Loch Lure, thought Colin McLure morosely.

But it seemed that the divers were not seeking trout. They still played a loonish version of follow-the-leader. The first emerged. Up bobbed the second, close behind him. No sooner did No. 3 appear than No. 1 submerged again.

"Remarkable," Colin said. "Like a string of porpoises. Like a sea serpent or some such Loch Ness monstrous beast." He watched the birds until they vanished beyond the point below Castle Lure. "Home, then, Jock," he said.

Jock made no move to start the outboard motor. "Sh-h-h, mon! Dinna interrupt. I'm thinkin'."

Colin McLure was a gentle fellow, humble, too easily put upon, as his mother kept remarking. But now he turned to blast the insubordinate Dunblane. Jock sat, fingers to brow, deep lost in thought. And then a smile was born and spread about and grew to be a grin that deepened every weathered wrinkle in his face.

"Man," he whispered, "I've got it, Master Colin! I've got the idea to save Glenlure!" He paused. He murmured, "You've heard of the paravane?"

Colin had heard of the paravane, a planed device that was towed submerged to cut the cables of mines at sea. He often endured the nautical reminiscences of Ex-Petty Officer Dunblane, R.N.V.R. in Mine Sweepers. He listened now.

"Impossible," he said. "It couldn't work. . . . I doubt that very much. . . . It's just feasible. . . . You've got something, yes, I do believe. . . . But think of the capital outlay."

"It's a gamble," said Jock Dunblane. "If the laird canna take a risk, the laird canna save Glenlure."

"It may be a stroke of genius, Jock—worth trying anyway. Now, secrecy is vital. Lady Violet must know, but not a single word to another living soul."

"Does the laird not trust me, after all these years?" asked Jock, offended.

"You're a born gossip," said the laird. "And so are your many lady friends. Not a word to Margaret, nor to Bella. Not a hint in the bar on Saturday night. Now swear it."

Jock grumbled and swore it. They set course for the boathouse, which lay at the head of a narrow lagoon or cleft in the point below the castle. Jock Dunblane went home to eat his supper and have a second bite with Margaret, cook at the castle. Colin McLure found his mother in the garden. Lady Violet was a gardener of international renown, a woman of majestic stature, broad of beam, solid as teak, the daughter of an English duke.

"Well, darling?" she said, and looked at her shrubs, her flowers, her exotic trees, the work of a lifetime, and she soon would lose it. That morning she had said to him: "I think you should sell before we're finally stony-broke. But it's your decision, Colin."

"You look less woeful," she said now.

"Have you decided to take the plunge?"

"A plunge of sorts," he said. "Now listen!"

Lady Violet listened. Then she shook in all her massive frame. Lady Violet with the giggles was impressive. She wiped tears away. "It's fabulous," she said. She looked admiringly at her only son. "My dear boy," Lady Violet said. "I had begun to fear that you had lost your punch."

"Mum's the word now, Mum," he said.

"You bet," said Mum.

Colin McLure and Jock Dunblane worked all that winter through. They were fortunate in their workshop, the boathouse. The boathouse was above water level, and it was commodious. Here also was electric light, brought from the castle in more prosperous

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Lady Violet and the two clergymen sorted themselves out of a tangled heap and stared at the monstrous apparition.







"Is it safe to swim in the loch  
with Moosie about?" Miss  
Traill asked Colin.

ILLUSTRATED BY  
PHILLIPS



## The Secret of Loch Lure

[from page 27]

times by Colin's father. Here, and most important, was seclusion. A high wire fence cut across the point from water's edge to water's edge, as fox protection, for these used to be the pheasant-rearing grounds.

Jack provided the practical experience, Colin a flair for engineering. They planned, built, tested in the deep lagoon, failed, tried again. They suffered many disappointments. But they were dogged men. The time came at last—the bleak full moon of March—for extended trials. Jack, in the big boat, chugged laboriously across the loch at one a.m., an hour when most good Highlanders are long asleep. There was a delay. He came back less slowly, but intermittently. The moon was bright enough for inspection and adjustment, not nearly bright enough for observation from the road shore of the loch.

"Man, he worked just grand," said Jack. The enterprise had long since been accorded masculine gender—he, or him, or his.

"Jocky," Bella said later, "what mischief was you up to in the wee sma' hours this mornin' on the loch? I heard ye. Or would it have been the laird?"

**J**OCK put his lips to Bella's ear. Her eyes grew round. He peered out of the window of Glenlure Post Office. The coast was clear. He drew an ex-liniment bottle from his pocket. It contained a pale fluid.

"Here," said Jack. "Tak a wee dram."

Bella did. She choked. "Grand stuff," she said. "But strong, my goodness gracious."

"Mind you, if you stuck-up lump of a constable, Jim Tocher, was to hear—"

"Jim's not stuck-up," said Bella stoutly. "Onyway, Jim won't hear."

Sure enough, every inhabitant of Glenlure, excepting Tocher, knew by nightfall that Jock Dunblane had a private still on the island of Lure. They knew wrong, for he had it somewhere else. But the alibi was established. No more questions would be asked, and if Constable Tocher should make inquiries about nocturnal goings-on, he would meet bland ignorance.

The spring came round, and early summer. Things remained bad, not quite so bad as the previous year. May was a good hatching month for a very small stock of grouse. The salmon ran in limited numbers. Wool and lumber prices rallied a little.

"I had a letter from Doctor Craig," said Lady Violet at luncheon. "He's moderator this year, you may remember. Well, anyway, the dear old goop is doing a bicycle tour of the Highlands early in July, with his friend, the Catholic Bishop of the Hebrides, of all improbable combinations. They plan to pass here to the west. He asked, might they come to see the garden? Don't you think we should have the prelates to lunch?"

"Of course," he said. And then a heaven-sent thought occurred to him, in the shape of two prelates skirting Loch Lure on bicycles. "Get them without fail," he said. "At a stated hour on a certain day."

Colin's mother saw his devilish intent. "Oh, surely not!" she said. "Wouldn't that be rather much? They're both dignitaries, even on a cycle tour."

"I know," he said. "It can't be helped."

The moderator and the bishop rode up the drive to Castle Lure, disputing dogma. They were old friends, having been chaplains in the 51st Highland Division, prisoners in Germany most of World War II. They were a splendid pair of Christian men. Lady Violet marched them round the garden. They did justice to good wine and food, paid many compliments, laughed hilariously, gave thanks, and continued their cycle tour at half-past two.

"I love you both so much," said Lady Violet in her forthright way, "that I shall ride a distance with you. Any objections?"

No objections. The prelates were delighted. They prelates them ride down the drive, then strode to his vantage point, within calling distance of the boathouse, watching the road along the loch. It was a sunny afternoon and clear. They came into view. He waited. Not yet. A little farther. "O.K., Jock," he called. "O.K.," acknowledged the mate of the enterprise. An electric hum now sounded in the quiet air.

"How is the fishing nowadays?" asked the moderator of Lady Violet's back. Potholes, not traffic, made it necessary to ride in Indian file.

"Appalling," she said. "There used to be excellent fly fishing round the shore. Not in the middle—which is far too deep. Bottomless, tradition says."

"To what do you attribute this depletion?" asked the bishop, bringing up the rear.

"Something killed them, I suppose, or something ate them." Lady Violet looked at the sunlit loch, lovely, bottomless, inscrutable. Then she snatched her left hand from the handlebars and pointed. "Holy Moses! What in Jonah's name is that?"

Lady Violet fell off. The clergymen ran into her and each other. All picked themselves up, left cycles lying and stared at a monstrous apparition. It was about half a mile away. It swam from island of Lure towards Castle Point.

The moderator, who was a keen birdwatcher, had glasses with him. He focused them. "Shaggy head," he muttered. "Two big grey humps."

"Let's have a look!" The bishop reached for the glasses. "Patience, man! The tail! The tail thrashed quite distinctly then! Oh, all right, greedy, take them!"

The Bishop of the Hebrides now had the glasses. The head rose higher. The breast waved cut a deeper V. The huge loch beast, fifty feet at least from shaggy head by hump and hump to gleaming tail, swam faster and then slower, sinking into the bottomless waters of Loch Lure, and was gone. It had been visible for perhaps half a minute.

The waves dwindled, spreading out. There was a shocked silence here on the road beside the loch. The birds still sang and the sun still shone, and in a while the power of speech returned. The head—like nothing on earth. Or did it not remind the moderator of a moose he had met that year he preached in Canada? Not a bull-moose type of head, with mighty antlers, nor a cow-moose type of head with none at all, but undoubtedly truncated horns, the bishop said. For once, the two old friends

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## Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

### WEEK'S BEST LETTER

HOW often do we bother to commend the competent and stalwart ones of this world? Most of us know the value of a little praise, and use it lavishly on the tardy ones, but the good, industrious, reliable folk often are taken for granted. I realised this the other day when I saw a good neighbor's face and eyes light up as I thanked and praised her for one of her everyday good deeds. Suddenly I realised that praise to her was something unusual—she who deserved it so richly. It set me thinking, and I determined to be more appreciative of the everyday goodness of ordinary people.

£1/1/- to Jean Howell, Rosanna, Vic.

IT seems a strange anomaly in this time of research into scientific and medical problems that, co-existent with our attempts to combat diseases which cripple and kill, we use vast open tips in which to destroy household refuse. Rats and flies are the known carriers of many of the more horrible diseases, and these are known to breed in rubbish dumps. While I do not suggest that the removal of tips will put an end to disease, it does seem likely disease could be reduced.

10/6 to Mrs. J. Mitchell, East Malvern, Vic.

THIS letter is really for the persons who send chain letters. Can anyone tell me the use of wasting several sheets of writing paper, envelopes, and stamps, not to mention time, sending these letters? The letters mention sending copies to friends, but I'm afraid my friends would think me queer if I did send copies to them, and I'm sure we wouldn't be friends for long.

10/6 to Mrs. Janice Oakes, Ulverstone, Tas.

I LIKE to window-shop at night, but find it most annoying that many stores fail to mark prices on goods displayed. If something catches my eye I like to know then whether or not I can afford it. It is most embarrassing on inquiring a price afterwards to be faced with a barrage of sales-talk, which quickly turns to polite indifference when one refuses on the grounds that the price is beyond one's means.

10/6 to Mrs. G. N. Ross, Maitland, N.S.W.

MY father dead, I was forced by circumstances to leave school and enter an office at 14, and now, although happily married to a man in an executive position, I secretly feel sadly the lack of higher education. Consequently I feel sorry when I hear parents deploring the waste of money in educating girls who soon marry. I assure them, provided a girl is also given some good basic housekeeping training, higher education will make her a more mature and interesting wife and mother.

10/6 to "One Who Knows" (name supplied), Blair Athol, S.A.

## Ross Campbell writes...

THE Donklings have asked us to their New Year's Eve party," said my wife.

"That's nice," I replied.

The Donklings give good parties. By this I mean that the drinks find you — you don't have to find the drinks.

"But what about a sitter?" I asked. It was the old trouble. Sitters on New Year's Eve are as rare as taxis.

Most of them go to New Year's Eve parties. The invitations to these sitters' parties are sent out early, about September. So the sitters have always accepted before you are asked to a party.

Skilled sitters, of course, are not numerous at any time. They need finely balanced qualities.

They must be soft enough to read a "massive story" of reasonable length. But they must be tough enough to resist when asked to read *Snugglespot* and *Cuddlepie*, which goes on for ever.

They should be sympathetic and able to console anyone who dreams about crocodiles. But they must show an iron will when told "We're

### SEAT VACANT

allowed to stay up till half past eight to see 'Cheyenne'."

"I'll try Mrs. Mundle first," said my wife.

Mrs. Mundle is a very competent sitter. She puts dishes away in the right places, reads massive



stories, and gets the lights out by eight.

When we first discovered her we kept her a secret. But, alas, her good qualities soon became known.

She said she was sitting for the Gaylotts on New Year's Eve. They had booked her last July.

I FEEL that modern architects are asking us to make a great sacrifice when they omit the old-fashioned verandah from new house designs. What better place is there for wet shoes, umbrellas, and raincoats? Where better for the children to play on wet days or for us to sleep on hot summer nights? They also keep the hot sun from beating directly on the walls, keeping the rooms inside cool. All this has been sacrificed for the decorative but useless patio. Why don't architects concentrate on making the verandah decorative instead?

10/6 to Mrs. J. A. Wright, Parramatta, N.S.W.

### Water waste

I WHOLEHEARTEDLY support Mrs. G. Scott (3/12/58) about the way city folk complain of water restrictions after their own unnecessary waste. It would indeed do these thoughtless people a world of good to live a whole summer in a dry country town with a limited water supply. Before we have television and atom bombs, give the country places a water supply, and, in some cases, electric light.

10/6 to Mrs. A. Ellis, Moora, W.A.

### Family affairs

WITH the summer comes a child's longing for all manner of frozen sweets on a stick. My three-year-old clasped one of these sticks and watched with horror as the ice-cream melted into the ground at his feet. Little people cherish each bite, and the warmer the day the longer they take to eat the cool treat. Now our troubles are over, because I merely insert the stick through the centre of a small paper plate. Any ice-cream that falls or coating that breaks off can be readily retrieved from the plate. I keep a supply of paper plates in the glove-box of the car.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Carr, Boondall, Qld.

Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Next my wife tried Judy Martingale. She is a younger sister, popular with children because she lets them play with plasticine.

When we come home there are always colored plasticine snakes and baskets of eggs on the table. A few pieces are trodden into the carpet.

My only objection to Judy is that she lives too far away.

As the old song says: Gee, but I hate, after being out late, Walking the sitter back home.

Judy couldn't come, either. She was going to a New Year's Eve barbecue.

After that we offered special terms — time-and-a-half penalty rates and no dishes.

At last Cec McGoon's niece Marlene said she would sit if she could have a couple of friends in.

The offer was not ideal, but we took it.

I drew the line, however, when Marlene asked me to rig up some mistletoe for her at our place.

Who does she think is having this night out, anyway?



# Pin a Rose on Me

Continuing . . .

**Josephine Blumenfeld's amusing account of the day-to-day life of a London housewife.**

heads straighten for a second to see who I am. Some of them smile as if pleased to see someone from "Outside." Others slump back immediately, making sucking noises with grey, crinkled mouths.

The family are sitting on the swing hammock under the cedar when we arrive.

Old Nanny's head starts wobbling when she sees Baby Lucas. He waves his arms, laughs, and stretches out to her as she comes across the lawn. She sits beside him on the hammock. He darts for the brim of her hat and pulls off her spectacles. She gurgles nanny noises, finds him the right-shaped stick, the right biscuit, the right cup. She is eighty-eight; he is twelve months. They know it all.

Old Nanny's eyes swim with delight.

"Puts me in mind of General Bradshaw's little boy when he was this age," she says. "Fifty years ago next Christmas when I first went to them. The boy's name was Sebastian. A silly name for a boy, I thought, so I called him Sabby, and wasn't he a tyrant!"

"I used to take him to Frinton when the General and Mrs. Bradshaw went to Scotland for the fishing. That was before the General lost his leg. Caught it in a swing door at Harrogate on his way to a concert. The left leg it was. They took it off at the hip. He never went to Scotland again after that."

"How awful, Nanny," we all say. "Poor man!"

"He got used to it, of course, but they did have a time with those wooden legs in those days, forever fitting and remaking. Nowadays they're made of aluminium, I believe."

"My sister-in-law, Edie—that's Fred's wife—is doing a treat with her new legs. She was younger than

the General when she had the accident. They were going to Brighton on the Women's Institute outing. The driver had a fainting turn and drove the bus up ever such a steep bank and poor Edie hit a tree. Gangrene set in right away. It was a six months' hospital job. It properly upset Fred, though. He couldn't keep 'is mind on 'is work after that and passed away the very day she came out of hospital." Try to turn conversation into gayer channels and say, "How lovely lupins are, but what a pity it is that they fall so quickly indoors," but Nanny is not to be put off. She lets Baby Lucas eat the broken bits of biscuit off the ground and goes on:

"But that's not as bad as what some of the old women in the Old Ladies' Home have to put up with, I can tell you. There's that Mrs. Spry, over ninety and with two cataracts and four nephews in the Navy and not one of them, or their wives, either, ever come to see her. She's deaf, of course, but most of us'll be deaf by the time we're ninety, and that doesn't make us not human, does it?"

"No, of course not, Nanny. How awful of her nephews." We all speak at once.

"Fine, upstanding men, too. One of them wears a beard, I've heard. They ought to be ashamed of themselves."

By now Baby Lucas has chocolate biscuit smeared all over himself.

"Let him be," Nanny says when Flavia tries to clean it off. "It'll all come off in the bath, won't it, darling? 'Never bath a clean baby, Nanny,' the General used to say. 'It's waste of good soap and water,' he used to say. Oh, he used to make

"You can't wear a thing like that, Mummy, really you can't," says the frowning girl. "You look like the Abominable Snowman".

me laugh, the General did. We don't laugh like we used to."

Nanny pauses to suck a sponge cake, which she dips in a cup of milk. A wood pigeon coos in the cedar above us, a dark cloud hangs over the sun.

I stand up and Lucas screams.

Nanny waves a crooked finger at him and he smiles.

"He doesn't want me to go, that's what's the matter with him." She picks up an old leaf and gives it to him. He seizes it and sits down among the pine needles in deep concentration over the veins on the torn, dried-up leaf.

On the way back she sleeps a little, her old head jerking down to her chest.

"I've had a nice time, dear. Thank you for taking me," she says as I hand her in. "Nothing ever happens in the Old Ladies' Home. We're all too old, you see."

I watch her go up the corridor past the paper flowers and into the television room. The linoleum in the evening sun shines bravely.

**S**EE white towelling dress advertised in Sunday paper. Think white towelling dress right for when I am at the cottage with the family.

There is a river at the bottom of the garden, the children will swim in it, their babies will be bobbed up and down in it. Fanny will flounder with beseeching eyes to the bank, while I, in my white towelling dress, will stand cool and rather charming, a glamorised public baths attendant,

ant, by the wooden steps under the willow.

The advertisement says: "Five guineas only. Flattering to the figure, suitable for any age, in various sizes." It has, the advertisement says, generous pockets each side of the hips, wide shoulder-straps attached by large buttons at the top of each bosom, more large buttons buttoning down the centre so that one can step in and out of it without struggling.

I shall look cool, and long, and my dark skin, browned even darker by the sun, will glow under the white towelling. The babies can dry off on my lap and if I fall in the river (people always do fall in the river), it won't matter and no one will rush into the house to get me a towel, because I'll be in one.

The idea fascinates me. I get excited about it. I even have a rather abortive rehearsal in the bathroom with my bath towel, swathing it round myself and standing in strange attitudes to see in the mirror how it goes with my skin.

In the morning I go early to the shop.

The shop is old-fashioned and of good repute. It is quiet, dignified, large, thickly carpeted, and has one whole department devoted to expensive artificial flowers worn by the school that consider themselves unsuitably dressed if they do not pin a bunch of Parma violets or a deep crimson chiffon rose to the V part of their evening gowns. Their shoes

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**F**LAVIA and son Tom invite me and Old Nanny to tea in their garden. Old Nanny dearly loves Baby Lucas (why on earth is it called Lucas?), Baby Lucas dearly loves Old Nanny. There is a wavelength between them we know nothing of.

Call for Old Nanny at Old Ladies' Home. Old Ladies' Home is a one-time "Ancestral" slung with tapestries, chandeliers, cobwebs, and Canalettos, now painted a "nice cream" all over with shiny, beef-tea-colored linoleum superseding the Aubussons, and quaint, "lady-turned" pottery vases containing pretty paper flowers replacing the Sevres and Famille Rose in the Alcoves.

It smells faintly of disinfectant, woollen underwear, and thick slices of white bread and butter. A wire-less blares continually in the library, which has been stripped of shelves; there is television in the long drawing-room, knitting, crochet, and nodding in the women's lounge, where they sit side by side in a double row of chairs facing an empty fireplace like rag dolls in an empty theatre.

I pick Old Nanny out from the rows of nodders. "Time to go," I shout in her ear, and thirty old



Tea under the mulberry tree and Mr. Michigan sits on a wasp. "Garsh, darn it, it's got me!" he shouts, and roars round the lawn.



# Building gardens in the air . . .

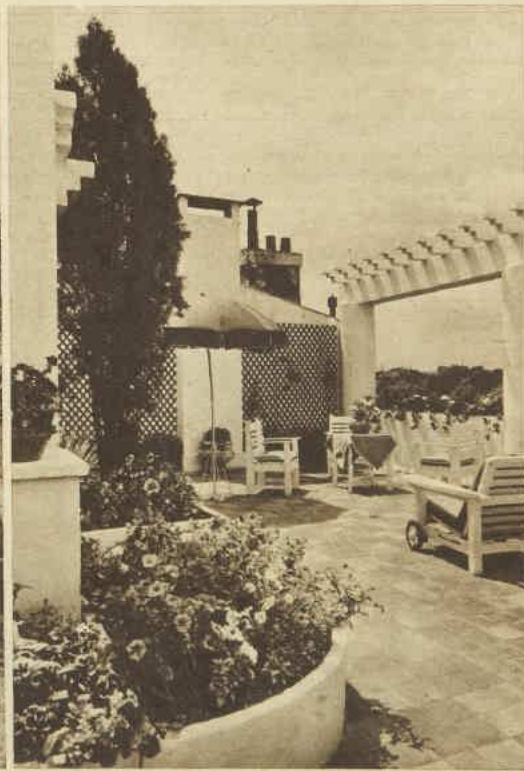


**PRETTY GARDEN** which won first prize in a competition. It is on the rue Dufrenoy, in Paris. The Eiffel Tower is seen in the distance. This hanging garden ends in a pergola that is protected from the wind and the sun by brightly colored awnings and

screens covered in vines. All the cement flower-tubs are linked to a single irrigation system. Roofs must be built to withstand the weight of soil—one cubic yard weighs more than a ton. Gardens prosper only in suburbs where there is no smoke or fumes.



**SMALL FORMAL PARK** shows how perspective has been used to create an effect of space on a rooftop. Its shallow pond is set off with earthen bowls, a pergola-covered arbor, and lawns. Vines clinging to trellis fences hide neighboring rooftops, television aeriols, and chimney-pots from view. Some Parisians use their roof-gardens for sunbathing, others for outdoor receptions, but the newest craze is outdoor cooking—le barbecue has crossed the Atlantic. Whatever their use, the gardens create a feeling of suburban space above the crowded city streets.



**MEDITERRANEAN-STYLE** patio emphasises large, open space. The pergola plays an important role here by breaking the perspective while leaving the view unimpaired. White tubs and furniture and a gay umbrella increase the general seaside effect. Bright tiling adds to color.



# A Paris fashion

## They cost three times as much as one that's down to earth

By DANIEL BEHRMAN

● Parisians have an ingrained love of cultivating the soil. In the fashionable district of Passy, where a bluff overlooking the Seine is lined with tall apartment houses, they combine this ancestral trait with elegant urban living.

**T**HERE is one open space where the feeling can be regained of the days when Passy was a village. A fountain plays and grass grows between the flagstones, as it did in the days when author Balzac worked in the village by night or slipped out through the back door to escape his creditors.

Bordered by a graceful balustrade to protect the unwary visitor, this airy yard is the size of a small square and has the grace of a country garden. Strangers marvel that it is perched high on the top of the sixth floor of a house on the rue Charles Dickens.

While this is by far the biggest roof-garden in Paris—it stretches for more than 1200 square yards—it is typical of the Parisian tendency to build gardens in the air.

Whether in Passy or on a balcony in the Latin Quarter, the French city-dweller likes to mask his urban surroundings with a formal adaptation—not an imitation—of Nature.

Few Parisians plant flower-boxes on a terrace and nurse them lovingly every day. Instead, the Parisian who has the chance of making a proper garden outside his high cliff dwelling creates a theatrical setting of shrubbery, grasses, and dwarf trees.

Instead of overlooking his neighbor's balcony or a sea of chimney-pots with occasional television aerial rising like a submarine's periscope he makes a tiny formal park.

### Courtyard plots

Landscape architects in Paris report a growing vogue for roof-gardens. They explain this by the fact that the old gardens, which used to appear so temptingly in Parisian courtyards whenever a concierge opened the high oaken door, are disappearing, either newly built over or deprived of the sun by a neighboring new block.

New buildings in Paris now offer rooftop studios (at prices corresponding to the altitude), with terraces designed to withstand the weight of soil (one cubic yard weighs more than a ton) and to drain away water.

To the landscape architect, the map of Paris offers almost as many variations in climate as the weather map of a continent.

Trees, flowers, and plants prosper best of all in the suburb of Neuilly-sur-Seine, adjoining the Bois de Boulogne and in the 16th arrondissement (that is, Passy), where exhaust gases, chimney smoke, and other ingredients of urban air are at a minimum.

However, Paris has its "micro-climates." One of them is found in the Place Vendôme, just off the Tuileries. Despite the nearby traffic inferno of the Place de l'Opera, a building on the Place Vendôme houses one of Paris' most famous aerial gardens, a delicate creation of trellises and archways that looks as if it were designed as the setting for a ball on a spring night in the 17th century.

Montmartre and Montparnasse go in for bohemian gardens outside artists' studios, informal affairs constructed on a

do-it-yourself basis, with wooden boxes serving as flowerbeds and a wine-cask filled with soil housing a fruit tree.

While the air is relatively pure here, few Montparnassiens or Montmartrois can afford to indulge in upstairs gardening on a Neuilly or a Passy scale. What with drainage and waterproofing to prevent the garden from impressing itself on the ceiling of the tenant downstairs, landscape architects estimate that an aerial garden costs three times as much as a similar earth-bound plot. One is known to have run to nearly £6000.

Landscape architects find that their customers fall into clearly defined categories. There is the art-lover who has lavished so much taste and attention upon the interior of his home that there is nothing left for him to do but work on the exterior. He is a serious gardener and takes care of his plot.

Then there is the client who wants a garden for the sake of her receptions during the Paris season in June. She tends to forget about what is going on outside her window until the day that she has a cocktail party and finds out that her flowers haven't bloomed. She usually solves the problem by renting a few hundred flowerpots for such occasions.

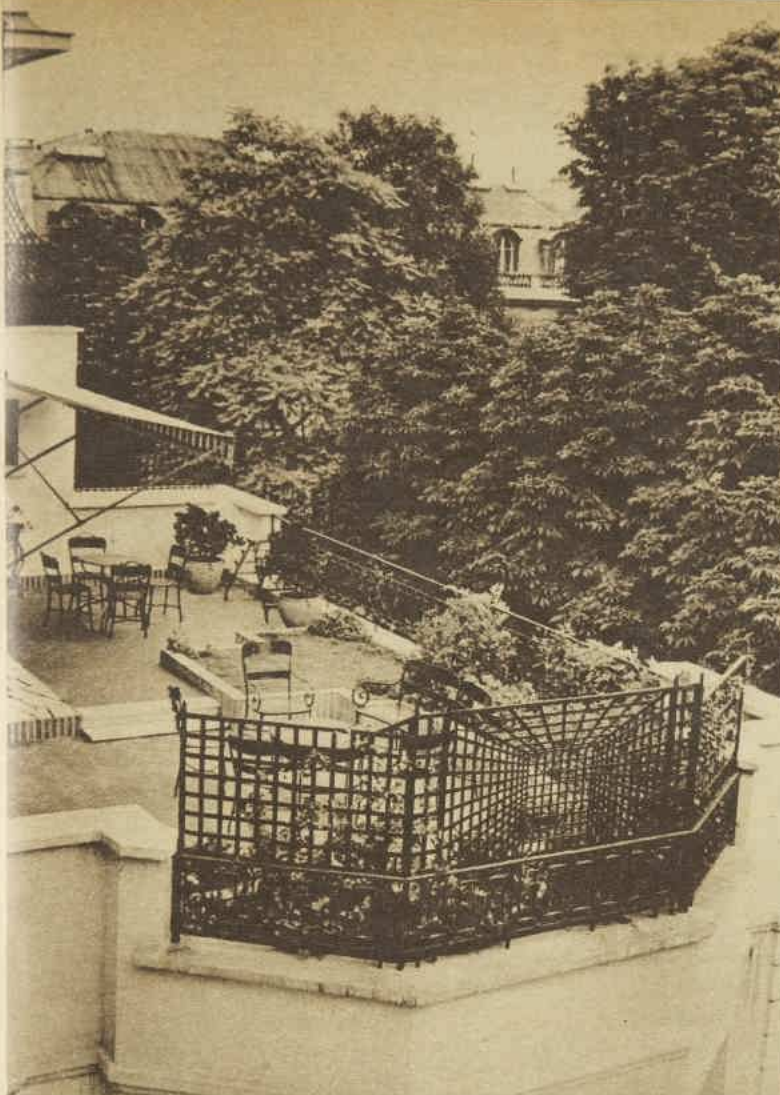
Another type of client is the rare bird who concentrates on one or two species of plants: tulips or gladioli, for example. He can be relied upon to nurse his garden through all the vagaries of Paris weather, but usually it is not spectacular.

### Sunbathers

The newest form of client is the lover of the great outdoors. In his (or more often her) case the garden's main function is to screen a terrace from the eyes of the neighborhood in order to be able to maintain a Riviera tan all year round.

But, while city sunbathers have always existed in Paris, the latest fad in the gardens overlooking the Eiffel Tower or the century-old trees of the Bois de Boulogne is outdoor cooking.

No one really knows whether it is because of love of Nature or a strict saucelless diet, but on the roofs of Paris it looks as though le barbecue is here to stay—especially when a man can grow his spices outside his own window.



ILLUSION of depth is given by a trellis with a deceptive perspective effect on this small roof-garden. Shrubs and a plot of grass, with the background of trees, contribute to the general garden atmosphere, making a cool, secluded retreat from busy city life.



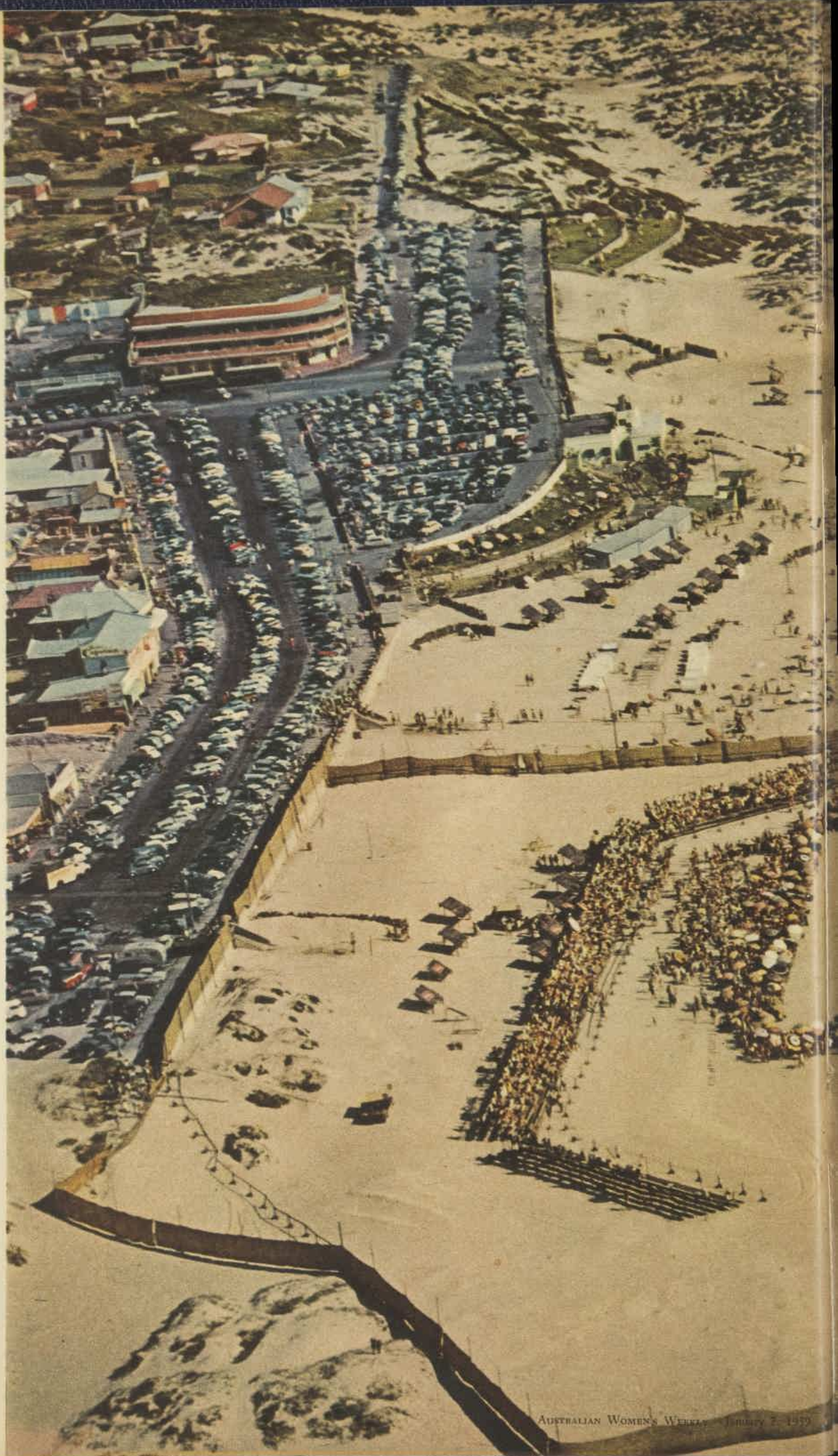
COMFORT is keynote of this attractive roof-garden on the Boulevard Suchet. A trellis fence ensures privacy and protection from wind. Virginia creeper covers the wall. Mixed flowers and shrubs grow in pots.



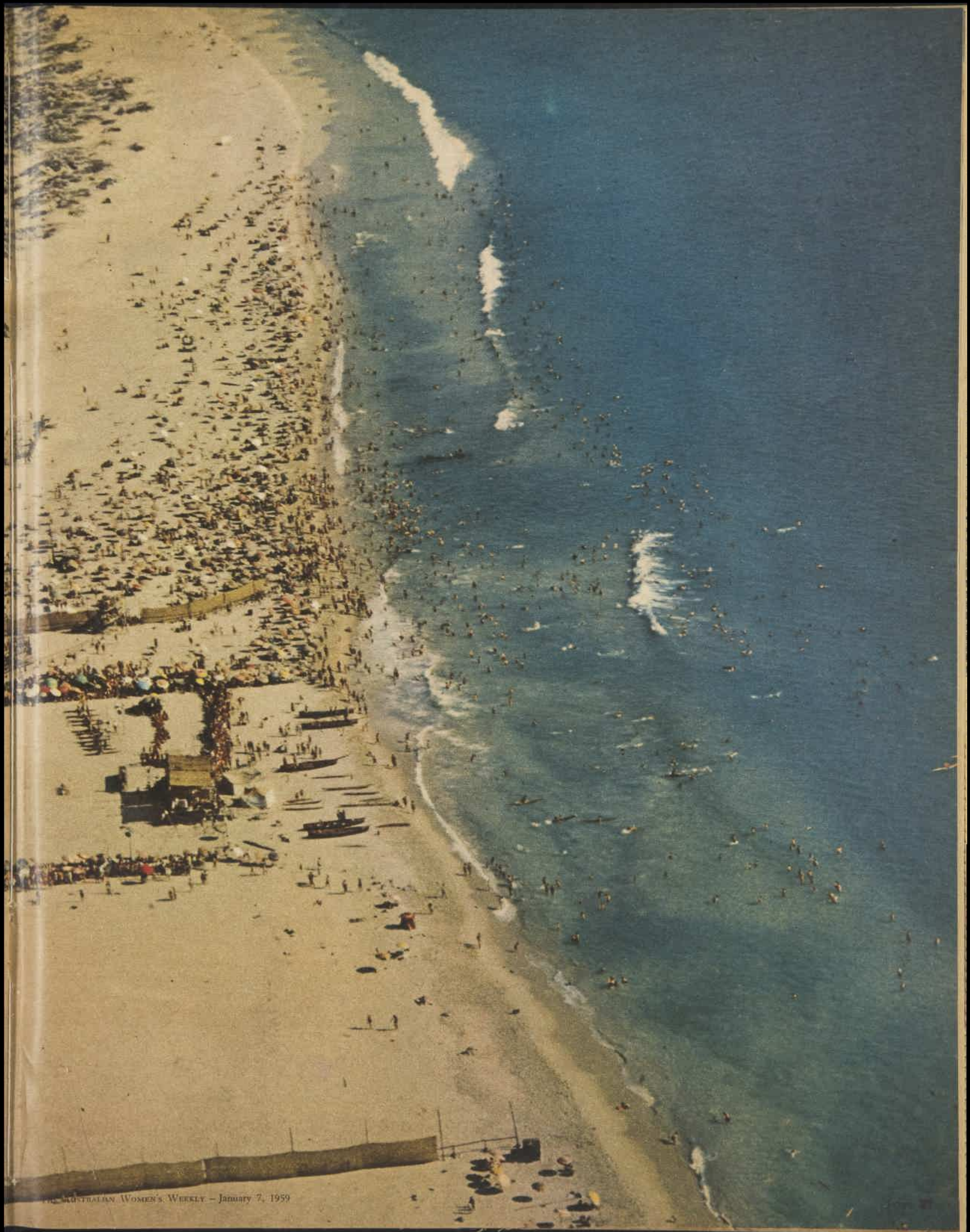
# Australia from the air

● Here we present the first of our "Australia" pictures for 1959. In this new series, the fifth, we will show you Australia from the air — bird's-eye views of its cities, its magnificent coastline, its wild inland. We began our Australian color feature in 1955. For two years we published scenic pictures, following them with a nature series, and last year with scenes illustrating the seasons. We are sure that our aerial views will prove equally popular.

*SCARBOROUGH BEACH, eight miles north of Perth, is one of Western Australia's most famous beaches. Once a sleepy resort for retired people, Scarborough is now a bustling suburb with a population of 20,000. Each summer weekend thousands more come to lie on the golden sand and swim in the blue waters of the Indian Ocean, which at Scarborough vary only five degrees between summer and winter temperatures. This picture shows a beauty contest being judged on the beach. Jutting out from the promenade is the Surf Life Saving Club pavilion, and dotted along the sand are thatched zamia palm sun shelters similar to those in Honolulu. Last year the National Surf Life Saving Championships were held here.*







THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 7, 1959



# The Secret of Loch Lure

[from page 28]

were wholly in agreement. Lady Violet said nothing. A shadow of self-doubt assailed them. "You saw it, dear lady, didn't you?" they inquired together.

"I saw something," said the redoubtable dear lady. "There has been a legend since the dawn of time. I've always been sceptical, but now I must say

They waited for a second appearance, but in vain. They untangled bicycles and rode on west. Lady Violet bade them farewell at the end of the loch.

Now it happened that Bella Graham in her garden that afternoon looked at the loch and saw the monster. Bella was the Glenlure correspondent of the *Gobian Times*. She watched. She noticed Lady Violet and two ministers along the road. She ran to the telephone.

Thus it chanced that as the prelates reached the junction of the Gobian road they were met by a first reporter. Such a scoop could not be exclusive to a weekly paper. By evening the moderator of the bishop had been interviewed by most of the Press of Britain.

"What next?" asked Lady Violet at the close of an eventful day. She and her son and Jock Dunblaine confabulated in the garden. Cars were drowsing round the loch. Through the open windows of the morning room, not far away, the telephone clamoured persistently. "Shall I put up the garden notices? I finished painting them this afternoon."

"No," Colin said. "We mustn't jump the gun. That would be suspicious. And remember, both of you—adopt a negative attitude. Play the thing down. When they ask you, Jock, say: 'I can't say I've seen it myself.' Never say flatly that you have and never deny the whole idea absolutely."

"Why?" asked Colin's mother.

"First, because that will whet their appetites. Second, and more important, if we lie and we do happen to be found out, the law can get us for conspiracy to deceive or some such crime. But as far as I know there's no law against me having what beasts I like in my loch or playing what harmless games I like in my loch. I'm not asking anyone to watch. You see the point?"

"I do," his mother said. "But I have to admit that I have qualms of conscience about the clerics—such a wonderful pair of codgers. I wish we hadn't made use of them."

Colin had qualms also. But the deed was done. A leader must not falter in midstep. "The cause is good," he said. "The end, therefore, justifies the means. Well, I must deal with that instrument. Good-night then, Jock." He strode off to the telephone.

It was a spell of fine summer weather. The holiday season had begun. The invasion columns came from west and east to meet on the north shore of the loch. It was possible for cars to pass, impossible for buses, except at certain wider places.

"Mooseie of Lure," a bright reporter of the *Edinburgh Herald* named it, and the name caught on. But Mooseie of Lure did not appear again.

"Not yet," said Colin. "We must wait."

"May I put up my notices now?" asked Lady Violet. There was no longer any question who was boss at Castle Lure.

"Yes," he said. "Jock, you take the money until I can make other arrangements."

Lady Violet's notices read:  
VISIT HISTORIC CASTLE  
LURE  
MOST SMASHING GARDEN  
IN ALL SCOTLAND  
CHEAP AT HALF A  
CROWN

There was no false modesty about Lady Violet. The people, who grew bored with watching calm Loch Lure for Mooseie of Lure, paid up half crowns.

They got their money's worth. Lady Violet's conducting methods might be Draconian, but she gave a new zip to horticulture. "Quiet now! Here is a specimen of note: 'Gentiana caravanserai,' one of the rarest of all gentians, almost impossible to acquire. I had to pinch this one, or its grandmama. I stole it at dead of night from the garden of a ghastly woman down in Norfolk." In a few days the garden at Castle Lure had become almost as great an attraction as the loch.

Each day the road was jammed. Each evening the disentanglement became a nightmare, not least to Jim Tocher. Colin McLure appeared before the county council. They had been bombarded by complaints from hundreds of motorists. Under Colin's attack they melted, promised to take preliminary action now, and to widen the road before next year. "What a fire-eater that boy's become," they said.

"Wait!" Colin insisted to Jock. "Let their imaginations work."

**S**URE enough, Mooseie of Lure was sighted four times in the next two weeks and always in other parts of the loch. This was fortunate. Planned appearances could occur only in one stretch of the loch and in one direction, which was too dangerous to try too often.

These sightings—fancied, we suppose, but let us never forget the legend from the dawn of time—were not enough. Despite the bulldozing of extra parking and passing places on the road, attendance fell off.

Colin now took action. "Someone must get a photograph," he said. "But not too good a one." Mooseie of Lure made his second authentic appearance of the season. The sun was behind the western hills. People were starting for home. One amateur photographer, using fast film and a telescopic lens, got a passable picture. He sold his amateur status and the negative for a thousand guineas. Mooseie of Lure looked good, but not too good. The head, the humps, the tail—shadowy, but unquestionably there—all bore out the cleric's observation. Which quashed a rumor that the moderator and the bishop had lunched too well at Castle Lure.

Things looked up again. The weather continued unusually fine. Bella Graham was making fifteen pounds a week. Colin set aside one of the parks above the road as camping ground and charged ground rental. He turned down an offer from a cycling club for one of the lodges. Colin was consolidating small success, not cashing in on it. He was treading warily towards big things.

This was the situation on the glorious twelfth of August—the start of the grouse-shooting season. There were too few birds for even one organised shoot, enough for the pot, however. Colin shot five brace of grouse over Jock's Gordon setter. They were still on the hill when a small aeroplane appeared from the south or Glasgow direction. The silver

plane wore floats. It circled Loch Lure, landed prettily, taxied to the shore not far from the post office, dropped one passenger and a heap of baggage, and took off.

Both planes and helicopters had visited Loch Lure in recent weeks, fortunately not on days vulnerable to aerial inspection. But this decanting of a passenger and luggage seemed surprising. Colin sent Jock to visit vermin traps and went himself to investigate.

He passed the post office. The sign, newly painted, said: "Positively no camping by the Loch. Tent and caravan sites one mile on."

This tent was a brilliant orange, rectangular, size about ten foot by seven. On both roof panels large inscriptions read: "Nation Globe Review." The tent was pitched on a grassy, idyllic spot a few feet from the water. Colin circled the tent. It was occupied; he observed and heard. There were intermittent bulgings and some sounds. Had it not been for his metamorphosis he might have shilly-shallied, gone home, consulted mother, and sent a minion with a polite expulsive note. Now he did not hesitate. Nor was he rude. He coughed. No answer.

He coughed again. "Ahem," he said. "Good afternoon."

"Oh, hi," said a voice inside. "I thought you were a cow. Hang on a shake; I'm changing."

He knew the type—some headline hag, and she was changing. His code did not permit eviction of a changing female.

The flaps were flung back and the journalist emerged. Her lower half was scarlet, her upper half was blue, no hag. She stared at him from brogues, by hose and kilt and jacket to his head, and slowly down again.

"Golly!" she said. "You certainly are cute." She turned, supple as sponge rubber, dived in, came out with a fine small camera, and said, "Hold it!" The shutter clicked. "My very first day in Scotland ever all my life," she said. "My very first real Highland man." She gazed at him with awe; then bit her lip. "You wouldn't be a movie actor on location?"

"I would not," he said.

"Madam—"

"Miss," she said. "Not a madam yet. I'm Diana Traill, and now I know what you are. Only a Monarch of the Glen could call girls 'madam.' Do you have a name?"

"I am Colin McLure, of Castle Lure, Glenlure," he said a trifle stiffly. "You can't camp here."

"I can," she said. "I have. Who's stopping me?"

"I am," he said. He concentrated on the vivid toenails of Miss Traill, possibly her least disturbing aspect, but even the toenails made it hard for him to think. He therefore stared away across the loch. "The notice expressly states that camping is forbidden. There is a camping place along the glen."

"I represent the Nation Globe Review." The voice was calm and the voice was gentle. "I have a three-day assignment at this one-horse lake. I didn't come for peanuts. I'm here to take a picture of your Mooseie. That's what I'm going to get."

She would not get that picture. He would see to it. Yet a shivering intuition tingled in his spine.

"I am sorry," he said. "Picnicking is permitted, but the no-camping order is rigorously enforced. I cannot make an exception in a single case." And why is it, he thought, that I cannot talk like a human being? "Furthermore," he went

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## DRESS SENSE

By

Betty Keep



DS345.—One-piece belted chemise in sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington.

● The one-piece hip-belted dress is unquestionably the youngest-looking of all the chemise-type styles in summer fashions. Pictured above, it solves a problem for a reader.

**H**ERE is her letter and my reply:

"Would you please design me a pattern for a frock to be made in check gingham? I want the style suitable for a girl in her teens, something featuring the chemise, but not too old-looking."

The design illustrated above provides your answer. I consider the combination of the long waist and short, full skirt gives the dress a demure, schoolgirl air. Youth is further emphasised by the round Peter Pan collar. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design. Lines under illustration give further details and how to order.

"I WOULD like your suggestion for a late-day frock to be made in a very beautiful beige chiffon patterned in a floral design. I want a striking and unusual style, as the frock is for a special occasion. My measurements are: Bust 34½in., waist 27in., hips 37½in., height 5ft. 5in. I am very fond of French designs."

In Paris spring fashions a number of late-day dresses showed a strong emphasis on back interest, revolving around panels. This idea would look very striking made in printed chiffon. Style suggestion: A semi-fitted chemise finished with a high bateau neckline and short sleeves, plus a gathered back-panel flowing from shoulder position to hemline.

The panel is caught under, harem-style, at the hem.

"BECAUSE of a very hot climate I want to wear one of the new loose-fitting frocks. My figure is not good enough to wear a straight-up-and-down style. Would you please suggest an alternative?"

The easiest way for many women to wear the loose silhouette is in two pieces. Example: sleeveless top cut straight to the hips and marked by a contrasting band. Repeat the band at a collarless open square neckline. The most popular skirt (for this top) has all-round knife pleats, practical in this era of miracle fabrics when pleats hold their shape during wearing and laundering.

N.B. A slim skirt would be quite correct, too, but I think a moderately wide skirt is cooler to wear than a narrow one.

"I AM attending a late-day and dinner function in February, and would like your advice about a frock I am having made. I am in my late thirties, tall, and have retained a slim figure. I want a smart design with the bodice finished with short sleeves, and I prefer the normal waistline. The material is a bright blue silk chiffon."

A dress with a three-tiered skirt would look graceful in chiffon, and is an attractive idea for the tall woman who

still prefers a normal waistline. Tiny sleeves, a V-neckline with a narrow collar, and a self-material bow are the details I suggest for the bodice. Finish the dress at the natural waistline with a narrow self-material belt tied centre front.

"MY problem is a style for a late-day frock to be made in a very fine pure silk taffeta. I want something in a chemise style. My height is 5ft 6in., bust 35, waist 24, and hips 36. I have good legs."

I suggest a slim unwaisted sheath straight to just above the knee with a flounce of the same material. The flounce can be pleated or flared. It is a pretty idea to relieve the starkness of the chemise and it flatters the wearer's legs.

"WOULD you please help with a very advanced fashion query? I want to buy some material for a topcoat to be included in a winter trousseau and I don't want anything that will not look fashionable. I would also like advice on autumn and winter colors."

Autumn coats news focuses on novelty collars, high-placed belts (the Empire line), unusual and exciting fabrics (mohair and hairy surfaced wool), and bright colors. These colors include reds from pink tones to orange reds, vivid blues, and all shades of brown.



# SLEEVELESS DRESS—NEW FOR THE CITY

● The sleeveless dresses here are chosen to solve the dilemma of how to look chic and cool when the temperature soars. The designs, fresh, exciting, and townish all at once, will fit into any social calendar smartly. Note the new look of blown-up fullness and the now accepted skirt-length — just hitting the wearer's knee-cap.

— Betty Keep.



● Is it real? Blown-up top and skinny skirt make the male observer wonder about women's fashions. The material is white cotton coin-spotted in purple.



● In two pieces (above)—amusing meringue-shaped bodice tops a slender, high-waisted skirt. The neckline is made of milk glass and fabric-covered beads. The closer-to-the-head bouffant coiffure is fresh summer news.

● Americans love a sailor-type middy pulled down over an all-round pleated skirt (right). The material is white cotton dotted in turquoise. Easy enough to love a summer day in this one.



● Brilliant red plus a dash of white looks new and effective in the two-piece dress (right). Timidity about color is out.



# Ingrid's daughter keen on mother's marriage

By BILL WHARTON

★ Jenny Lindstrom, 19-year-old daughter of Ingrid Bergman, is enthusiastic about her mother's prospects for a happy marriage, "for life this time," as she puts it.

"I KNOW that she is happy," Jenny said, "and I know, too, that she will be very happy with Lars Schmidt."

"I am sure that I understand my mother's problems better than anyone else, not only because I am a woman but because I am her daughter."

"Even when we did not see each other for a long time we remained close together."

"I do so want to see Mother happily married and settled down. Things have not been too smooth for her."

Jenny is Ingrid's daughter by her first marriage to Dr. Peter Lindstrom, whom she married in 1937.

She lives with her father, who is with the University Medical School in Salt Lake City, Utah, and his second wife.

Of her stepmother, 29 years old and also a doctor, Jenny said: "I am very fond of her and she is wonderfully kind to me."

"But my own mother is the whole world to me."

"My father never did anything to put me against Mother, and when I speak of her he is always most generous in what he says about her."

Jenny strongly denied that Ingrid deserted her when she fell in love with the Italian film director Roberto Rossellini.

"My mother never deserted anyone," she said. "We may have been many miles apart, but in love and in spirit we were always very close together."

"Nothing ever came between us to injure my love for my mother, because in my eyes she can do no wrong."

"She is the kindest, most wonderful mother any girl could ever have."

## Rare courage

Jenny looks upon her mother as a woman of rare courage, someone whose courage should be a symbol to all women who love.

"I do not know of anyone more loyal or courageous," she said.

"My mother knew within a few days of arriving in Italy to make 'Stromboli' under the direction of Rossellini that she was hopelessly in love with the Italian director."

"But she did not turn back, as some said she should have done."

"She defied the world for love, a love which turned into bitterness years later."

"But I do not believe for a moment that Mother regrets having married Rossellini."

"They were incredibly happy together."

"My mother was then the greatest star in Hollywood, but

her own emotions, which I understand only too well, were too strong for her."

"Her love overpowered her and resulted in her marriage to Rossellini and the birth of Robertino and the twins Isabella and Isotta."

"How can you blame someone for falling in love and being so blinded by love that nothing else matters but love?"

Jenny was shocked when she first learned that her mother and Rossellini were going to have a baby before their marriage.

But soon afterwards she received one of those letters which Ingrid Bergman wrote her daughter at least once every two weeks.

In this letter Ingrid asked Jenny not to look too severely on her and to try to understand love.

Jenny has no ambitions to become an actress, although she has acted in school theatricals.

"I would like to become a department-store fashion buyer, and am studying with that in view," she said.

# Lonely return for Myrna Loy

★ Myrna Loy uncrossed her legs—still shapely after 53 years—and leaned forward with an earnest frown.

"I'M glad to be making another film in Hollywood," she said, "but I wouldn't live here again for anything."

"The glamor is gone. Greta Garbo is just a memory, Jean Harlow is dead."

"And Hollywood hasn't found anyone to take their places."

Miss Loy was in her dressing-room at Samuel Goldwyn Studios during the filming of Dore Schary's "Lonelyhearts," in which she plays the frustrated wife of newspaper editor Robert Ryan.

The title of the film is apt, for the woman who, back in 1938 and 1939, was one of the top ten glamor queens who co-starred with such famous leading men as Clark Gable, Warner Baxter, and "Thin Man" William Powell, wasn't visited by a single one of her former co-stars.

Myrna Loy, who cut her acting teeth as an extra in M.G.M.'s "Ben Hur" in the mid-1920s, left Hollywood in 1952 after making "Belles On Their Toes."

Since then she has made only one brief return visit, in 1956, to make "Ambassador's

Daughter" with Olivia de Havilland and John Forsythe.

Perhaps she's been away too long for the memories of the men who once made screen-love to the girl who was known as "the perfect wife."

Her wit, her beauty, and the way she played the leading man's "buddy" instead of a nagging wife brought her fame and fortune during the 1930s and 1940s.

## Four husbands

It also brought her four husbands.

Married in June, 1936, to producer Arthur Hornblow, jun., she divorced him six years later.

Six days after her divorce from Hornblow she married New York advertising executive and car-rental magnate John Hertz, jun. In 1944 Myrna Loy and Hertz were divorced.

In January, 1946, she married producer Gene Markey. Five years later they were divorced, and that same year she married her present husband, Howard Sergeant.

Sergeant, former Deputy-Assistant Secretary of State, today is director of Radio Liberation Europe. Their

home is in Providence, Rhode Island.

Although the years have left their unmistakable mark on Myrna Loy, she doesn't let it bother her.

During the filming of "Lonelyhearts" she often reported to the studio without make-up.

She knows she's getting older, but instead of trying to look younger she is concentrating on her ability to act.

She has no plans to retire. At present she's planning to do two or three pictures overseas. She also has been considering starring in one or two television series.

Her sole hobby is UNICEF, the children's organization run by the United Nations. Much of her time when not before the cameras is taken up by speechmaking on UNICEF's behalf.

Crossing her legs again, Miss Loy said: "I think people are more sensible about movie-making today."

"It takes a lot less time to make a picture now than it did twenty years ago, so there is less chance of temperamental outbursts."

"But still I miss the glamor that made Hollywood great."

"They've learned to make pictures faster and better. But they don't have the new personalities."

"I'd like to see them go back to the star-stable system with certain modifications. Today's stars are all coming from television. The studios aren't developing new talent."

## No more glamor



MYRNA LOY, then in her early thirties, was a top glamor-girl when she played William Powell's wife in "The Thin Man" (above). Now, 20 years and three husbands later, she stars with Montgomery Clift in "Lonelyhearts" (below).



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER: Ingrid and Jenny, happily sharing a joke, plan to spend a whole year together soon.



Curse these overalls!  
shrunk to blazes!  
THEY WEREN'T LABELLED  
"SANFORIZED"

## AVOID SHRINKAGE!

Overalls must be washed often and they can be natural-born shrinkers! Your one sure protection against costly uncomfortable shrinkage in overalls (and all work clothes for that matter) is the Sanforized label. Before you buy overalls...

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL





from page 34

**A** WARDROBE of seven dresses which needed no ironing meant a carefree three and a half months' travelling for Mrs. H. K. P. Wood, wife of the chairman of the International Wool Secretariat.

The dresses, all printed wool, some gossamer fine, are suitable for every occasion and climate.

They include a cocktail dress of wool lace and two evening dresses of finely woven printed wool.

"I wear woollen dresses in the hottest climates," Mrs. Wood told us when she was in Melbourne during her recent visit to Australia with her husband.

"English mills are weaving wool so fine it is as cool as any summer material and much more serviceable."

Mrs. Wood, who recently visited India, said Indian women were intrigued with the possibilities of finely woven printed wool for saris.

"My husband has been 'in wool' all his life," she said.

"Now I find I am continually being an ambassador for wool, and I am so glad I can be honest about it."

"I've found it the ideal answer to dress problems, especially when travelling."

### Department of Silly Games...

FROM London we've heard of a new "pop" recording called "I.T.A.L.Y."

This is no geographical song. The letters stand for "I Trust And Love You."

Which has prompted us to try our hand at making sentences - out - of - the - name - of - a country.

So far we've come up with:

- Agnes Usually Severs: Trivial Relations And Leaves In Anger.
  - Spurious Pearls Always Intrigue Nancy.
  - Never Eyer Woeful, Zoe Eagerly Announced Long And Nutritious Diet.
  - I Never Did Ignore Alice.
  - Cute You'll Be Always.
- Try it some time. And if you think up any specially silly ones, we'd like to hear them.

**WANDERING** through one of Sydney's biggest chain stores the other day, we passed by an executive-looking door marked PRIVATE. On the door was a neatly lettered sign: "Back in one minute."

### A place in the sun

**A** NEW angle on supervised play has been introduced by a New Australian couple who keep a small shop in a Brisbane suburb.

On fine days they set up their toddler daughter's wooden playpen on the pavement outside their shop, where they can see her through the plate-glass window.

The little girl has collected plenty of new friends from passing pedestrians, who stop and talk to her.

And when she gets sleepy, she takes a nap on the soft, woolly rug that lines her playpen.

### Monkey business

FROM Singapore businessman Herbert H. de Souza, who is visiting Australia, we learned some sidelights on the animal trade.

As a boy, Mr. de Souza used to care for stray dogs, cats, and any other kind of animal he could get hold of.

Now he is one of the leading suppliers of animals to zoos, circuses, film companies, and showmen all over the world.

During the past few years Mr. de Souza's business has increased enormously with the demand for monkeys for medical research, especially for vaccine to combat polio.

The monkeys are trapped by villagers in Malaya, Java, and Sumatra.

However, they are becoming increasingly difficult to find. When they see their friends and relatives being caught they don't stay around to give the trapper a second chance.

Monkeys for research bring about £3 each, but a young elephant would cost about £850, and a rhinoceros between £3000 and £4000.

Which could explain why very few people have private zoos.

### The quiet wedding

**LORD** ALTRINCHAM, noted for some noisy criticism of the British Monarchy, decided to have a quiet wedding when he recently married his assistant, Miss Patsy Campbell.

He succeeded in throwing the London Press off the scent, but not the Duke of Beaufort's hunt.

The huntsmen, lost in a fog, ran into the bridal procession on its way to the church.

The bride, who wore a short, sea-blue lace dress with a tiny matching hat, has announced that she will continue with her job as assistant-editor of her husband's magazine, "Elizabethan."

His Lordship, who said the Queen's voice was "a pain in the neck," describes the magazine as a publication "for the entertainment of intelligent young readers."

Lady Altrincham said she did not share all her husband's views.

"I wouldn't have asked her to marry me if she did," Lord A. said. "What would we have to talk about if we agreed about everything?"

### A student of manners

**A** BRISBANE strap-hanger reports the following exchange on a tram:

Student to woman strap-hanging: "Please take my seat, Madam."

Woman: "Oh, thank you very much indeed."

Student (in undertone to fellow student): "Crikey, did you hear that? We must be on the wrong tram."

**SHORT** lesson in how to get a word in edgeways when talking to a politician (from B.B.C. interviewer Geoffrey Johnson Smith):

"Study his breathing habits. There is no limit to how long a politician will talk on any given subject. But there is a limit to the amount of hot air his lungs can hold."

"Watch for the moment his chest expands, watch it deflate, then pounce with your next question before he takes in more air."

on, "there are no washing or — or other facilities." "At the post office," said Miss Traill. "I've fixed all that already. Mrs. Graham is just sweet."

He glanced at the post office along the road. Bella Graham and Constable Tocher watched this scene. The glen would chuckle if the laird should fail to exert authority on one wretched woman.

"I shall be glad to help you strike the tent," he said.

"Just try it. Highland honey boy, and see how glad you'll be," Miss Traill drawled at him. "I've dealt with muscle-men before."

"I am not threatening violence," he said. "The police will evict you."

"No flat-footed cop's evicting me," Miss Traill waited in the classic jiu-jitsu stance, wary, loose, receptive.

"Lay a finger on the Scottish law and your three-day assignment will tend to be three months."

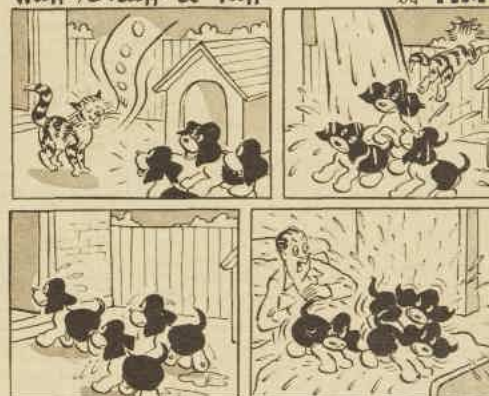
He turned, the better for this surprisingly fluent shot, and strode to meet Constable Tocher.

"I told the young lady," said that worthy officer. "I says to her, 'The laird makes no exceptions.' And she just laughs and she says to me, 'Laird."

### FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



What kind of an animal is that? And I says, 'Keep a civil tongue in your head, young leddy. The laird's no animal. The laird's the owner of the place.' And she says, 'Sorry, officer, no offence intended.' And she says, 'This animal's got to change to give the laird a treat.' And she shuts herself inside yon tent."

"She has committed wilful trespass and refused to leave. I'm asking you to evict her."

Tocher went to carry out his duty. Cars rattled along the dreadful road and stopped at Bella Graham's. Colin waited. He heard murmured talk; there were no signs of violence.

Tocher reporting back: "Yon young leddy says she has to camp at the water's edge and be on duty day and night; it's her employer's orders, and it's the biggest weekend magazine in America. She says if she can stay she'll be Scotland's friend and lover always, but if she has to go she'll make the name of Scotland stink in all Ameriky." Constable Tocher removed his cap and mopped his brow. He looked distressed. "Ooch, Master Colin, could ye not make just the one exception, and her a dollar visitor, with tears in her bonny eyes? And there's Scotland's reputation to consider."

Tourist trade was off again. It was time for another showing. But a professional photographer? What kind of tele-scopic lenses?

"I'll see there's no others," pleaded Tocher. "I'll just say:

cute. You're the cutest pant-less man I've ever seen."

He crossed in the boat. He tied it below the boathouse, which was locked and barred and shuttered. He walked up through the pheasant grounds. He was raising a hundred young birds for appearance, the first time for years, and he could ill afford it. Another new notice on the fence outside said: "Young Pheasants. On No Account Disturb."

"What's that garish tent?" Lady Violet demanded.

Colin explained as well as he was able.

"But how delightful! I dote on Yankee Doodles. What's she like?"

What, indeed? "Does jiu-jitsu. Threatened me and called me 'honey.' I dunno," he mumbled. "Red-hot menace, I would say."

"Most refreshing, I would say. And anyway, we must butter up the Press. I shall ask the gel to dinner. In fact, I'll go and fetch her now. Did you shoot enough young birds?"

"Yes," he said. "She's tied to her tent, she says."

"Oh, piffle," said Lady Violet, quick to reassume command. "Pluck the grouse and placate the cook." She boarded her old car and left.

Colin took a whisky and soda upstairs to change. When he came down in his evening kilt, Lady Violet and Diana Traill were demolishing martinis.

"Hullo, there, honey," Diana

said, staring at him with open-hearted admiration.

"Hullo," he said. "I thought you weren't allowed to leave."

"I'm not," she said. "Your mother just said 'piffle,' so I came. But if Burton I. Caruthers knew, I'd be for the pack-sack, not the tent. He's my employer. He's the owner of the chain, a real Napoleon, only taller. We're all scared frozen stiff of him. The Chief, we call him. He's a wonderful man. 'Get me results,' he barks, 'and I'll pay you for it. Flunk and you're fired.' I love a real tough guy like that."

"So do I," said Lady Violet. "Tell me, why did he send you here? I mean, across the Atlantic seems rather far to send someone to take a photograph of a sea serpent or whatever that thing may be, if anything."

"I'm on my way to cover a very special top-secret event at Monaco. But the Chief heard of this Moosie of Lure, and he's like all great men, he has a special quirk — or a fixation, one might call it — and his fixation is with big beasts and mysteries of every kind. That's why I'm here for these three days. Tell me, honey, what are the chances, would you say?"

Miss Traill leaned back and clasped her hands behind her head. She was so languid and so different tonight, and she called him "honey." "Tell me," she said.

"Tell me, honey. Look at me, honey, with my bare arms and my — Dunno," he gulped; "might be arranged."

"Colin, darling," said Lady Violet, "go and see if the chill is off the claret yet." He went. "Dear boy," she said, "he's had such a terribly busy time since this blasted monster came. We were a backwater always, and now suddenly out of the blue the glen is packed, and the county council being so difficult, and a thousand things to do — poor Colin has arrangements on the brain."

Dinner was excellent. After raspberries and cream, Miss Traill went out to pay compliments to Margaret, the cook.

"Such a charming girl," said Lady Violet, and leaned close to him and hissed, "Pull yourself together. You nearly gave the show away."

They went round the garden as the sun was setting. "It's perfect," said Diana Traill. She was a gardener, too, it seemed.

"Where did you learn, m'dear?"

"At home," she said. "Mummy is a crazy gardener, especially roses and azaleas."

"How many gardeners?" asked Lady Violet idly.

"Around six, I guess."

Colin followed dumbly. It seemed that everything his mother liked, Miss Traill liked, too, and vice versa. "I love Euonymus alatus — so demure."

"Yes, I adore the corky flutings of the twigs."

"I hate carnations; can't think why I grow the vapid things."

"They absolutely stink to me, like skunks."

"Those pantaloons, my dear," said Lady Violet in a while. "That halfway-down effect is most becoming, and scarlet is a color that I love. Scarlet is the kind of woman that I am or ought to be at bottom. I've simply got to have a pair."

"I'll send you some," Diana Traill said eagerly. "Soon as I get home. Just let me have your measurements . . . Got a tape handy on you, honey?"

He shook his head. "No pocket in this sporran," he confessed. Then he went away from them, offended.

"It's been the loveliest

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## THE LAUGH WAS ON ME

• Here are this week's winners in The Laugh Was On Me. Each week we award £2/2/- each for the two best entries.

**I** WAS still at school but was attending my first "grown-up" party.

At first I was too shy to talk much, but as the conversation went on I found that I had something to say, too.

Waiting for a break in the conversation to say my piece, I was embarrassed to see several people looking and laughing at me.

To my shame and humiliation I realised that I had put my hand up, as children are taught in school.

£2/2/- to Miss S. Lloyd, Medindie, S.A.

**W**HILE celebrating an eight-year-old girl's birthday recently, I remarked that when she reached her 100th milestone the chances were that she would probably receive a congratulatory telegram from the Queen.

"Will I really?" she exclaimed delightedly. "Did you get one?"

£2/2/- to Miss E. Carnie, North Sydney, N.S.W.

• Send your entries to The Laugh Was On Me, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



# The Secret of Loch Lure

from page 37

screwed evening of my life," the tuneful voice was saying. "My ribs are aching like a badger's. Now time for beddy-byes because I'm on the job at dawn tomorrow, and no monkey business every minute all day long tomorrow. Could Colin bear to take me home or — No, that's far too much to ask."

"Of course, Colin, darling, go and get the boat and bring it to the shore below the house."

"But I'll go with him."

"No," said Lady Violet. "Brambles — you'd tear your legs to bits. Besides, I have some photographs I want to show you. Run along now, Colin, darling."

Colin, darling, ran along. He unlocked the gate to the pheasantry, locked it behind him, and walked by dusky paths, quite brambleless. He was resentful at his mother, but he thanked the good Lord for her ready wits. His own wits seemed to be askew.

Diana sat amidships and the moon was shining on Miss Traill. Her lips were moving, and he could not hear, and then he heard: "I love —" He stopped the motor. "Ugh?" he asked.

"I love every single thing in Scotland. I love the air and I love the trees, I love the hills and I love the knees. But of all the Scottish things I love, I love Lady Violet the best."

"My mother's English," said Colin McLure. "And it's high time she was on a diet."

"She's not too fat. She's just massive-boned and plump and perfect. Besides, how could anyone resist such good things? Oh-h, that grouse. You shouldn't grudge your mummy all the pleasures of a gracious way of life."

"I don't," he said.

"She showed me pictures of you when you were a tiny little boy. You looked so sweet," Miss Traill was murmuring by moonlight. "Just like a cuddly koala. You still look sweet; more like a cuddly Kodiah, I guess." She smiled at him. "You must be a rich big bear," she said, "with thirty thousand acres." Lady Violet told me.

"Rich?" he said, jerked from a land of moonlit Teddy bears and things. "I'm stony-broke," he said.

"Oh, lucky you!" she sighed. She said such brilliant, unexpected things. "It must be lovely to be stony-broke. Look at me, plain stinking, and I hate it."

He shook his head. He stared at her. Poor, poor girl with the curse of riches.

"And take Monaco. Why, even if I get what seem to be the most graceful and serene pictures I can't be really absolutely sure that pleasing daddy isn't back of why they print them. Only Burton I. Caruthers, only the chief is different. He's a much, much richer man than daddy. He can give me hell, and does. That's why I worship him. But those darned editors and things — I never can be certain that they're praising me for what I am without a thought of daddy in their minds. I'm a photographer and wedded to my camera. That's all I am; that's all I want to be." Miss Traill leaned to him, her right hand on her heart, eyes burning. "Honey, do you understand?"

He nodded.

"And that's a reason why I'm so desperate to get a picture. Because if I get a top exclusive picture of this beast, then it'll be such a terrific world-wide scoop that daddy can't enter into it. Actually, he did a tiny bit. Daddy gave me this marvellous new telephoto lens of mine. It's the only one there is in all the world. It cost fifteen thousand smackers. It can blow up a mouse at half a mile.

So if you can do that for a mouse, you can imagine what it can do for Moosie."

She paused, her eyes moonlit pools of fire. "That's why you've got to plain simply bust your breeches helping me."

Help her? Plain simply bust his breeches helping this blue-and-scarlet angel woman child achieve her heart's desire. But help her to do what? Colin groaned.

She stamped her foot. "I can see it in your face. You don't even want to help me."

"I do," he said. "I do. Can't promise, though."

She seemed most vexed with him. "Can't promise, though, indeed. It's your own darned monster in your own darned lake. You know more about its habits than anybody else. If you can think at all, you'll think of a way to help me."

THE brief storm of anger passed. "My," she said, relaxing. "This Highland air is soft as cream. I can't wait to snuggle in my sleeping-bag."

He turned to pull the starting cord to take her to her tent and—"Cute sleeping-bag," he muttered.

"You mumble so. It's hard enough to hear you even without that horrid popping little motor. Couldn't you row me, honey?"

"O.K.," he said. "Swap places then." He waited for her. She moved like a nimble sailor in a boat, turned beside him in the stern, and put a cool slim hand for balance not on his shoulder, as an ordinary woman might have done, but on that sensuously tactile place, the hollow of his neck.

"My," she said. "Your hair is soft, and your skin is soft, just like a little boy's. Go on then, honey; row me home."

She trailed her fingers in the water. "It's cold," she said. "But I don't feel the cold. I'm going to have a swim tomorrow morning first thing early, when I'm sleepy as a groundhog. I love swimming. Do you love swimming, honey?"

"Love swimming," he confirmed. It seemed incredible that he never swam.

"I hadn't thought, though. Is it safe with Moosie? Is he carnivorous?"

"Dunno," he said. "Might eat reeds. Might eat trout. Too big, though, to bother you in shallow water."

"Oh, good. But I tell you what I love best, and that's skin-diving in deep waters. Do you love skin-diving, honey?"

He sculled mutely on. Skin-diving — diving in your skin. Oh, delicious, wanton thought. They think nothing of it. I suppose, he thought. He groaned.

"Now you sound like a tortured buffalo again," she said. "What's eating you?"

"Adam and Eve," he said. "They weren't ashamed. They must have skin-dived in their birthday suits. Darned prudish country, Scotland."

Miss Traill gave way to merriment. What a wondrous melody her laughter made on the quiet lake in the deep of night. And a stranger thing — it reminded him of three diving, laughing birds a year ago — the birds that gave Jock his great idea, the birds that brought Diana Traill. Life had been easy until this afternoon — with one clear, honorably ruthless purpose: to save the glen. But now she had come and life was an ecstatic hell of muddled purposes. And why did she always laugh at him?

"I don't believe you like Americans," Miss Traill re-

proached him. "Lady Violet just adores Americans. She was telling me how once she had a flash of summer lightning with an American tycoon called Bixie. Lady Violet and I are both the same at bottom."

But that reminded him. "Please don't buy my mother scarlet trousers," he implored. "She's not at all the same as you at bottom."

Once more hiatus in the conversation. "Lady Violet and I both like bossy men is what I meant. Honey," she said quite sadly, leaning to him, and the shore was near, "you're so darn cute I can sometimes hardly bear it, but I do just wish you had more beastliness and bite."

The shore was steep. The bow ran in and thudded on the shore. "Don't move," she said, and came along the boat to pass him, putting a cool, slim hand for balance on the hollow of his neck again. Then, swiftly, she kissed him on the lips. "Good-night," she said. "Good-night, my honey bear. I know you're in there rooting for me."

The tent flaps closed. An intimate small light was glowing in the tent. He rowed away, watching the shadow play across the light, stretching shadow, bending shadow, supple shadow in disreputable. The light went out.

He rowed home mightily. He tossed fitfully until dawn was breaking on Argyll; then he skipped down to the gun-room for the stalking glass, and up again through his slumbering seat or castle to take post at the bedroom window. Not dignified, he thought. Savors a bit of Peeping Tom.

He did not have long to wait. As the first shafts of sun streamed over the eastern hills to bless Loch Lure, so did Diana Traill emerge to bless Loch Lure. She was not skin-diving. She wore a bathing-suit. She dived into the loch and swam and swam —

"Coo-hoo!" from below. He whipped the telescope back out of sight, too late. "Good morning, darling!" she called up to him. Lady Violet was an incorrigibly early riser. "All tickety-boo at the Girl Guide camp?"

Sometimes he almost disliked his mother. She had been better lately. When he said, "Do this, mother," or "How many times do I have to tell you, mother?" his erstwhile bossy mother obeyed him with dutiful alacrity. But yesterday — only last night — an inexplicable rot set in. He put the matter right by giving Lady Violet hell at breakfast.

He was busy almost all the day with timber problems, harvest problems, tourist problems. Five times his duties chanced to take him past the orange tent. Five times he stopped to pass the time of day. Miss Traill was truly wedded to her job. The great lens stood ready, and she was ready. And then she said again, "Honey, I only have until tomorrow night. You'll get me my picture, won't you?"

Colin groaned. He wanted so much to make her happy. But blow up a mouse at half a mile! The harsh truth was that the picture must not be too good. At dusk, he thought. Perhaps at dusk tomorrow. "Traitor," a small and deadly voice was saying to him.

"Honey," she said anxiously, "you grunt and groan so much. Are you in pain? Shall I rub your back or something?"

He left her then. "You'll come and have supper with me, won't you, just alone?" she called.

He accepted with great leap of heart. He called a meeting of Jock and Lady Violet. "Jock," he said, "interest is falling off again. Prepare for

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EYE-CATCHING mass of red, purple, gold, and yellow spills down over the rocky slope in the seaside garden of Dr. A. H. and Mrs. Hylton-Smith, of South Coogee, New South Wales.

## SEASIDE GLORY

THESE pictures show how Dr. A. H. and Mrs. Hylton-Smith, of Pearce Street, South Coogee, N.S.W., have changed a rocky escarpment of bushes and "wilderness" into a blaze of glorious color. They had practically no soil-depth and fellow gardeners asked for advice were slow to suggest improvements. Eventually the owners of this new home decided to plant gazanias and mesembrythemums. Today, their once bare rock garden is a showplace. Dr. and Mrs. Hylton-Smith took their idea of using gazanias (40 varieties), 80 different cacti and succulents from The Australian Women's Weekly. These plants are best suited for strong winds and salt air of the district.

### GARDENING



BROKEN colored tiles and blue metal were used to make the scree of this sloping bank. The colorful gazanias did the rest to make an idyllic picture.

THESE are literally "golden stairs," for the banks of golden gazanias, with cacti and succulents of varying shades, flank both sides with a blaze of brilliant color and beauty.



# Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

"WE are three 13-year-old girls. A member of our group is very immature, and asks us embarrassing questions about the facts of life, as her mother has not already told her. We know these things and she knows it. We don't like being pestered, especially in front of others. We think her mother should tell her this. What do you advise us to do?"

"Trio," Vic.  
I think you are being very hard on this girl. You're being nasty to her about something that is not her fault. Her only trouble is that her mother hasn't told her what she wants to know, and should know, so don't blame her.

I think you should tell her you all think her mother should tell her the facts of life. Suggest she tells her mother that you girls say she is the only one in the group who has not been spoken to about the subject.

A reminder like this would be a very good idea for her mother, because busy mothers are very inclined to think their daughters are younger in their mind than they are.

I think you should be nicer to her, though. I'll bet that before your mothers spoke to you you "pestered" your informed friends yourselves.

"I AND my girl-friend have been friends for a long time. Now I find she is interested in my boy-friend. I know he does not know of her existence, but I am jealous, and it is keeping us apart. What should I do?"

"Jealous," N.S.W.

You sound very silly. How can you be jealous of someone your boy-friend doesn't even know? If you are really jealous of your girl-friend as a phantom rival, you'd better toss her out of your life quickly before she gets a chance of meeting anyone you are interested in in person.

"I AM 16 and am fond of a boy who is 13 months younger than me. My parents also know I like this boy, but most of my friends laugh and say it is ridiculous as he is far too young for me. Would you please give me your advice, as I like this boy very much, and I also like my friends."

E.S., S.A.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith.

Jealous friends cause more romantic troubles than enough. They know perfectly well, I'm sure, that 13 months' difference in age is neither here nor there. It couldn't matter less.

It probably seems important to you now at 16, for there is a silly tradition, often proved false, that in the perfect couple the man is always a little older than the woman.

Don't let that worry you if you really like this boy. I see no reason why you should give up either him or your friends, but if it's a case of one or the other I'd let the friends go. They sound much too interfering.

"I AM 17 and I'm going steady with a sailor who is 20. My parents like him very much and his parents seem to like me. I like this sailor very much. I trust him while he is away, and neither of us dates anyone else. But what I'm not sure of is my feelings—do I love him? When he comes home on leave next we are going to discuss plans for our future, so I must be sure. Where I work I meet lots of people, and hardly ever miss him, although he is away for months at a time. When he is home I forget everything and everyone, and I have no doubts whatsoever about him, or should I say about us. My sister, with whom I live, is married. She says that I only doubt our love because I get depressed when he is away. What do you think? Is my sister right? If not, what do you suggest I do to find out if I'm really in love with him?"

B.C., N.S.W.

A sure-fire, easy test to prove whether it's love or just a passing fancy is what everyone has wanted always. It would make life so easy and much less complicated. But it would make life much duller, too.

One of the fascinations of being in love is the quick fluctuations of mood, the constant "He loves me, he loves me not" problem that

is so quickly solved by a telephone call or letter and recurs the minute you are alone.

I think the only thing that proves whether or not love is real is time, and trial by everyday life. But really your sister can give you better advice than I can. She knows you both.

"I AM an Italian migrant who is being in Australia seven years. I am much in love with a beautiful Australian girl aged about 19 who lives down the street from me. I am 20. I do not know how to approach her. She has Australian boy-friends. I do not think she approves of me, as she has seen me in company of boys who whistle at her. I know her mother does not much like Italians. Please could you tell me what to do?"

De P., Qld.

I get the impression that you have some acquaintance with this girl you are in love with. I can only suggest that you smile at her when you see her or say "Good-morning" or "Good-afternoon" when you see her. If she smiles back or speaks to you, you will know she doesn't disapprove of your attentions.

Try to be on your own when you speak or smile at her, and choose a time when she is on her own. If people are in company, they often act differently from how they really feel.

Some Australian mothers do not much care for foreigners, as you say, but if their daughter likes one and she gets to know him, it is often a different matter.

Don't rush things with this girl. Just wait for the right moment and try as I suggest. All girls like to be admired, they are rarely offended, but you must give them a chance to either accept or reject your attentions without offending you. That is why I suggest a quiet greeting in the street as a first step.



## A word from Debbie . . .

• One of the best Christmas presents you can give yourself for 1959 is a list of this year's gifts received and given.

Sounds like a bit of a chore now with Christmas hardly round the corner, but a list of cards received and what you gave who this year will be your Christmas lifesaver in eleven short months.

And how about a scrapbox? Fill a cardboard box with your old Christmas cards, parcel ribbons, and tired decorations, hide them till the middle of the year when Christmas is just a happy memory, and then produce it for a friend with some small children. Cutting out pictures from old Christmas cards is an absorbing pastime for children, and a highchair decorated with old Christmas ribbons will lure any child to dinner.

## \*\*\*\*\*DISC DIGEST\*\*\*\*\*

SINCE most cowboy songs leave me cold, I'm sitting on the sidelines as far as Tex Ritter's new LP is concerned, but because country-style music is so popular in Australia many folk will lasso it for their collection.

Tex is the man you heard singing, off-screen, the theme for "High Noon." He is a Texan, and is a genuine cowboy turned stage and radio artist. His disc (T.971) is called "Songs From the Western Screen," and, as the title implies, introduces theme songs from eleven of Hollywood's sagebrush sagas. Among them are "Wichita," "The Searchers," "The Last Frontier," "High Noon," "The Marshal's Daughter," "Trooper Hook," and "Brave Man," the last coming from "Red Garters," that hilarious film which parodied the cowboys-and-Indians tradition.

RIGHT on the heels of Peggy Lee's hit single, "Fever," bounces her newest LP album with the title of "Jump For Joy" (T.979). Peggy is one of the most durable singers in the business, and without doubt one of the most stylish. It may sound redundant, but the reason for her genuinely artistic presentation is the fact that, in addition to her honeyed pipes, she also has musical know-how, as is shown by the lyrics and melodies she has written for films like "Lady And The Tramp," "Johnny Guitar," and "About Mrs. Leslie." Right now she's penning more music for forthcoming Hollywood productions.

In her new disc, with posh backing by Nelson Riddle's orchestra, she sings a dozen tried-and-true oldies, such as "Ain't We Got Fun," "Music, Music, Music," "When My Sugar Walks Down the Street," "What a Little Moonlight Can Do," and "Back In Your Own Backyard."

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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LARGE BOTTLES 5/6  
SACHETS 1/3

ENGLAND'S TOP-SELLING SHAMPOO





**PEAR AMBROSIA.** Simple custard mix, a tin of pears, and crunchy breakfast cereal are combined to make this delicious dessert. See recipe on the opposite page.

## Quick and tasty meals from the pantry shelf

**T**HE imaginative cook can soon develop a tin-and-package repertoire that is equal to any occasion if she is prepared to make full use of the wide range of tinned and packaged foods that are readily available.

On these pages are a number of dishes that have as ingredients tinned soup, vegetables, fish, meat, and fruit, and a selection of packaged foods.

All are easy to make and delicious to eat. These recipes are sufficient for four persons. All spoon measurements are level.

### MUSHROOM CHICKEN BAKE

One small tin mushrooms, 1 packet chicken-noodle soup, 1½ cups boiling water, 1 small tin evaporated milk, 1-3rd cup butter or margarine, 1-3rd cup flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, dash cayenne pepper, 1½ cups diced ham-and-chicken sausage, ¾ cup cooked peas, ¾ cup chopped onion, ¼ cup chopped red pepper, 1 egg, extra ¼ teaspoon salt.

Combine chicken-noodle soup with water, simmer 5 minutes and strain. Add evaporated

milk to broth. Melt butter in pan, blend in flour, salt, and cayenne. Gradually add broth mixture and cook, stirring constantly until thick. Add mushrooms, diced meat, peas, onion, and red pepper. Pour into casserole.

Combine well-beaten egg with extra salt and reserved noodles. Pour over chicken mixture and bake in moderately hot oven 20 to 25 minutes.

### TUNA-BEAN CASSEROLE

One tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1½ cups milk, 2 teaspoons prepared mustard, 1 teaspoon horseradish, 1 cup cooked beans, 1 cup tuna (drained and flaked), 1 egg (hard boiled), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 large onion (sliced into rings and lightly fried).

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, salt and pepper, and blend well. Gradually add milk, stirring constantly until mixture comes to boil. Stir in mustard, horseradish, beans, tuna, chopped egg, and parsley. Turn into greased casserole and arrange onion slices on top. Bake in moderately hot oven 20 minutes or until onions are browned.

### TARTARE FRANKS

Eight frankfurters, ¾ cup mayonnaise, 1 gherkin, 2 olives, 1 tablespoon capers, creamed corn, tomato wedges, parsley.

Heat frankfurters in hot but not boiling water. Combine mayonnaise with finely chopped gherkin, olives, and capers. Split frankfurters lengthwise and open out slightly, fill with mayonnaise mixture. Serve with hot creamed corn and garnish with tomato wedges and parsley.

### GLAZED LOAFETTES

Two tins corned beef luncheon meat, 1 clove garlic, ¼ cup tomato chutney, ¼ cup tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 4 pineapple slices, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, ¾ to 1lb. small new potatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped mint, 1 tin asparagus spears.

Open tins of luncheon meat, remove, and split each small loaf almost through in three places. Rub all sides of meat with cut garlic and place on greased oven slide. Combine chutney with both sauces and pour half this mixture over meat loafettes. Arrange

pineapple slices on same slide and spread with a mixture of the brown sugar and butter creamed together. Place in moderately hot oven for 10 minutes, pour remaining sauce mixture over loafettes, and continue cooking a further 15 minutes. Serve loafettes and pineapple slices with minted potatoes and asparagus spears.

### SALMON SOUFFLE

Three ounces butter or margarine, 1 large onion, 2oz. flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1½ cups milk, 4 eggs, 1 cup flaked salmon, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar.

Melt butter or margarine, cook chopped onion until soft, stir in flour, pepper, and salt. Add milk and cook, stirring constantly until mixture thickens and boils. Combine egg-yolks, salmon, and parsley in bowl, add a little hot sauce; mix well, then tip back into remaining sauce. Cool slightly. Whip egg-whites stiffly, add cream of tartar, and fold in salmon mixture. Pour into greased casserole and bake in moderate oven 50 minutes. Remove from oven and serve immediately.

### COCONUT-APRICOT COBBLER

One packet scone mix, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons coconut, 1 egg, ¼ cup milk, 1 tin unsweetened apricot pulp, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, cherries.

Open scone mix into basin, add coconut and sugar, mix well. Beat egg and milk together and fold lightly into scone mixture. Mix apricots with brown sugar and lemon juice. Turn into greased heatproof pie dish and top with rough spoonfuls of the scone mixture. Bake in a moderate oven for 40 to 45 minutes. Decorate with cherries and serve hot or cold with creamy custard.



● There is no limit to the variety of appetising dishes the housewife can put on the dinner-table for the family or unexpected guests if she has the pantry shelf well stocked with tinned and packaged foodstuffs and keeps a few extras on hand. They will save her work and time.

#### LUNCHEON SPAGHETTI BAKE

One large tin spaghetti, 1 tin spaghetti sauce, 1 large onion, 4oz. bacon rashers,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated cheese, 1 tin pork-and-beef luncheon meat or  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. luncheon sausage of any desired flavor, salt, pepper, oregano.

Chop onion finely, combine with chopped bacon, and fry until bacon is transparent and onion soft. Add spaghetti and spaghetti sauce and extra seasonings if desired. Turn into casserole dish and sprinkle top with grated cheese. Cut luncheon meat into slices, lightly glaze with a little of the spaghetti sauce, and arrange cartwheel fashion in spaghetti mixture. Place in moderate oven until thoroughly heated. Serve piping hot with a garnish of parsley sprigs.

#### QUICK KEBABS

Three-quarter pound luncheon sausage, 1 green pepper, 1 small tin pineapple slices, 2 medium-sized tomatoes, Kebab Sauce.

Cut sausage, green pepper, and drained pineapple slices each into 12 pieces. Pierce alternate pieces on to 4 skewers, brush over generously with the sauce, and grill slowly for 5 to 6 minutes. Cut tomatoes into quarters and thread on to ends of skewers. Return to grill, the uncooked side uppermost, and cook a further 5 to 6 minutes. Serve hot with the remaining sauce.

**Kebab Sauce:** Combine 1 cup well-seasoned tomato sauce with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup pineapple syrup,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup finely diced onion or shallot,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter or margarine, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, and a little cayenne. Simmer 15 minutes or until thick.

#### SUPER OMELETS

Six eggs, 1-3rd cup milk or water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, dash pepper, butter, Super Sauce.

Beat eggs slightly with the milk or water and seasonings. Heat a heavy frying-pan until a teaspoon of butter will sizzle when dropped into it. Pour in half the egg mixture and cook, shaking the pan and stirring the mixture gently for one minute. Stop stirring and allow mixture to set, loosening edges with a spatula. Roll or fold over, turn on to heated platter, and spoon over some sauce. Proceed in the same manner with second half of mixture.

**Super Sauce:** Combine 1 tin condensed cream of chicken soup with 1 small tin mushrooms, 1 tablespoon chopped olives, and 2 teaspoons chopped chives. Heat thoroughly and correct seasoning before serving.

**Variations:** Make a mixture of 1 small tin shredded tuna, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, and 1 teaspoon tomato paste. Spoon this mixture across half the omelet before rolling or folding over.

Sprinkle  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup finely chopped ham and 1 tablespoon chopped gherkin on to omelet. Fold over and turn out on to platter.

Add a little cream and seasonings to a small tin of sweet corn. Heat and serve down the centre of the finished omelet.

#### SPICED APPLE CRUMBLE

One tin unsweetened pie apples, 1 lemon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup white sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup crushed semi-sweet biscuit crumbs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon mixed spice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup melted butter, cherries.

Combine pie apples with grated rind and juice of lemon and white sugar. Spread into greased pie dish. Mix together brown sugar, flour, biscuit crumbs, and spice, add melted butter, and sprinkle over apples. Bake in a moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Decorate with cherries and serve hot or cold with custard or cream.

#### CARAMEL RAISIN SQUARES

One packet caramel-flavored custard dessert, milk, 1 cup raisins,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped walnuts,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. plain sweet biscuits, whipped cream.

Make custard dessert with milk according to directions on packet; cool. Add raisins and walnuts. Arrange a layer of biscuits over bottom of square cake-tin and cover with half the dessert. Repeat layers and chill until firm. Cut into squares and serve with whipped cream.

#### NUT-MALLOW DESSERT

One packet butterscotch-flavored instant pudding mix, milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. marshmallows,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped peanuts.

Make pudding with milk as instructed on packet. Whip lightly and fold in finely cut marshmallows and peanuts. Allow to set and serve.

**Variations:** Into a vanilla-flavored pudding mix fold  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup crushed peppermints.

Mash 2 or 3 bananas and fold into caramel-flavored pudding mix.

Crush a few macaroons or wafer biscuits and add to chocolate-flavored pudding mix.

#### GINGER-PEAR PIE

One tin pear halves (drained and sliced), 1 unbaked 8-inch pastry shell, 1 tablespoon lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine.

Arrange pear slices in pastry shell, sprinkle with lemon juice. Mix brown sugar, flour, and ginger together, rub in butter until mixture is crumbly. Sprinkle over pear halves. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, and cook a further 20 to 30 minutes.

**DELICIOUS DISHES** based on tinned and packaged foods are shown above. They include spicy cobbler, casserole of spaghetti and meat, a light and fluffy dessert, split frankfurters with creamed corn, glazed loaf-ettes and pineapple. See recipes these pages.

#### PEAR AMBROSIA

Two cups diced tinned pears, 1 tablespoon custard powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, strawberry or other berry jam, 1-3rd cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup bran cereal.

Prepare custard by warming milk and sugar and adding custard powder blended with a little of the milk; stir over gentle heat until thickened, allow to come to the boil, remove from heat and cool slightly. Place one tablespoon jam in bottom of each serving glass; add a spoonful of pears and cover with custard.

Heat bran cereal, brown sugar, butter, and cinnamon in a pan until sugar is melted, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Sprinkle over puddings just before serving. Top with sweetened whipped cream if desired or additional thin boiled custard.



tonight. We'll have a run at dusk tomorrow."

Jock looked worried. "I don't fancy the idea. Bella says you young leddy's camera—"

"You can't take proper pictures in the dusk, however good your camera."

"But there's tonight's preparations and a harvest moon, and you young lady's not a fool, I'm thinkin'." Her tent shouldn't be beside the loch, is my opinion. Jock was being difficult.

"I am having supper with Miss Traill this evening," said Colin. "I shall make conversation at the crucial time." The meeting ended.

She gave him a gourmet's supper, cooked in part on a petrol stove. She conjured up cold Vichyssoise, a buttery-mushroom omelet, a softly squishy Brie, fresh peaches. Oh, it was delicious. They sat for a long time on the grass. She told him of her life, her troubles, and her hopes. "I'd like to be poor like a church mouse, just like you," she said, and sighed, and said, "I'd like to have a whole lot of babies, too."

Soon now he must catch all her sight and hearing for a few brief minutes. With common or garden ordinary girls—well, that was easy. But with this American divinity he simply did not dare.

"You're shivering," she said. "Let's go inside."

They went inside her perfume tent. A camp bed was the only resting place. So they sat quite primly in the darkness, side by side. Miss Traill was shivering and so was he. He heard some motor-boat go chugging somewhere. She did not speak, nor did he. And then a common tumult seized them, made them one for one brief, sightless, soundless moment.

"Honey bear," she said, and pushed him to a prim sitting distance on the sleeping-bag. She wore a tweed coat and skirt this chilly evening. "I guess that's Jock I've been listening to," she said. How marvellous and disconcerting is a woman's power of disembodiment, of planning menus in the middle of a game of golf. "Is he—Or is he—"

"Ugh?" His cerebral powers less flexible, Colin had not heard. He strove now for the power of thought.

"Is Jock going to his still? Or is he going to visit Bella?"

"Dunno. Both, possibly. Didn't know you knew." She knew so much. But what and how much did she know?

Colin McLure came at two to take Diana Traill swimming. He rowed across Loch Lure because he did not want to do the smallest thing to cause Diana Traill displeasure, and she hated outboard motors. She sat beside her camera with the mighty lens, waiting for a glimpse of Moosie.

"Didn't see a sausage all the morning long," she said, and then she added, not without a hint of menace, "You wouldn't take me for a ride? You wouldn't play me for a sucker, would you, honey?"

"Ride, yes," he said, and thumped the thwart. "Not sucker, never ever no." Tonight's appearance was arranged. "Afternoon's quite safe. Early evening's time for Moosie always lately."

She stood. "O.K." she said, and turned, supple as sponge rubber, dove into her orange tent, emerged with the white bathing-suit and towel, strode to the water's edge, then bit her lip, looking discomforted for the first time in their brief acquaintance. "Didn't you bring trunks?"

"Trunks?" he said. "Luggage for an afternoon?"

"A swimsuit, idiot!" she snapped.

Actually, he had found them in the attic in a trunk. He felt himself suffuse with color

Continuing . . .

## The Secret of Loch Lure

from page 38

now, fiery hot all over. "Wear in' em," he said.

She laughed, her carefree self again. "Skin-diving in the kilted league," she said obscurely, hopped in, nimble as a roeder, and said, "Time's so short, let's use that horrid motor."

Jock Dunblane watched this departure from across the loch. Then he sought Lady Violet. He talked earnestly. "It's like the laird's gone daft," he said. "This young Yankee lady—mind you, she's a grand lassie, full of fun, and bonny—she's taken all his senses from him. For the glen's sake, now—"

"I agree," said Lady Violet. "The glen comes first, even before that charming child. But he'll make us pay for it. Life will be pure hell, I fear. Oh, all right, Jock!"

THEY disrobed and changed behind respective bushes. "It's a lovely secret beach," she said. They swam and sat in the sun. She swam with the sinuous rhythm of some lovely eel, enjoying the nippy waters of Loch Lure. He puffed like a mottled gramp, and endured the cold for her sake.

"I must say," she said, "you're not the best swimmer in the world. But a man can't have everything, now, can he, honey?"

"No," he said. "Not everything."

And then she dived and tipped him up with some adorable jiu-jitsu trick.

The afternoon sped on. A breeze came from the north to rob the sun of warmth. "Goodness!" she said. "It's nearly five. What do you mean by not telling me?"

"Forgot," he said. "I'm sorry."

"You're the sweetest and best-looking thing," she said. "But I do wish you'd be cross with me just sometimes. That's what a wilful girl like me needs. Kiss me, then!"

She was the boss about loving, too. She wanted it and unwanted it, and said, "We absolutely have to go."

They changed behind respective bushes. They boarded the boat and ran under power for the "National Globe Review" tent, which would be her home until tomorrow. The loch was choppy. The tourist cars moved slowly round the shore. Colin McLure and Diana Traill were perhaps two hundred yards from her tent when all the cars stopped, and all the picknickers stood up and pointed, danced, gesticulated.

On the starboard beam, perhaps four-cable-lengths away, or nearly half a mile, Moosie of Lure had broken surface. He forged in all his splendor—shaggy head, two separated humps, the thrashing, splashing tail.

"Hurry!" she screamed.

Colin gave full throttle to the motor. The motor spat and died, as horrid outboard motors will. He struggled vainly with the motor. She seized the oars and rowed. Moosie of Lure sank slowly to the depths.

First class in every way except that final dive, not too convincing, Colin thought before the full import of events had penetrated him; before Miss Traill's attack was launched upon his addled head.

"You cheated! You did it on purpose! You deliberately—"

"I didn't know," he stammered. "I thought the evening—" He had ordained the evening. A slow, black rage was mounting in him. Jock and mother, he would teach them.

"You didn't know. You

thought the evening— You asterisk, dash, double-crossing, dopy blank! How dare you cheat me of my picture! And what is Burton I. Carruthers going to say, knowing I was here on duty? 'You flunked!' That's what he's going to bark. 'You failed me, Traill. You're fired!'"

The boat bumped heavily against the shore below her tent. Diana Traill sprang out, and so did he, and now his rare, slow rage possessed him—against Jock, against his mother, most of all against this angel fury. He took angel fury by her arms below the shoulders and he shook her until her teeth were rattling together, and her lovely self was quivering, and her hair flew out and back and up and down.

"You and your idiot boss," he growled, shaking her. "You and your daddy's camera!"

But then her eyes were midnight blue, and some bad magic happened to his underpinnings. He was felled. He hit his head upon a rock most painfully.

"Softy muscle man, I hate you!"

Within two hours Diana Traill had flown away, and Jock Dunblane had been dismissed, and Lady Violet McLure had been reduced to tears. "I loved that child," she wept. "I only did it for the glen."

The glen seethed with rumors of this rift. And yet the three of them had kept the secret of Moosie of Lure so faithfully that not a soul suspected the true cause. Bruised sanity returned to Colin before Jock's oath and loyalty had been tried too long.

He taught him out the next morning. "Jock," he said. "I apologise. The fault was mine entirely. It won't occur again. Fact is, I was hypnotised by that—by that woman." He said the "woman" with venom. He fingered the bump that had restored his wits.

"She was a grand young Yankee leddy," Jock said. "The laird should not be speaking in that tone of voice about her." It was a long time since the people of Glenlure had all agreed about anything. But, with one exception, they were in unanimous accord about the wild and wonderful Miss Traill. To them she was America as America should be—rich, trusting, vital, free; Scotland's friend and lover always—yes, she said those very words—and with a gaiety and wit to tickle the ribs of pawky Scotsmen. When the muckle laird insulted her beyond endurance, she very properly felled the muckle laird. There were dark looks for the laird in the ensuing days.

But the laird no longer cared how his people looked at him. He worked for them with fanatical efficiency and uncompromising zeal that second winter. He found backers for the holiday camp, employing only local labor. He floated Glenlure sawmills to produce finished lumber, transportable on the broad new road.

Wool prices rose again. The salmon cycle was on the way up. The grouse were coming back. The stalking had improved. He therefore let his fishing and his shooting for next year, and at better prices than ever before, for Glenlure was famous now. As happens so often in life's struggle, everything improved together. That the opposite could happen just as swiftly he was well aware.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Nor did Colin McLure forget that the essential spark to this prosperity lay in the boathouse needing improvement. "The dive at the end is bad. He sinks in a bogus fashion. Couldn't we have some spring device whereby, if we speed him up enough, the head trips and he plunges? Far more realistic."

Jock agreed. Mark Two was on the stocks.

An airmail picture post card came for Colin in late October. The photograph was of Fujiyama. The text was brief: "Highland Honey, sorry I was mean." No signature. He did not accept the apology, unsigned. He hid the post card, not to much avail.

The laird was a taskmaster nowadays, a large ball of fire in a land of soft west winds and small ambition. His people loved the man, but found his Calvinistic zeal embarrassing. They saw in this post card a tiny ray of hope. "Highland Honey," he was known as from that day on behind his back.

"Jock," he said in February, "I don't much like this one-way traffic. Now if we had some pulley sort of rig, anchored to the bottom of the loch, we could make him steam in three or four directions."

"The loch's over deep, I'm thinkin'," Jock replied.

They took soundings in the night. Five hundred and forty feet, not bottomless, but deep enough, too deep. "We must rely on their imaginations," Colin said. He meant rely on those tricks of light and tricks of wind, those floating logs. He meant flying saucers on Loch Lure. "If we were careful last year, Jock, we've got to be ten times cautious now."

To this Jock only coughed. The laird had thought it necessary to make him swear dire oaths of secrecy, but who had tried to give the show away?

They had a trial run in May, a great success. The monster dipped his head to dive with porpoiselike abandon.

"Who do you think I had a letter from?" said Lady Violet at luncheon. "That charming child." She rummaged in her bag for a letter in a dashing hand.

That angel fury, virago, the only person mother called "that charming child." "Who?" he said.

"Diana Traill, you idiot." Four sheets, eight sides, Lady Violet turned them one by one, with chuckles. Too far away for him to read. "Really so amusing; I can almost hear her talk. 'P.S., she says, 'Love to Highland Honey.' Who would that be, do you think?"

He did not answer his annoying mother. The run this morning a triumphant tour de force—and then hook, trip at his underpinnings, reminder of dog days of lunacy. And what had she written? What devilry was in the air? He did not dare to ask. His mother put the letter back in her capacious bag. He left the table.

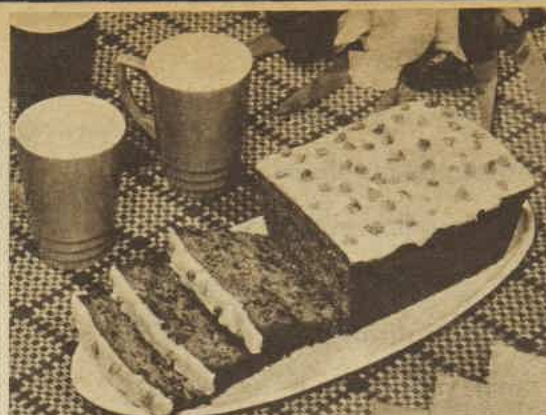
"Darling," said his mother late in June, "would you let me put my garden-tour price up to five bob? I had two hundred and forty yesterday—that's thirty quid, and the trouble is I simply don't get time for gardening myself. I thought if I doubled up the ante, the crowds would be less and I might call my soul my own again."

She awaited his decision dutifully. There was only one bad influence capable of undermining Lady Violet's obedience. But that influence was, mercifully, far away somewhere or other, never to return. He had his mother buttoned up.

"Very well," he said. "You can try five shillings."

Nobody else, not even the duke himself, could charge five

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CANADIAN FRUIT CAKE, topped with lemon icing and sprinkled with chopped walnuts, is a tasty recipe that would make a hit for afternoon tea. See recipe below.

## Prizes awarded for recipes

• Recipes for Canadian fruit cake, brain cutlets, and cheese-rice loaf win prizes.

CANADIAN fruit cake, which won the main award of £5, is unusual and interesting because it combines the flavors of tomato, spice, and nuts.

Consolation prizes of £1 each are awarded for brain cutlets and cheese-rice loaf. Spoon measurements are level.

### CANADIAN FRUIT CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 2½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 cup sultanas, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 1 1-3rd cups tomato juice, 1½ teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, 1 tablespoon hot water.

Cream shortening with sugar; add egg, beat well. Stir in walnuts and sultanas, then fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with tomato juice. Lastly add bicarbonate of soda which has been dissolved in the hot water. Fill mixture into a large greased loaf-tin and bake in a moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. When cold, ice with lemon icing, sprinkle with chopped walnuts.

First Prize of £5 to Miss P. Brazenor, 15 Graunge Rd., Frankston, Vic.

### BRAIN CUTLETS

Two sets brains, 1 onion, 1oz. butter, 1oz. flour, 1 cup milk, pinch nutmeg, ½ cup butter, pinch nutmeg, ½ cup chopped walnuts, salt, pepper, flour, egg glazing, breadcrumbs.

per, flour, egg glazing, breadcrumbs.

Wash brains, soak in salted water ½ hour. Place in saucepan with sliced onion, cover with fresh water, bring to boil; simmer 6 minutes. Strain, cut into small dice. Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, cook 1 minute. Add milk and stir until sauce boils and thickens; season. Remove from heat, fold in brains and walnuts; allow to cool. Shape into cutlets with floured hands, dip in egg glazing, toss in breadcrumbs. Deep-fry until golden-brown; drain.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Heaton, "Redlands," North Isis, via Childers, Qld.

### CHEESE-RICE LOAF

Two ounces shortening, 1 cup milk, 3 eggs, 2 cups cooked rice, 1 cup grated cheese, ½ cup sifted breadcrumbs, ½ cup diced celery, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon each chopped parsley and green pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon mustard.

Melt shortening in saucepan, add milk, and bring to boil. Remove from heat, add rice, cheese, breadcrumbs, eggs, vegetables, and seasonings; mix well. Fill mixture into a greased loaf-tin and bake in moderate oven 1 hour or until set. Unmould and serve piping hot with mushroom-flavored white sauce.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Boorman, Taylors Avenue, Golden Beach, Caloundra, Qld.

## FAMILY DISH

AN appetising meat-and-vegetable pie is this week's family dish. It costs approximately 8/6 and serves four or five.

### MEAT-AND-VEGETABLE LAYER PIE

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 onion, 2½ to 3 cups diced or minced cooked mutton, lamb, or beef, ½ cup coarsely grated carrot, 1 tablespoon fruit chutney, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 cup cooked peas, 3 cups mashed potato, ½ cup chopped shallot, salt, pepper, ½ cup boiling water, 1 dessertspoon gravy powder, ½ teaspoon meat or vegetable extract, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 tomato.

Line an eight-inch tart-plate with thinly rolled pastry. Lightly fry chopped onion, mix with meat, carrot, chutney, sauce, peas, and gravy powder and extract mixed with boiling water. Season; fill half into pastry-case. Cover with half potato, then half shallot. Add balance of meat mixture, then top with potato mixed with remaining shallot. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat, cook further 10 to 15 minutes. Serve topped with tomato slices.





The easy, thrifty way to give them

# good prime meat they need

Don't accept  
substitutes... look  
for the name... Andersons!

## ANDERSONS the famous name for quality, freshness, flavour...

Your family is right in wanting meat — they need it every day, the whole year round. And you are right in wanting Andersons "Cold Cut" sausages for quick, mouth-watering meals because —

- Andersons use only prime beef, pork and veal — specially selected and country-killed in their own abattoirs...

- Andersons maintain a non-stop delivery of fresh supplies in sparklingly-clean refrigerated vans. Their dependable freshness safeguards your family's health.

- Andersons — leaders in the meat trade for nearly fifty years — bring specialised skill, experience and quality-control to every one of their 65 famous meat products — the largest, most complete range available. Look before you buy — all genuine Andersons products carry the name Andersons.

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"Home on the Pig's Back"

# ANDERSONS

...taste the quality difference

### Sliced from bulk to your requirements — or in handy 8-oz. "knobs"

Juicy pork, tender beef, quality ham and veal — expertly blended and seasoned as only Andersons know how! Andersons "Cold Cut" sausages are rich in complete protein — your MOST essential food. No trouble, no cooking, no waste!

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FRITZ  
SAUSAGE

### NEW! NOW AVAILABLE

Andersons "Cold Cut" Sausages ready sliced in handy 8 oz. packets — fresh, hygienic, delicious for salads and sandwiches.







A FAMILY PICNIC can be had a few steps from your own back door with this sturdy table. Made of planking, the table-top is 30in. from the ground. Each of the three sides is made of two 8in. x 1in. planks and one 6in. x 1in. Use 2in. x 2in. pieces for the corners. One end of the table is left open so it can be used as a store cupboard.

## Build this play area in your backyard

● No matter what the size of your backyard you can make it into a place of relaxation for the whole family. Only a minimum of time, money, and carpentry skill is needed by the handyman to build the picnic table, playhouse, barbecue storage unit, and bench shown below.

UNDERNEATH the large picnic table shown at right is plenty of space for storing picnic equipment. This will save carrying a load to and from the house each time you eat outside. The children will love playing there and using it for a treasure cave. The building materials needed to make the table are given under the picture at the left, which shows it in use for an alfresco meal.



A PLAYHOUSE for youngsters like the one shown at left is ideal for rainy days. Little girls will love keeping house, and the boys can use the open half of the modern overhang as a trapeze with the Dutch door as a footing. The frame of the structure is made of 4in. x 2in. timber, and the sides are of 6in. x 1in. planks overlapping about half an inch. Sheet roofing makes it weatherproof. The playhouse, made in whatever size you require, can be used to store games, bikes, toys, and scooters that otherwise would clutter up the children's bedrooms or other areas of the house needed for every-day living.



BARBECUES are popular with adults and children all the year round. The brick one shown at left has a large wooden box at one side that is handy for storing enough wood and charcoal for many fires. It can be built in any size or shape to fit next to the barbecue in a corner of the yard. A special compartment could store all the barbecue equipment, and the flat top will be useful when serving the food. The bench beside the storage unit runs from the barbecue round two or three sides of the picnic table and round the yard to the playhouse. Children can play on it and it will be very useful if chairs run short when entertaining at informal, outdoor parties.

## NEW WAY TO SPEED RECOVERY!

### Glucona—the sparkling new glucose health drink



Here we see Grandmother well on her way to a quick recovery, thanks to Glucona. Sparkling Glucona sustains strength... builds vitality. And, as it is enriched with Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, Glucona gives full benefit without using any of the body's own reserves of this essential vitamin.



Mother's worries are over—Glucona has helped him pick up quickly. In the sick-room, Glucona is invaluable. Being rich in pure medicinal glucose, it is a source of nourishing food and energy at all times—particularly when even light foods cannot be kept down.



This mother-to-be knows how quickly Glucona soothes and settles stomach upsets, relieves morning sickness, nausea. She keeps it handy in the 'frig—Glucona is even nicer and more refreshing when chilled. So convenient, too!... no mixing—no diluting.



Glucona is recommended by the medical profession and enjoyed in hospitals everywhere. As Glucona contains its own Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, combined with the glucose, it starts immediately to build up fresh reserves of energy and stamina—pours new life into you... so you recover quicker. Buy sparkling Glucona from your chemist.

HP35B



bob and get away with it. But Lady Violet did. She still had no time for gardening. The silver kept rolling in.

There had been a crop of false sightings after the first run of the season. These fell off gradually. Colin arranged for the second run for mid-July. Moose of Lure made front-page news. Things would have continued excellently if the weather had not broken.

He woke early to the third successive drizzly morning, with the hills in cloud, the loch a dim, dejected grey, all colors muted. One vivid patch stood out across the loch among the sombre hues. It was an orange tent.

Colin dashed to the gunroom for his stalking glass, up through his slumbering seat or castle to his bedroom window. He saw the tent flaps open and Miss Traill emerge. She wore a bathing-suit of indolent green. She put her arms above her golden head and stretched. Then she dived into the murky loch and swam; after a brief dip she disappeared into the tent again.

He watched for minutes, hours, or ages. The insolence! Without so much as by-your-leave! Willful trespass! Soon now he would go and— But he saw the people coming, one by one, converging on that tent—Constable Tocher, Bella Graham, shepherds, housewives, gardeners, crofters, Jock Dunblane—all come to pay homage in their native drizzle.

Miss Traill came out, skipped lithely up, shook hands with everyone, with all the simple people. She spoke with them.

Continuing . . . .

## The Secret of Loch Lure

from page 42

Their shoulders shook with laughter in their native drizzle.

Colin snapped shut the telescope. He dressed and went downstairs. He grunted to his mother's breezy morning greeting. He ate one egg instead of three, one piece of toast instead of four, drank one cup of tea instead of five. He rose to leave.

"Oh, Colin," said his mother. "I wouldn't do anything foolish, darling."

"Ugh?"

"If you try eviction, I am sure we shall have strikes and mutiny in the glen. They might use violence, even. Your countrymen are both impulsive and passionately loyal as you should know."

Loyal! Loyal to the laird and master who had slaved and struggled for them? Loyal to this foreign woman, dollar woman, photographic, journalistic scoop hunter of two days? He knew, alas, that his mother was dead right. He would play a waiting game. The fools would soon find out the truth. Let her lash them with her tongue when crossed. Let her knock down Constable Jim Tocher, dull but honest, a well-loved minion of the law.

"Keep her away from here," he said. "I insist upon it."

"You're becoming quite ruthless and dictatorial," said his mother. "Like a general or a business magnate or one of those Pycloon people. I remember a charming one I met

in America long ago. He was an up and coming young Pycloon." Lady Violet sighed at the girlhood memory.

"Tycoon," said Colin. "They don't bake pies."

"But he did. That's just what Bixie did. He was the most electrifying, hypnotic, hustle-bustle go-getter of a man, and the best pastrycook in all the world. He kept baking pies for me at a weekend party in those hills—mountains, they kept calling them—the Adirondack Mountains."

"I hadn't heard of this romance."

"One single flash of summer lightning," Lady Violet said. "Well, then, I came home and I married your dear father the next year and lived in utter happiness with him, and he was so kind and easygoing that I'm afraid I rather ruled the roost. But that Pycloon Bixie at a staid weekend with the Vanderfellers—he was the only other man who ever stirred me in my bones. 'Baby, that dress sure drapes around ya like a gunny sack. Put on the blue one, baby.' He was 'Bixie' and I was 'baby' all that long weekend."

COLIN'S duties took him elsewhere all that rainy day. He was becoming used to the orange enemy by evening. Let her cool off in that soggy tent, he thought sadiistically in his steaming bath. He dressed. He heard a crunch of gravel. Mother, back from somewhere, came upstairs.

He went down himself and entered the smoking-room. Diana Traill stood up. She wore a sweater and a quilted, flowing-skirt affair. "Honey," she sighed, "you look like fifty million dollars."

She glided across the room to him, and he put up his hands to ward her off, to stop her felling him with expert ankle lock and shift of weight. But she ignored his hands—walked into them, in fact—committed no had magic to his underpinnings.

She put one cool, slim hand on that sensuously tactile place, the hollow of his neck, stood on tiptoe—she was still a grand big girl of the American description—and swiftly kissed him on the lips, danced away light as a feather, sat down and swigged a martini.

"It's lovely to be back," she said. "And everyone's so sweet to me; just like being home again." She stretched lazily, imitatively, watching him; and softly tigerish she said to him, "You're going to be sweet to me, aren't you, honey?"

Colin shook his head; but then he remembered a certain silky menace in her question, so he nodded with great vigor. "Did my postcard saying 'Sorry I was mean' get through?"

He nodded again with great vigor. "Got through," he said. Got through to him and everybody in the glen.

Diana Traill unstretched and sat up straight and said, "I was sorry for being mean to you. But look at how mean you were to me! Aren't you going to say you're sorry?"

"Sorry I was mean," he said. She said it, so he must have been; but he could not quite remember anything, and then he remembered that she had failed to get her heart's desire—a photograph for her ruthless hero, the Chief. Then Colin had a splendid thought—that she might be here for purest camping pleasure, not on a photographic mission.

"D'you get the sack?" he asked her roughly.

"Yes," she said. "Burton I.

Carruthers fired me by long-distance transatlantic before I even reached Monaco. So then I had the winter to fill in. So Daddy came through with the ready, bless him, so off to Japan I went to get the finishing touches of perfection from my old jiu-jitsu professor. He taught me when I was covering Korea—that was how it all got started—I mean the boys in the front line don't mean any harm, but still.

"Well, anyway, do you know what my old professor said this time: 'You are my pride, my finest pupil. You would have the best of three tumbles with any big strong man.' Honey, now you have that doubtful, hamstrung, handgrip look again. Don't you believe me, honey?"

Colin nodded his head with great vigor. "Believe you. Believe every word you say."

"But even with that encouragement, I missed my job dreadfully. Then I started having a nightmare." She gave one convulsive, strangely graceful shudder. "Oh, it was appalling. It was your own monster beast, and I was diving, just off that point below the castle—I never went there either, which is such a funny thing. Well, anyway, I dive, and this great awful beast looms up at me, and I cry help, and you are standing on the rock, and the monstrous beast is coming nearer to eat me up, and you're a helpless monster, too, like some great, hopeless, Highland cattle beast."

She sighed. "You never save me," she accused him. "Never ever in my dream." She stared at him with eyes of midnight-blue, shade of danger, and she said to him, "Honey, do you have nightmares, too?"

He nodded with great vigor. "Oh, yes," he said. "Same sort of thing. Poor but honest knight tries to rescue poor rich lady from poor monster sort of thing. It's simply ghastly, and I wake up sweating."

"Who's the poor but honest knight?" she asked him. "You?"

"Me," he confirmed. "And Moose's the beast, and you're the woman, and I don't stand there on the rock, like some great, hopeless, Highland cattle beast. I always try." He hung his head. "Never succeed, I must admit. Wake up first, is half the trouble."

"Softly muscle man is half the trouble," said Miss Traill not very nicely. "Sometimes in my dreams I hate you, honey. Do you know it?"

"Know it," he said. She seemed yet more dangerous this year.

"Well, as I was saying when you interrupted, this nightmare thing got worse and worse, and I was down to absolutely skin and bone, ribs sticking out, hips non-existent. She laid a slender hand on each set of ribs and hips in contemplative reminiscence.

"My dear professor was most awfully worried. He said in his funny way, 'A skeleton girl can't hope for the best of three tumbles with any big strong man. Go home.' So home I went on bended knee to Burton I. Carruthers. 'Please, Chief,' I begged. 'Just give me one last chance. If I don't get to grips with this beastly Highland monster of my dreams, I'm done for. Occupational therapy is my only sort of hope—to take his picture and cure myself in one fell swoop. Please, Chief!' I begged.

"Then Burton I. Carruthers barked in that wonderful way of his. 'Right, Traill, but if you flunk again, I'll—And see here, Traill! It's not enough to get that picture. Get fat as well. I cannot stomach skinny women on my chain.' It's true, he can't. And then the Chief dropped his bombshell. Oh, well, I'll tell you later."

Diana Traill was watching him. I am her mouse, he thought. She'll tell me later, and tell me later, and eat me later.

"So here I am," she said. "You wouldn't take me for a ride a second time, now would you, honey?"

"Wouldn't," he said. "Didn't." That painful memory assailed him, and he escaped it, growling. "Not skin and bone. Bloom on you like a blooming peach," he growled.

His compliment was not successful. "Don't call me a blooming peach. And, of course, I'm not just skin and bone; not now. My nightmare stopped, you idiot."

"Sorry," he said. "Hips aren't only things a chap can judge by," he asserted stoutly.

Diana was her happy self again, laughing with him, laughing at him—laughing, anyway; it did not matter. "Come here, my honey bear," she said in a very special tone of voice.

He would have obeyed, and gladly, had his mother not arrived.

"Oh, Lady V., they suit you just absolutely to perfection."

Colin turned. His mother wore a pair of skin-tight scarlet pantaloons, halfway up or down the ample calf. She pirouetted, pleased as punch.

"I adore me madly in them,"

Lady Violet said. "Besides, scarlet is my basic kind of woman. I can't thank you enough, dear child. . . . Colin, darling, don't you love them?"

Her son, the laird, was utterly dumbfounded, not for the first time in an utterly dumbfounding fifteen minutes. "Nightmare hips," he mumbled.

They teamed to make a joke of him again, a female laughing-stock, a giggling whipping-post. They went to dinner. The piece de resistance was cold salmon from the River Lure, killed this very day, cooked to a minimum moist succulent perfection by Margaret, that paragon of cooks. Lucky man who ever got the cooking part of Margaret.

Miss Traill had two large helpings then another smaller one. "That ought to do the trick," she said in confidence. "I was still three pounds underweight on Wednesday in New York."

"I like a healthy woman who can eat," said Lady Violet. "Colin, don't you agree?"

He nodded. "Like healthy women," he confirmed. "Can't stand ribs stickin' out, hips non-existent. Like sort of happy mean or compromise."

"That reminds me," said Miss Traill. "I must tell you

To page 47

There are now two types of Cesarine...

## REGULAR & EASYCARE

Which to use... and Why

### A Cesarine SERVICE FEATURE

The sterling qualities of Cesarine have made its name a household word as the finest cotton cloth in its field.

★ With the coming of the new, special finishes, Caesar Fabrics Limited, the makers of Cesarine, introduced a new, drip-dry, no-iron, crease-resistant and dirt-repelling type of Cesarine, called "Easy-care" Cesarine.

"Easy-care" satisfied a long-felt need. It has the advantage of not needing boiling, starching, dampening down—and practically no ironing.

In short, "Easy-care" Cesarine launders in one operation instead of four—a boon to mothers whose children must be kept looking fresh and smart in school shirts, or tunics.

★ However, it must be recognised that drip-dry, no-iron cloths differ somewhat from regular styles of cloth and need different handling. Moreover, one style of cloth may be more satisfactory than another for certain uses.

Before you decide whether to use Regular

or "Easy-care" Cesarine, you would be well advised to consider the following points:

Will the garment be subject to regular boiling, starching, ironing? Will it be subjected to very hard wear, rubbing, stains? Will it need to be pleated? Will the cloth be used for table cloths or mats, loose covers, infant's rompers? IN SUCH CASES AS THESE YOU ARE ADVISED TO USE REGULAR CESARINE.

★ If you need Cesarine for school uniforms of unpleated styles, school shirts, office or professional uniforms, sports wear, coigns, bedspreads, especially if washed at home and if you value the considerable time saved in home laundering, "EASYCARE" CESARINE IS RECOMMENDED.

Although "Easy-care" is dirt-repelling, experience indicates that light and frequent washings are best.

★ "Easy-care" will not be harmed by boiling. It simply is not necessary. There is no point in subjecting a cloth to unnecessary laundering when it is made to save you that trouble.

Remember—Regular Cesarine for the hardest wear. "Easy-care" to save time and work.

**Cesarine**  
A CAESAR FABRIC

TEAR THIS OUT AND KEEP IT BY YOU FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

## Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make



★ Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo Sydney. Postal address: Box 4068, G.P.O., Sydney.

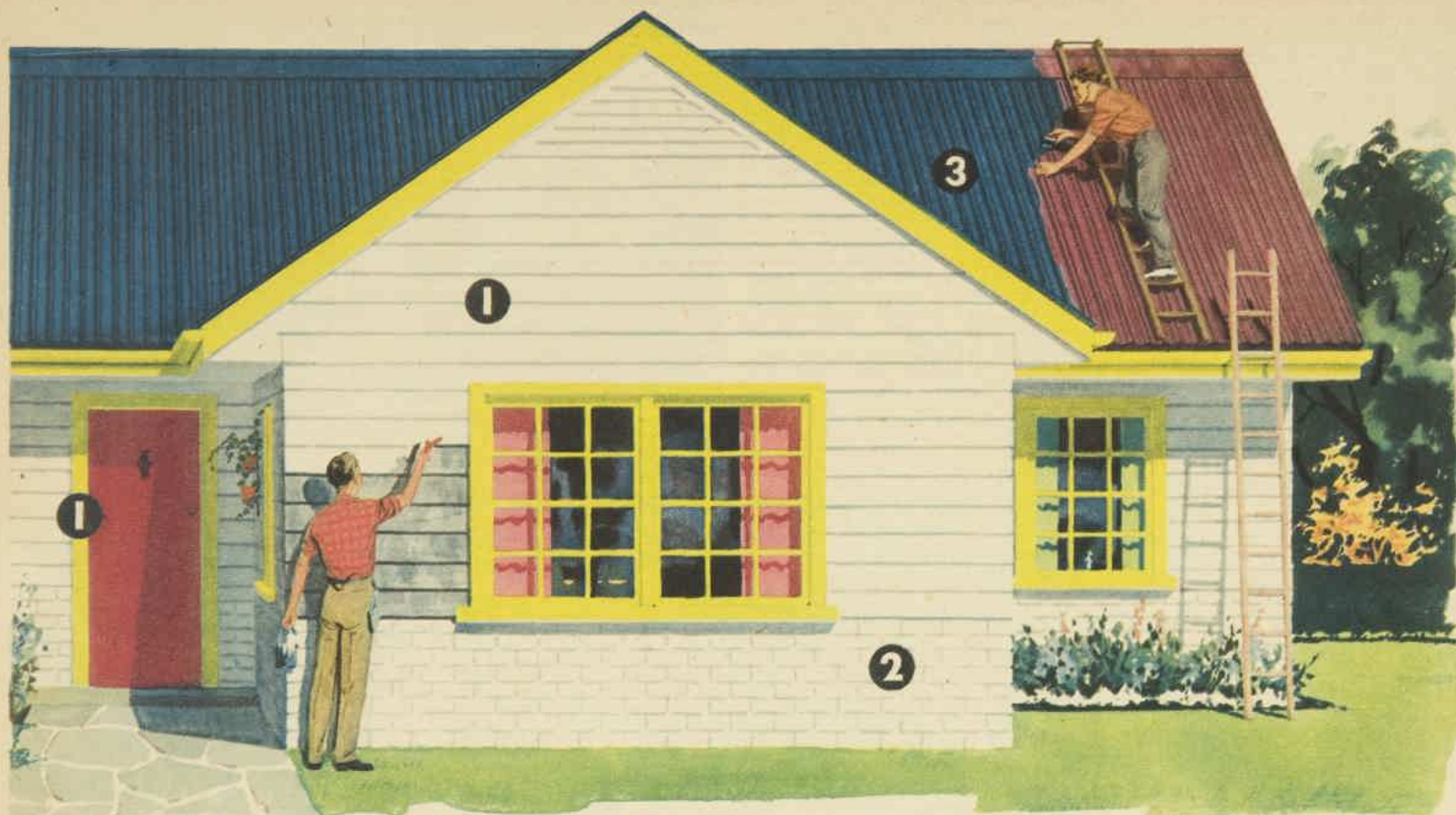
"PATRICIA."—Sleeveless summer dress designed with an Empire-line bodice and pretty skirt fullness. The material is no-iron striped cotton; the color choice includes pink and white, blue and white, lilac and white, coffee and white, and green and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 94/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 97/6. Postage and registration, 4/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 56/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 58/6. Postage and registration, 4/3 extra.



# Painting outside?



## Taubmans Butex gives your home durable beauty

### "How long will it stay beautiful?"

That's usually what you ask when you're choosing an outside paint. Let's answer the question this way...

Throughout Australia, Taubmans have exposure stations where outside paints are put to extreme weather tests. These exposure stations are located everywhere, from tropical Queensland to the coldest parts of Tasmania.

We'll take Taubmans Butex Full Gloss (1) as an instance of this testing. Panels painted with Butex Full Gloss are left in the open for year after year. They are checked once a month and the results passed on to our labora-

tories. The panels are exposed to chemical fall-out from nearby chimneys as well as heat and cold. Once a week they are sprayed with salt because salt air is another hazard an outside paint has to beat. As well as nature's own

tests we have special indoor tests. Let's take Taubmans Butex Velvet-Flat (2) as our second example. Sample panels of Butex Velvet-Flat are kept in our Weatherometer, where they are bombarded with ultra-violet rays. Time after time this rigorous "weathering" proves the extra durability of Butex Velvet-Flat colours.

### Test-proved

Every batch of Butex Velvet-Flat, Butex Full



Gloss, Butex Roof Paint and any of our other exterior paints must pass the standards set by these tests... standards far and away superior to those of any other paint manufacturer.

That's why we can say Butex finishes last

years longer. Our constant and very rigorous laboratory tests ensure it.

The 30 decorator colours in Butex Full Gloss match or harmonise with the 17 colours in Butex Velvet-Flat and the 9 in Butex Roof Paint.

### Where should you use Butex Velvet-Flat?

Butex Velvet-Flat is specially prepared for all common brick, fibro, cement render and unglazed tile surfaces. Use it also on timber where you prefer a velvet finish.

Where should you use Butex Full Gloss? We recommend Butex Full Gloss on all timber surfaces—weatherboard walls, fences, window frames, doors and all exterior iron-

work, guttering and downpipes.

### Do you need an Undercoat?

See the special chart below. If you're still in any doubt consult your Taubmans dealer. He's an expert and will be glad to help you. Remember, if the surface does need an undercoat, stress Taubmans Exterior Undercoat. It's specially prepared to go under Taubmans finishes.

### Don't forget Solpah

Taubmans Solpah is now a household word all over Australia. It's our enamelised glossy finish for all walked-on surfaces and it wears like iron on any surface. Solpah is in 13 decorator colours.



## Taubmans Butex for outside Velvet-Flat, Full Gloss and Roof Paint

### Coats required for various surfaces

#### BRICK, FIBRO, CEMENT RENDER

(In reasonably good condition)  
One or two coats of Taubmans Butex Velvet-Flat.

(If the surface is new)

1st coat — Taubmans Petriseal  
2nd coat — Taubmans Butex Velvet-Flat  
(Petriseal is not required on brick or weathered fibro)

#### TIMBER SURFACES

(In reasonably good condition)

Usually one coat of Taubmans Butex Full Gloss.

(If the surface is new)

1st coat — Taubmans Pink or White Primer  
2nd coat — Taubmans Exterior Undercoat  
3rd coat — Taubmans Butex Full Gloss

(On painted metal surfaces in reasonable condition one coat of Taubmans Butex Full Gloss is usually sufficient.)

TD 153R



# GRACEFUL DESIGN

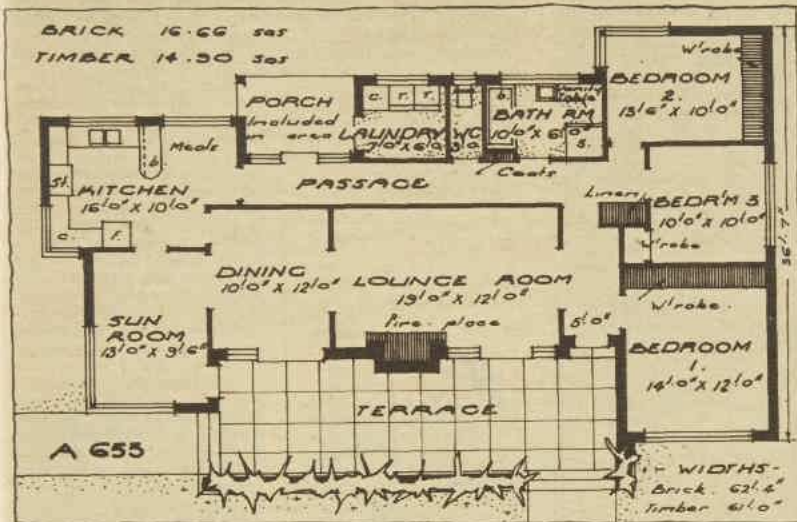
Continuing . . .

## The Secret of Loch Lure

from page 45



ABOVE: A graceful hip roof and interesting stonework add to the attractive appearance of our Home Plan No. A655. Two sets of steps lead across the terrace to the front entrance, which is well protected by the deep overhang of the roof. Beside the doorway are fixed glass panels taken right up to the eaves.



GROUND PLAN of the house illustrates the ease with which the three living-rooms can be converted into one area. On the other side of the house the bedrooms lie together on the east wall, each of generous proportions and containing a built-in wardrobe. Bathroom and toilet are close by. The bathroom contains a vanity table.

● An outstanding feature of the gracious home illustrated above is the convenient layout of the living-rooms. Together they form a spacious area for large-scale entertaining, especially in summer.

THIS is one of our "signature" plans by architect F. T. Humphreys. He has placed the lounge, dining-room, and sunroom in line across the front of the house, and all three rooms lead on to the large front terrace.

This section of the house is ideal to open up for summer parties. It is airy, cool, and has a combined area of approximately 450 square feet.

The sunroom at the corner of the building could be a popular place for all types of family activities. Used as a children's playroom, it has the advantage of being close to the kitchen and the mother's supervision.

The service rooms are conveniently located, and have up-to-date fittings installed.

An attractive corner of the bathroom has an angled vanity table fitted alongside the handbasin. A wall mirror with strip lighting is suggested as a touch of glamor.

In the working zone of the kitchen, handy bench space between the units aids meal preparation. An island bench divides the kitchen from a pleasant dining nook.

Approximate costs of building this house would be:

In Queensland: Brick, £7045; timber, £4555; fibro, £4350.

In Tasmania: Brick, £6705; timber, £4555.

In Canberra: Brick, £7145; timber, £3100.

In Victoria: Brick, £6280; brick veneer, £5540; timber, £4335; asbestos, £4195.

In New South Wales: Brick, £7055; timber, £4995; fibro, £4715.

In South Australia: Brick, £5040; brick veneer, £5445; timber, £4405; asbestos, £4330.

### Where to buy this plan

READERS can buy this plan at any of our Home Planning Centres, where a comprehensive service is offered to intending home-builders.

STANDARD PLANS are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. They are usually available from stock in any building material. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of specifications. Fee, £7/7/- per set.

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the Burton I. Carruthers bomb-shell. Do you know what? He's coming here tomorrow; he's touring Scotland in the Super-continental with his chauffeur, and everything is on the tightest to the minute sort of schedule. Like all great men, the Chief is never early, never late; he's always on the very dot. He's giving Goban thirty minutes, and then he comes on round to check on me at twelve thirty-seven, and woe betide me if— She shivered. "Well, then, I did just wonder, Lady Violet—" "Of course," said Lady Violet. "He must stay to luncheon. I shall wear my scarlet pantaloons in Burton I. Carruthers' honor."

Diana Traill looked dubious. She bit her lower lip.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "You see, Lady Violet, like all great men, the Chief is apt to be old-fashioned."

"Piffle, my dear," said Lady Violet. "He can have me in my scarlet pants, or not at all. Now, let me see. You'll join us, won't you?" "Oh, gosh, no! I simply wouldn't dare. If I wasn't strictly on the line of duty all day long—why, Burton I. Carruthers would fire me on the spot, far less by long distance."

Once again a shiver ran all through Diana Traill, and she turned her eyes of midnight-blue full on the laird. She stared at him in deep thought, and he stared back in deep hypnosis.

"Honey," she said, "do you remember how last year I told you about how, like all great men, the Chief has a fascination with big beasts and mysteries of every kind. Do you remember?"

The poor laird nodded. "That's why he let me come again. That's why the Chief is coming here himself. Oh, if only—if only—"

"What?" croaked the besotted laird.

"If only by some miracle of lucky chance the Chief could see the monster and I could get my picture of the monster." Miss Traill looked down. The lustrous lashes veiled her eyes. She took a long, long breath and sighed. Colin groaned, and coughed to hide his groan, and then a pregnant silence fell about the dinner table.

Miss Traill went off to pay proper compliments to Margaret, the cook, another of her staunch admirers.

"That charming child has set her heart on it," said Lady Violet. "The weather report is drizzle, visibility half a mile tomorrow. She can't get a first-rate photograph. Her whole career depends upon pleasing this Pyccon. We've simply got to risk it."

"But, Mother!"

"No buts. Go and find Jock and tell him."

Jock was in the gunroom, oiling guns despondently. He raised no objections. In fact, he welcomed the idea. "Margaret says enough's enough," he told his employer and old friend. "And I'm never to see no more of Bella, or it's the parting of the ways; and Maggie takes up yon meat-chopper gadget, and she says to me: 'Or if it's no the parting o' the ways, it's the parting o' the spinal column, Jock Dunblane.' And we're to be married next Friday week, and here's a chance the night to say a last ta-ta to Bella."

For a prospective bridegroom, Jock looked somewhat woebegone. "Och, well," he consoled himself aloud. "There's grand cookin' and love forbye the meat chopper."

Colin went back. He could not think very well tonight, but Celtic premonition, second sight, was troubling him. Mad-

ness, he thought, sheer lunacy; and could not think.

"Diana wants to see the house," said Lady Violet. "Take her, Colin, would you? Show her the whole shooting match, except the old billiard room, of course. That's such a ghastly, cluttered shambles that shame forbids the housewife part of me." His mother glanced at him. "I shall remain here with a scarlet woman's dreams."

He took Diana round the house, the old part and the great nineteenth-century addition, by banquet hall and picture gallery, deep-embossed corridor, four-postered bedroom. He was nervous, so he took her quickly.

"Gosh!" she panted. "It's simply huge! Honey, once upon a time you must have been quite stinking, were you?"

How quaint and charming her expressions, but he knew them now. "Oh, yes," he said. "Quite stinking once upon a time, we was—we were, I mean. But since my grandfather built the big addition, we've been stinking less and less until stink negative."

SHE was in her merry mood again. How sweet the echo of her laughter in her vaulted halls. "What's this?"

"Door to the tower," he said. "It's ninety-seven steps."

"Come on," she said. "I'll race you."

She raced him and she beat him up ninety-seven winding steps in semi-darkness.

"How wonderful," she said, "even in the drizzle. Oh, how I love this Highland drizzle!"

"Me, too," he said. Why had he ever cursed the Highland drizzle?

"That's where the pheasants are," she said. "Where the fence cuts right across the point. Why do you keep them so locked up and sort of secret, honey?"

"Keeps foxes out," he said. Quite true. "Also, baby pheasants mustn't ever be disturbed by strangers. Healthier birds if not neurotic." He was doing well.

"Why, there it is!" she cried. "My nightmare rock!" Diana shuddered with strange grace. "I mean the rock just beyond the boathouse and lagoon. I never saw it before, yet I see it in my nightmare always every time. Do you see it, honey?"

"Yes." He also saw movement that was Jock in preparation. "Cold," he said. "Go down. You come behind, in case you stumble."

She came behind, and half-way down she stumbled on to him at one of the pitch-dark places, and he saved her, gallant fellow. "Oh, honey bear, we absolutely must go down." So down they went and through another wing. "What's that?" she asked.

"The billiard room," he said. "Now, this next one is the Young Pretender's Salon." They were nearly back where they started from.

"I tell you what!" she said. "Let's play a game!"

"O.K.," he said. "What game?"

"Hide and seek or sort of sardines. Just you and me, and I hide first, and you shut your eyes and hold your ears and count a hundred, then you look for me. And when you find me—why, there we are, two little sardines just cosy in a can together. Shall we?"

"O.K.," the poor laird croaked. At the end of a hundred he opened eyes and unstopped ears, and hunted Diana

Traill all round the house. But he could not find the delectable quarry, a co-sardine. At last she cooed impatiently in time-honored fashion. Where should her coos lead him but to the billiard room. "Locked," he said. "How d'you get in?"

"Oh, I just picked it," said Diana Traill. "I can pick any lock in half a shake." Was there anything she could not do? "Come here, my honey bear," she said in a very special tone of voice from a deep sofa, now reasonably uncluttered.

He went, and gladly, and time flew away too fast, but not completely, until some time or other she opened her eyes of midnight-blue and innocence and said to him, "Who shot all the mooses?"

"Father," he said. "Went to Canada one autumn." He looked at the two noble heads, palmated antlers vastly sweeping, monster beasts magnificent. "All the mooses," she had said.

Between these present was an unfaded patch of worst-Victorian-period wallpaper, a patch identical in shape and size with the great wooden shields on which the other specimens were mounted.

"What came over Number Three?" she asked. It was bound to happen, that inquiry.

"Moth," he said cleverly. "Moth got in and played the devil." And then he took her mind off the mooses and such things, and night stole in through magic casements of the billiard room.

"I hear Jock in the motorboat," she said one time, and said no more until somewhat later. "That's the best game of sardines I ever can remember, but, honey, will you drive me home? I must be in absolutely tiptop shape for Burton I. Carruthers. I'm just scared frozen stiff of him. And that reminds me about something you could tell me, honey. Why is it everyone around these parts seems sort of scared of you?"

It was too dark for him to see her eyes. "Dunno," he said. "Are people?"

"I said so, didn't I? But I don't get it. To me you seem just too angelic, soft, and nice to be quite true."

"You're angelic, soft, and nice," he said with all his heart. She stirred in a nice and soft, angelic way. "Truth is," he said, "I'm scared frozen stiff of you."

Would one not expect that any lady fair would like to have her knight in thrall, or, if not frozen stiff, at least obedient to her lightest whim? But not this lady fair. She bounded from the sofa, very cross; and Lady Violet had gone to bed; and so he drove her home in stiffly frozen silence all the way through drizzle. She did not even give him that mother's, lover's benefaction of a good-night kiss of hers. So home again through drizzle to a dreadful nightmare.

Diana Traill took fifteen minutes off to hear the news, and the marriage announcement for next Friday week. She gave her blessing to the dizzy couple. Why is it, she thought, returning bare-headed through drizzle to her soggy tent. Why is it everybody's happy except me? Why am I such a fiend to that big tongue-tied softy? It's just as if there was some other horrid woman in me. Well, there is. I'll teach him.

The time was eleven-twenty-six—one hour and eleven minutes until the Chief was due. She shivered at the thought of Burton I. Carruthers. In describing such things as Japanese professors, debilitating nightmares, and the like, Diana

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Train was aided by a vivid imagination. Her awe of the Chief was genuine enough.

She put on her sheath of iridescent green. Then she put painted toenails into clumsy flippers. Then she tested flow and pressure expertly, fitted the contraption, looked carefully around. Not a single soul in sight this murky morning. She donned goggles, stole stealthily to the water's edge, and disappeared.

The loch was pocked with drizzle. Nobody saw the string of bubbles that was the only surface evidence of Diana Traill, that vengeful naiad. It was cold, but not too cold for a thoroughly healthy, skin-diving girl. She kept direction with her underwater compass. Oodles of time, she thought. I'll teach him to take me for a ride. I'll get a double scoop and teach him.

In a short time the monster loomed ahead. He was ten to fifteen feet submerged. His frame, or skeleton, was of metal pipe, like scaffolding. He had various wooden wings or planes,

Continuing . . . .

## The Secret of Loch Lure

(from page 47)

with ingenious stabilising trip devices. His head was Moose-head No. 3, with mayhem to the antlers.

His humps were two grey rubber bags of air in tandem—precisely adjustable buoyancy controls. His tail stretched far behind, articulated flipper-flopper, thrash-and-splash device, much like those skitter-scatter lures for catching bass. And to his stout forward pinning a wire or fine hawser was attached. It stretched out of sight in the dim waters of Loch Lure.

She dallied just a while. Was it sabotage she would commit? She swam right round the tail of Moosie. Is it hate that brought me here? she thought, and prowled with a flippered flurry of lovely legs along the other side and right up front, and grasped a truncated horn to rest. What

brought me here? What a mess of a horrid girl I am. I ought to be drowned, is what I deserve.

But then there was a thrumming, a resonance, a humming, a flow, a mounting weight of water pulling at her, tearing at her, as Moosie forged ahead, and faster, ever faster. Behind her, aft, was the tangle of wooden wings, control wires, trip devices—certain death if she let go. Diana Traill clung on to Moosie for dear life. Drowning she deserved but did not want.

"Jock," said Colin, "we'll take no chances. She says this fella's never early, never late. But still—Be ready at twelve o'clock precisely."

He took station with his glass at twelve o'clock. He crouched wetly at the edge of the rhododendrons and rested the telescope. Visibility was very poor but adequate. The orange tent was rather garish in this muted weather. The flaps were closed. The great lens and the camera were on the tripod, covered against the drizzle.

She would be waiting in there in her perfumed tent. I do hope she's cosy with the stove on, thought the laird. I do hope she's not scared too absolutely frozen stiff about that silly Chief of hers. He had taken a violent dislike to that unseen Chief of hers.

The seconds dawdled, and the minutes, and still Diana Traill did not emerge. He took his tired eye from the telescope. Along the fine new road above the loch there sped a black dreadnought of a Supercontinental car. It was as long as a medium house. It rolled in majesty past Bella Graham's post office, Pop and Sweetie shop, police station of the future.

It stopped above the tent. Telescope again. A man got out. He held a door for another man, who got out, too, and strode down to the tent and slapped at the tent and seemed like a commander barking orders. But there was no Diana Traill.

What now? the poor laird wondered desperately. She had flunked again and would be fired forever this time. But that Chief of hers, he had a fixation about big beasts and—Better placate the Chief for her sake.

"O.K., Jock!" he screamed. "O.K.," called the faithful Jock. The electric hum was sounding through the drizzle. But soon Jock screamed, "Here, Master Colin!"

Colin ran from his vantage point. He was down at the boathouse in short seconds. "He'll no come up! He'll no break surface!"

"Accelerate, you idiot!" Jock accelerated the electric navy surplus winch. That did the trick. Moosie surfaced a cable's length or two away. He swam in this direction, bow wave, hump and hump, and far behind the thrashing, splashing tail, Moosie forged in all his spendor but there was a difference.

Colin put up the stalking glass. What on earth was that thing clinging to the head of Moosie? Not an earthbound or a lochbound thing—a creature from the planet Mars, uncanny, goggle-headed.

And yet there was semblance of a human form, a glistening of wet brown skin, like arms and shoulders clinging, clinging for dear life to Moosie, and against the dark and shaggy hide, curve upon curve of iridescent emerald-green, a mermaid from the planet Mars. Colin watched in awe. It was astounding.

Moosie had reached his maximum speed through and altitude above the waters of the loch. The bow wave was tremendous. Then Mark Two's famous trip device came into action. Moosie and his clinging mermaid dived with porpoiselike abandon.

It was only then that mortal truth struck home to Colin McLure, of Castle Lure, Glenlure. His monster plunging with his skin-diving lady-love in waters deep in bottomless Loch Lure. "Oh, careful, Jock!" he cried in anguish.

"Careful?" Jock had been too much concerned with the careful niceties and skills of an ex-petty officer in mine-sweepers to notice Moosie's rider. And Jock's own nerves were none too calm. "Man!" he inquired irritably of his demoted laird. "Have you gone daft?"

But now the beast was close. The dark form of the beast—a paler splash of color, too—loomed in the deep lagoon, rose as the cable shortened, surfaced just below the boathouse. Jock switched off his winch, sighed

honey bear again. I will never call you 'honey.' . . . But, honey, what am I to call you?" "You may call me 'Colin' or you may call me 'darling'; no other appellation will I tolerate."

"Oh, Colin darling!" Both first time.

"Come here!" he said. Miss Traill came there obediently and gladly. "I'm just absolutely perished frozen stiff," she shivered in her wet bathing-suit in his native drizzle.

He took off his jacket of Harris tweed and put it on her, and embraced her manfully in his jacket in his shirt-sleeves in his native drizzle. Jock coughed discreetly.

"Well, what is it?" "Would the laird be able to spare a wee minute to be giving me instructions?" "Dismantle!" he commanded. "Moosie of Lure has served his purpose. Take him to bits. Destroy all evidence."

"Would I not be keeping the essential parts for mebbe a year or two, until we might get time to be after working on Mark Three, and mebbe have a baby Moosie bairn or two to swim along wi' Moosie? Would the laird agree to that?"

Colin ignored the vulgar fel-

low thought, watching the courtly, bareheaded figure move to the front door of Castle Lure.

"Bixie! Can it be true? Is it really you, after all these years?" Lady Violet in her scarlet trousers, Lady Violet blushing, Lady Violet quite bowled over.

"It is true, my dear," he said, and bowed his head with infinite grace to kiss her hand. "Thirty-four years, eleven months, and fourteen days have I waited for this moment."

"And you were never married, Bixie?" "Never, baby," he said. "Not once."

"And are you still the best pastry cook this side of heaven?"

"I have nearly thirty-five years of added experience," said Burton I. Carruthers, not boastfully, but with an Old-World diffidence most charming. "It has been my hobby and my relaxation."

"Oh, thank goodness!" said Lady Violet. "Seems like a different person," murmured a baffled voice at Colin's side. "He's never like this in the office."

"I paused in Goban to inspect that charming town and to inquire my way to Lure, when what should I see but a speaking likeness of the Lady Violet—slated to open a flower show, I believe—and the years fell back and my world fell tumbling round my ears, and I cast aside the precisely scheduled split-second and quite ridiculous habits of a lifetime, and I came in a fever of impatience, many minutes early, and stopped only at my tent to check on that wretched girl photographer of mine—missing again, of course—but then I saw the monster, a remarkably fine view, such as has never been vouchsafed to me before—and, next to pastry cooking, great beasts and mysteries of every kind have been my hobby—my fixation, one might almost call it."

"The only flaw in this most happy morning of my life has been the defection of that wretched girl," Burton I. Carruthers looked about. The change in the man was dynamic, awe-inspiring.

"Traill!" he barked. "You've flunked! You're fired!"

"Oh, no, I'm not, and don't you bark at me like some old seal. It's you and your silly Nation Globe Review that's fired by me as of this very minute, and I'll tell you why: I've found my very own dictator." Diana Traill looked up with utter love at her very own dictator, then turned to cry again, "It's you who's fired!"

Burton I. Carruthers seemed surprised, even discomfited; he turned back to Lady Violet. He glanced at her middle and lower sections, and winced.

"Ah, Bixie, don't you like my scarlet pantaloons?"

"Alas, my dear," he said, "I fear they do not quite suit your splendid amplitude."

"Hear, hear!" said Colin. His violent unseen dislike had vanished in thin air. He was forming the strongest devotion for Burton I. Carruthers. He looked down at Diana. "You were rude just then," he said. "Won't do at all. Come over now and say you're sorry."

Diana Traill went over in her flippers and his jacket in his native drizzle. She apologised quite nicely, and Colin welcomed Burton I. Carruthers cordially to his castle, and Lady Violet said, "Dear child, you're shivering. What on earth have you been up to this time? Come in at once. I will gladly lend you my scarlet pantaloons, and grateful as I am to you, I do fear Bixie may be right."

Thus did peace, prosperity, and bliss come in fair measure to Glenlure.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 7, 1959

## The Australian Davis Cup Team

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"When I have a headache I take an aspirin!"

at a job well done, looked away from the controls, and emitted a horror-stricken jackal howl.

Colin's lady-love was safe. Colin's anxiety gave way to something else. "Come out!"

"Who says I'm coming out?" The tuneful voice was muffled and indignant.

"Come out, I tell you!" Diana Traill came out. She was shivering a bit.

"Take that thing off!" She took her goggles and gear off. "Now see here, you great big double-crossing—"

"Shut up!" Well, then, Miss Traill attacked the laird. But the laird, with a much longer reach and in his present mood, was more than a match for Miss Diana Traill, or indeed for any jujitsu lady who might have the best of three tumbles with a big strong man. He simply pushed Miss Traill. She fell in the lagoon and clambered out again.

"You're so mean to me," she said or sobbed in a new tone of voice. She stared at him and shivered, her eyes great saucers.

"Mean to you? I lay on this performance especially for you. I arrange for you to get a photograph with your daddy's fifteen-thousand-smacker lens to gain the favor of that Chief of yours. And what do you do? How do you repay my kindness?"

"Oh, honey bear, I'm sorry."

"Let's get this straight, once and for all, and finally: You will never call me 'honey bear' again. You will never call me 'honey.' Say it after me."

"I will never call you

low. "Come with me!" he said to Diana Traill.

She came with him. She flip-flopped in her flippers with him through the pheasantry and past some hundreds of healthy unneurotic birds and through the gate in the high wire fence, and across the lawn, and she said, "Oh, gosh, hon—I mean, Colin darling, I'm absolutely scared stiff of you."

"Good," he said. "High time. But I am no tyrant. All I want is a life of peace."

"I can't just exactly promise—not at first. Still, I'll do my very best. I'll try every single day forever, Colin darling."

"There's my girl," he said.

He embraced her heartily with undying love, and they rounded the corner of the castle to see a black dreadnought of a car sweep to a standstill on the drive. A chauffeur skipped out to open a door and wait impassively upon the pleasure of his master. Now, from the solid, sober, elegant interior of the great machine there stepped a man.

His hair was a thatch of iron-grey; his skin was finely tanned; his build was spare, and he wore an impeccable, rather loosely cut dark suit that murmured "Savile Row," or the American equivalent. He was a tall man, head bowed a trifle in grave courtesy, a man of rare distinction.

"Burton I. Carruthers in the flesh," a soft voice murmured at Colin's side. But how could this be Burton I. Carruthers, her barking hero Chief, for whom he had formed a violent, unseen dislike? Girl's mad,



# Diary of wartime heroine

Films

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★ Twentieth Century-Fox brings "The Diary of Anne Frank" to the screen, with an 18-year-old newcomer, Millie Perkins, in the title role. She was selected following a world-wide search to find an unknown actress capable of portraying the Dutch-Jewish heroine. Anne's poignant and inspiring diary, kept during two years of hiding in German-occupied Amsterdam, was found by her father after Anne's tragic death in a Nazi concentration camp shortly before the end of World War II.



ATTIC conference between Mr. Krul (Douglas Spencer), Anne (Millie Perkins), Margot (Diane Baker), Peter (Richard Beymer), Meip (Dody Heath), Mrs. Frank (Gusti Huber), Mr. Frank (Joseph Schildkraut), and Mr. Van Duan (Lou Jacobi).

MILLIE PERKINS, as Anne Frank, with the cat she loved to play with. Anne's sunny nature and courage were a constant source of inspiration to her family and other people hiding from the Nazis in the attics of an old warehouse.





# The Trouble With Lazy Ethel

from page 17

khakis, and made his way to the dining saloon, where he hastily swallowed a glass of tomato juice and a cup of Sanka. Customarily this would have rendered him capable of facing the day, but past experience had never prepared him for the problems which arose even before he had time for what he affectionately referred to as his "morning's morning." Albright, who was his aide and who would have appeared quite at home in a brokerage house, began the day by asking, "What about personnel gear, General? Do you want that unloaded before the dry stores or the other way around?"

"I suppose our people will be happier if they get their own stuff ashore first. I want to start our people off smiling."

Regardless of his past command, Pike had always referred to his soldiers as "our people" and he saw no reason to change now.

"If we do that the stores may not get up to the mess in time for dinner. The kids are bound to be pretty excited and tired and will probably set up an awful howl."

"Unload the stores first then."

"What about all that movie equipment in number three hold? Do you want it ashore so we can have a movie tonight, or can it wait?"

Pike's eyes lit up, for if he had one passion in life it was the movies. He identified himself with every male star since the silent days, he read the credit titles, and when he could do so without being observed he read the fan magazines. He particularly liked war movies, perhaps because he had never seen actual combat.

"We ought to have a movie tonight if we can," he said as if he really didn't care. "Starts things off right. Builds morale."

"General, what about the natives on Nikki? I suggest we establish some kind of a policy now before we get there and while everybody is together in one place. It might avoid trouble later on. You could use the ship's loudspeaker system and tell them right after breakfast."

"Good idea. Set it up with the captain. And, incidentally, I think you better call me Governor instead of General. It sounds better under the circumstances, and I've observed that civilians are touchy about such things. Same thing as when I was in the Army. Never used the Herbert part of my name. Sounded better."

"Right, sir." By the time the sun rose the ship hummed with activity. And Zebulon Pike found all of it bothersome and confusing. Things were vastly different than he had imagined they would be. Why, sir, on a troopship everything ran like clockwork. This, he thought, as he searched his memory for an exact military simile, was more like the Italian mess at Caporetto. Well, sir, things would fall into line soon enough. Human beings, in or out of uniform, required and were most content with a firm leader.

Later, on the bridge, Pike stepped smartly to the microphone which the captain held out to him. Those passengers who bothered to make their way to the well deck forward looked up to see a husky man with thick grey hair and deeply tanned face. His eyes were small and set too close together, perhaps, but there was certainly no suggestion of weakness about his mouth or lack of determination in his chin. He held his shoulders well back, so much so that the buttons on his shirt seemed in immediate peril

of popping their moorings. The hand which seized the microphone was large and square. Before he spoke he smiled benignly down upon the small cluster of people. Then he covered the microphone with his hand and asked the captain where everybody was.

"Most of them are still eating breakfast or getting packed. Go right ahead, General, the system goes all through the ship. They'll hear you wherever they are, whether they want to or not."

Pike caressed his West Point ring. His confident smile returned, and in a carefully modulated voice, with, he thought, just the proper hint of authority, he began to speak.

"Ladies and gentlemen, May I have your attention, please? This is your Governor speaking . . . and the children, of course, too . . . we mustn't forget the little ones. Perhaps I should say citizens of Nikki, for that is what you will be for the next year . . ."

HE paused to let his opening take effect and pretended to clear his throat. Then suddenly an approach occurred to him which he fondled mentally for such a long time that several of the men on the foredeck sat down, lit cigarettes, and gazed off towards the horizon. Pike ignored them. Patton must have felt the same before the Bulge, he decided. Or Eisenhower before Omaha Beach.

He began again, more slowly, and his smile vanished as quickly as it had come.

"I am not Moses leading you to the promised land. But there, just on the horizon, is your new home. Nikki atoll. It is sixteen miles in diameter and the highest land on it is one hundred and fifty feet. It's a long way from anywhere . . . About all we can say about it is it's in the Pacific Ocean . . . Ho, ho!"

Pike waited for a responding laugh. There was none.

"There is a lagoon inside that coral reef where we're going to live . . . I don't mean

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

we're going to live in the lagoon . . . It's just there, that's all. Anyway, it's a big lagoon, more than ten miles wide from one end to the other . . . and I understand the fishing is pretty good. Unfortunately, there isn't much more to do on Nikki except work . . . Which is what we came for. There's good quarters for all, plenty of food, water, plumbing, recreation facilities, and even a movie. The Atlas Construction people do things right, and who couldn't if they had a couple of million dollars to throw around. Ho . . . Ho!"

This time Pike detected a faint titter among his audience, and he saw with satisfaction that several additional men and women had found their way to the foredeck.

"Maybe I'm not Moses, but you are all chosen people . . . chosen by the Commission because of your various skills . . . and believe me, we have everything from bankers and bakers to astronomers. All kinds of talent and brains in this outfit! Let me briefly restate our mission . . . the reason we are here . . . the reason the Atomic Energy Commission pays us to be here. I have been authorised at this time to inform you of

certain additional details, because now we are all officially a part of Operation Zeus. On or about February tenth of next year a thermonuclear explosion will take place to the north of us. This will not be a little firecracker like past bombs but an explosion of such proportions not even the big brains know what the effect will be."

Pike quickly held up his hand. It was almost a gesture of benediction.

"Now tut, tut . . . you mothers. And all the rest of you. We have nothing to worry about on Nikki. No one really has except the enemies of our country. The actual explosion will be a very long way from here. Our job is to serve as an auxiliary base to the island of Tuamoni. As you all know, most of the project will be directed from Tuamoni and I should say we're pretty lucky to be out here more or less on our own. Our job is to get ready for what happens later this year, because Operation Zeus will spread over several thousand miles, and it takes a lot of doing the ordinary person just never thinks about. And maybe that's a good thing . . . if he's a taxpayer. Ho . . . Ho!"

On this Pike obtained a very recognisable laugh, but it was spoiled for him almost instantly. He became aware that his wife had somehow found her way to the bridge. She leaned against the pilothouse, lit a cigarette, and blew the smoke towards him. The wind whipped the smoke away, but her eyes and the hopeless way she shook her head caused him to cover the microphone.

She said, "Go on, blowhard. Don't let me stop you."

Pike smiled sheepishly at the captain and set his jaw. He brought his hands together and his West Point class ring scraped along the microphone. It made a hideous scratching noise out of all proportion to his movement. His face reddened and his voice boomed unnaturally as he spoke again.

"Our mission here is to supply and service such auxiliary guard ships, research ships, and project aircraft as may come to Nikki. In addition, we will house and service a complement of scientists and foreign observers. Now there's just one thing more . . ."

Herbert Zebulon Pike's wife said, "Thank heavens for that!"

"Just this. Nikki atoll has been leased from the French Government under certain conditions. The main condition was this and I don't want you to forget it. The natives will be left strictly alone. They have been living here a long time and we're not supposed to upset them. They're all Mormons or Catholics, anyway, and they don't smoke or drink. Their village is separated from us by a deep-water channel, and I'm told that anyone who tries to swim that pass is just about committing suicide. The current runs six knots through here . . . so I say to you again, just forget about it. Let the natives go their way and we'll go ours. Okay? So much for that . . ."

Pike's wife said, "That's what you think."

"A few last details. We should dock in about thirty minutes. Go ashore as soon as you wish. My aide, Mr. Albright, will be standing at the bottom of the gangplank. He will give you the quarters assignments . . . and I want to ask you bachelors to let the married men and their families get set up first . . . They've got kids and all. Which reminds me that Miss Summer, our schoolteacher, rings the ol' bell

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# TELEVISION PARADE

● "The Californians," the new adventure-drama show (Sydney's Channel 9, Melbourne's Channel 7, Thursdays 9 p.m.), looks like being an interesting series.

IT tells the story of the violent days of the Californian goldrush through the eyes of a young Boston Irishman, Dion Patrick, who comes to California and the lawless world of San Francisco in 1851.

Adam Kennedy plays the part of Dion, and I should think he'll be a pin-up boy in no time. He's a hefty young man of 6ft. 3in., with fiery red hair and strong principles.

What makes it particularly interesting for Australian television is that the series, based on history, features the colorful, criminal Sydney "ducks."

The "ducks" were among the many Australians who joined the stampede to California looking for gold. They were mostly unemployed ticket-of-leave men who left Sydney on cargo ships when the news of the gold strike reached Australia.

At first many tried to make their fortunes at the diggings, but discouraged by the hard work returned to San Francisco to settle and make a living by battering on the miners who came into San Francisco with gold-dust.

By the beginning of 1850 they had founded Sydney Town, a well-defined area in the port quarter of San Francisco, where they did a lucrative trade in assault and robbery, larceny, looting, and "crimping."

"Crimping" was recruiting crews by force for crewless vessels, and was usually accomplished through one of the disorderly houses.

Clients, most of them miners down from the diggings, were doped during their visit, put aboard a ship, where they came to well out to sea.

The first episode of "The Californians" started with the arrival of Dion in San Francisco, where he tangled with the "ducks," who crimped one of his friends and benefactors.

"The Californians" is definitely adult TV, with plenty of his friends and benefactors. There was some realistic fight-



ABOVE: Dion Patrick, of "The Californians," throws a punch in his first fight with the Sydney "ducks." At left: Dion as he really looks.

ing in the first episode, a hanging (unseen) in the second one, but the censor has had a good look at the series and made sure it's not offensive.

One of the things that fascinated me in the second episode was Dion's first visit to the goldfields saloon-cum-coffee-shop. He paid for his coffee (not espresso—out of a battered old enamel jug) with a pinch of gold-dust.

By  
NAN MUSGROVE

Dion, young in the ways of the goldfields, is shocked by the gambling ways of his partner, but is brought up sharply by a realistic character.

"How do you know what gold might do to you?" he asked.

I hate to think myself, because just watching "The Californians" gives me the urge to rush to the diggings and get some coffee money at least.

"The Californians" enjoys a very high rating in America.



"If you promise not to laugh, I'll tell you how it happened."

Perhaps there's a lesson here, but there they find it appeals most of all to what they call the "young housewife" and "large family" homes.

Their quiz show, the 64,000-dollar question, is the opposite side of the penny. It appeals to the "older housewife" and "small family" homes.

★ ★ ★  
WHEN I went to school, "minding your Ps and Qs" meant behaving yourself with the utmost correctness, but now it has been taken into American TV jargon. And it doesn't mean what it used to.

If you hear someone say "Channel 97" is minding its Ps and Qs, he means the channel is watching its P. popularity ratings and Q-quiz shows.

Just to keep you abreast of the local jargon, the favorite at the moment is "over-exposed." If you hear that Herman Hufferuffer is resting because he has been "over-exposed," don't send him a get-well card. It only means he has made so many appearances on your screen that he's unpopular with viewers.

My personal favorite is the word currently applied to televisioners who over-expose themselves to daytime TV and don't get enough sun. They're known as "minties." Get the picture?

★ ★ ★  
THERE has been a great deal of talk naming TV as the sinister agent that ruins children's schoolwork, but one wise parent has found it a spur to better things.

Her daughter, aged 9, was given a six months' trial at TV. She could watch every night till 8 o'clock from the time they bought the TV last June until her final examinations. If her results, never more than moderate, were any worse, TV was out for 1959.

For the first time in her school history daughter topped the class at the end of the year, and now luxuriates in televiewing regardless.



at eight tomorrow morning... so least the kids will be off to a flying start. Readin' and writin' and 'rithmetic.

Pike almost sang his last words; then his manner changed abruptly and his voice became husky with emotion.

"We have a big job to do, my friends. Operation Zeus will be a monument in the history of mankind. It is a new shield for democracy. Good luck to you."

Pike waved his hand and lowered the microphone. His wife said, "What's the trouble, honey? You run out of wind?"

When Pike disappeared from the bridge rail, most of the people on the deck split into groups of three and four and watched the black line of Nikki atoll on the horizon. They saw it first as two islands. The more knowing explained that the illusion was caused by the channel which cut through to the lagoon. In a few minutes they were able to distinguish individual palms, and on one side of the channel a splatter of faded red roofs among the trees. Someone pointed out a red church spire and listening they could hear a bell tolling.

One man ignored the approaching land. He was slim and very tall. He was not handsome; in fact, he had often been told that he bore a remarkable resemblance to the young Abe Lincoln. While the similarity was lessened by his short-cut hair, there remained a certain quiet dignity which successfully preserved the illusion. Now he appeared entirely absorbed in the sky.

He stood with his hands in his pockets and studied the quickly changing cloud formations, and on his face there lingered a smile of appreciation as if he alone shared a secret with the variety of cumulus and cumulo-nimbus and the wisps of cirrus far above them. After a while he took a short pipe from his shirt pocket and sucked on it thoughtfully. Since he stood as far apart from the others as the foredeck would permit, his reverie was undisturbed until the ship slowed to approach the wharf. Then Albright, the Governor's aide, came to him.

"You're Adam Smith, aren't you?"

"What?" Albright's diction was not easy to follow. His voice was peculiarly resonant and he puckered his lips into a small rosette as he spoke. And so the effect was a mixture of a lisp and also that of a man who had just severely burned his tongue.

"I said you're Adam Smith." "Well, yes... I am."

"Right, I'm Albright, the Governor's aide."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Albright."

Adam automatically extended his hand. He withdrew it when he saw that Albright had not the slightest intention of clasping it.

"Right. The Governor would like to know if it will rain tonight."

Adam smiled and shook his head in disbelief. Finally he said, "Well, now... I just couldn't say one way or..."

"You're our weather chap, aren't you?"

"Well, yeah. But, golly... I'm not a fortune-teller."

"The Governor is extremely anxious about the movies tonight. It's an open-air theatre, you know, wooden benches, no roof... that sort of thing, and the Governor is most anxious that our first evening go off without a hitch."

"Well, golly! I just got here... I'm not even there yet. I have no map and I don't know the local conditions and even if I did, forecasting weather is a complicated..."

"Look, old fellow. The Governor wants an answer. And in case you're not aware of it, Governor Pike does not

Continuing . . . .

## The Trouble With Lazy Ethel

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like equivocations. Is it going to rain or is it not?"

Adam said slowly, "I just don't know."

"I can't tell him that, Come along. Give me some kind of an answer."

"All right. You tell the Governor that I don't think it's going to rain... but anybody who's going to the movies had better take their raincoats."

"I doubt if the Governor will appreciate that report."

"Well, it's the only one I have. By the way... You happen to know where I'll be living?"

Albright ruffled some papers. "Building C with the other bachelors."

"Thanks a lot."

Albright turned on his heel and was gone as suddenly as he had appeared.

Now, with the ship barely moving towards the wharf, Adam looked away from the sky and found interest in the land. He saw that the shore shelved up from an outer reef in the manner of most coral atolls, and he saw how the channel split the land and led directly to a further expanse of water which would be the lagoon. He could not perceive any sign of land beyond the lagoon; in fact, it appeared as limitless as another sea.

He was surprised and unaccountably disappointed in the native village, now fully revealed behind the palms which stretched along the shore. It was much smaller and much neater than he had anticipated. It appeared deserted, and only the occasional cry of a rooster gave any indication of life. Then he remembered it was Sunday morning.

When the ship came to rest alongside the wharf, Adam went down to the cramped cabin he shared with two other men and picked up his suitcase and a duffel bag. Then he made his way to the deck again, excusing himself several times as he collided with other passengers, all of whom, he thought, appeared to be in a near panic to get ashore.

A Marine sergeant with whom Adam had struck up a nodding acquaintance during the two-day voyage down from Tuamani was trying to herd the women and children into some semblance of order. Adam knew that his name was Doolan, and now he appeared to be dangerously harassed. So when Doolan passed close to him, breathing short as if to contain his frustration, Adam smiled. Doolan accepted the smile as a signal of sympathy.

Scowling at the people milling around him, he said: "You'd think the Governor really was leading them to the promised land. We only got just so much transport, and everybody wants to get settled down with their grandmaw's picture over the mantel in sixteen seconds!"

Sgt. Doolan passed on, and Adam sat down on his duffel bag. The separate sounds of confusion about him melted into one another and became a monotonous hum. He had almost dozed off when he felt a small and very moist hand touch his own. Adam opened his eyes and saw a scrawny boy standing before him. The boy's eyes were filled with tears.

"You see my mother, mister?"

"I'm not sure I know your mother."

"She's purty."

"Most mothers are. What's the matter? Lost her?"

The boy nodded his head.

"She'll turn up. They always do. What's your name?"

"Floyd Dunbar."

Adam held out his hand and

said that his name was Adam.

"That's the name of the first man ever invented, ain't it?"

"That's right."

Adam got up from his duffel bag, and, holding the boy's hand, he made his way through the crowd around the gangway entrance until they emerged upon the deck.

There were several women on the fringes of the crowd. None of them displayed the slightest interest in the boy. When they reached a free place along the rail, Adam hoisted him to his shoulder so he could look down upon the wharf. Below, Adam recognised Albright and saw that he was surrounded by a huddle of men and women.

"Any of those people belong to your family, Floyd?"

"Nope."

"Let's just wait here till they do show up."

Adam heard a woman's voice behind him call Floyd's name. He turned and was surprised



to see that the woman was very young. She wore a simple cotton dress over a figure which already suggested dimples.

"Floyd! Where you been?"

"Just lookin' around at things. Me and Adam here."

Adam said, "Floyd and I have had a nice talk."

"Thanks, mister. My husband had to go ashore right away and fix some piece of machinery that already busted down. He left me with all the baggage and the kids and all, and I got stuff stacked all over the boat. Just like pioneer times, ain't it? I feel like we should be riding in a covered wagon. Come see us when we get settled in. Our name's Dunbar."

"Sure." They melted at once into the crowd at the gangway. Adam was about to return to the comfort of his duffel bag when Carlos Raveza joined him at the rail. Carlos was fat and just now he was very hot and his shirt was already sopping with moisture.

Carlos said, "I think they keep us here all day, maybe, no?"

"Seems like there's some tie-up in transportation."

Carlos pushed his stomach against the rail until it resembled a punctured tyre. He shoved his battered straw hat defiantly over one eye and peered down at the wharf.

"That Mr. Albright. His English no comprehend."

"I had a little trouble myself. But then I think he must be an Easterner and they talk funny... or a lot of them do."

"He speaks in the manner of a Linney."

"I guess he's just trying to earn a living."

Suddenly a sadness came to Carlos' eyes.

"This place looks some little like Mexico... Tampico, you would say. But, naturally, not so gay. In Tampico no person gets excited... ever. Positively never. It is, how you say, against the law."

"You mean against custom."

"However you desire it. I was born in Tampico."

Poking a fat finger into the upper roll of his body, Carlos made the announcement as if it were an historic occasion. Then he added, "You can see by my teeth that I was born in Tampico."

"Your teeth?"

"In Tampico there is not one single dentist. It has something to do with the water."

Parting his lips, Carlos displayed his teeth. "Regard! Not so much as one single excavation!"

"They look pretty good."

Carlos turned the palms of his hands upward and moved them apart slowly. Then he

answered, "Finany he said, it beats me."

"Exactly! Now you have say a thing of intelligence. The Governor also say one thing of intelligence, but he forget the main thing. Yes, this must be a big affair... very grand, as who but men with very large brains could think up such a big firecracker and have the braveness to light the fuse? But the Governor forget to say that children should not play with dynamite."

"I guess the scientists know what they're doing."

"They do... but we don't."

And we, my friend, happen to be you and I, the little brains in this big world. And it is the little brains, not the big ones, who are really going to use this firecracker... which is why we will wake up some day, and God or the devil will ask us how we got where we are, and the only intelligent thing to say will be, 'It beats me.'"

Trillions of organisms which united and perished together so that Nikki atoll might project above the surface of the sea were thus engaged for, some said, a thousand years. Others said five thousand years and others said five hundred years. It depended on who held forth upon its creation; whether it was Yip Kee, the young Chinese merchant; or Fat Sue, the old Chinese merchant; or Andre, the Mormon elder; or Father Louis, the Catholic priest. Or you might listen to the soft explanation of Tanni, the native chief who had little respect for the theory of coral organisms; or his wife Lua, who had even less; or M. DeLage, who ran the post office and the atoll's feeble wireless that was supposed to maintain contact with the outside world.

M. DeLage, who had found his way to Nikki all the way from Lyons via America and consequently knew a great many things, said that Nikki was only partially built by coral polyps and offered as proof the fifty-metre hill which rose on the southerly side of the formation. No other atoll in the whole Pacific had such a hill. Therefore, according to M. DeLage, some volcanic disturbance must have been involved at the birth of Nikki. DeLage proposed that Nikki was a poor relative of Tuamani, which had heaved itself frothing towards the sky and left a jagged pyramid which could be seen for a hundred miles. Tuamani was brooding and cloud-covered and thick with jungle.

Life had always been more tranquil on Nikki atoll, and some gave credit to the easy topography. Nikki was shaped like a flat doughnut. The organisms apparently had become exhausted from their efforts just before they completed the gigantic circle and so failed to meet by a few hundred yards. Some of the older inhabitants who kept faith with the ancient beliefs maintained that a hungry sea monster took a bite out of the atoll and thus formed the pass which led into the lagoon. They said, "Ahwe! You can see it yourself!"

Even the climate on Nikki was different from Tuamani. Except for a month of almost continuous rain during December it was relatively dry and the nearly constant trade winds gave an illusion of vigor to the air. Storms were rare and there had not been a hurricane for a very long time.

The coconut palms were healthy and bore well enough so that the gathering and drying of copra had long been the chief source of income for the inhabitants. A second source was found in the lagoon, where the clear bottom provided enough mother-of-pearl shell to keep the divers busy three months of every year. This was just enough to pay off their debts at the two Chinese

pairs on Nikki, and now there were two settlements.

Certain unpleasantness prevented Nikki from becoming a paradise. The rat population was large and bold. There were countless land crabs for which no one had ever been able to discover the slightest use. There were sharks in the lagoon, most of which were considered harmless, but those which lurked in and about the channel were known to be extremely antagonistic. And so the native divers avoided the channel, and even when the sharks showed an interest in their work in the lagoon they climbed aboard their outriggers and moved to another area.

There were a few cases of elephantiasis on Nikki, but these were regarded as a part of life and those who suffered from it flatly refused to go to the clinic in Tahiti. And there had always been the "No-mu" fish which concealed itself in the sand along the inner and outer reefs, and if a man was so unfortunate as to step on one he instantly discovered true agony. It was so that a No-mu's spine contained such vicious poison that the victim was invariably driven mad with pain and, frothing at the mouth, usually welcomed death within a few hours.

Thus the combination of evils and blessings on Nikki atoll was reflected in the temperaments of the people, who had dwelt there long before the first missionaries arrived to confuse them. Because of their isolation they were healthier than most Polynesians. Impetigo, yaws, pneumonia, and malaria were non-existent. They were also more industrious. Poverty was unknown and so was crime. Authority was vested in the chief, who was elected every six years, and the candidate was invariably chosen for his wisdom, gentility, and good nature.

Three days after the ship had disembarked her passengers, Tanni, the Chief of Nikki, stood on the opposite side of the channel and waited for an approaching motor launch. He was dressed in his best for the occasion: white shirt with tails hanging out and immaculately laundered shorts. He wore his wrist-watch, although it had not functioned for some time. Beside him stood Terry Mack, who was a Melanesian instead of a Polynesian, and was therefore hirsute and was therefore constantly in need of a shave.

Terry Mack was a Cook Islander who had wandered as far as Nikki looking for a place to settle down. He was very small and blind in one eye. He was not regarded as a first citizen of Nikki, but since he hailed from British-mandated territory he did speak English, which accounted for his present position of honor. The entire population of Nikki village, including several squalling babies, was dispersed loosely behind the pair.

When the motor launch bounced against the old wharf, Herbert Zebulon Pike was the first occupant to step ashore. He was followed by five men, all of them unnaturally solemn for Pike had said, "All right now, gentlemen. Let's watch our behaviour. This is important. We must get off on the right foot with the locals. I've always found getting on with the locals of the utmost value in any operation."

All of the men, with the exception of Sgt. Doolan, who had been warned to leave his side arms in his quarters, made a clumsy departure from the launch. Albright's sun helmet fell forward and temporarily blinded him when he reached out for the wharf. Dr. Case, to whom Pike had said, "You just might have a look at the medical situation over there..."

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diseases . . . our own protection, you know," became so entranced with the fishes beneath the wharf he almost fell between the pilings and the launch.

Captain Michaud, the handsome French observer assigned to Operation Zeus, was equally taken with a group of maidens behind the Chief and missed his footing twice. However, one of the many Press relations men assigned to Zeus required Doolan's assistance in leaving the launch. He had already discovered that he was the one man on Nikki whom Pike feared, and consequently he could get as drunk as he pleased any time he felt like it. He finally staggered into the informal line which had formed behind Pike.

Pike covered the distance which separated him from the Chief in three forceful strides. There was a faint click from the vicinity of his heels as he came to a halt. His hand started involuntarily towards his right eye as if he would salute and then shot forward. And for a moment he seemed at loss for a greeting. Finally he said, "How do you do, sir."

Tanni took his hand most gently in the Polynesian fashion, which was far more of a caress than a contest of strength. Pike managed to conceal his displeasure.

"Pike's the name. I bring you greetings from your new neighbors across the channel."

It was an opening Pike had rehearsed several times in the privacy of his bathroom. Now, he thought, it sounded just right for the occasion, and he was pleased until he realised that Tanni had not understood a word.

The Chief turned to Terry Mack and they conversed quietly in Tahitian. Finally Terry Mack focused his good eye on Pike and said, "The Chief thanks you jolly much. 'E sez 'e's glad to see you lookin' so fat."

Pike instantly sucked in his stomach. His lips worked impatiently as Terry Mack continued.

"The Chief sez 'e 'opes you and all yer people are 'appy and if yer want any washin' done 'e women will do it."

Pike looked down upon Terry Mack with disapproval. The little man was not his idea of a dignified interpreter.

"Tell the Chief thanks very much, but we have our own laundry. Also tell him I would like to know the disease situation on Nikki."

"The disease situation?" Terry Mack was openly bewildered. His good eye sought the sky for a suitable answer.

"Yes, I want to know about typhoid, any fevers."

Terry Mack gave a knowing smile and said: "We're all very healthy here, m'lad."

Pike's face became red. The veins in his powerful neck enlarged and his lips became a tight, thin line.

"Captain Michaud, would you mind lending a hand as interpreter? If I could communicate with the Chief in French we could get rid of this renegade. I can't say I care for his attitude."

Terry Mack stood his ground. He said, "The Chief don't savvy French, m'lad."

"Then let me straighten out a few things . . . In the first place I am not your lad. I am the duly appointed Governor of our settlement on Nikki and as such I am the senior representative of the United States Government. You will address me with the respect that position deserves."

"Righto, Guv'nor."

Terry Mack seemed honestly contrite.

"In the second place, your duty as an interpreter is to faithfully translate the remarks of the two parties involved and not insert your own opinions. Now, is that clear?"

## The Trouble With Lazy Ethel

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"Clear as the sky, Guv'nor. But I've seen you Yank blokes before and you bring a lot more trouble than you take away."

Pike exploded. "I don't give a hoot what you happen to think! You stick to your business and tell the Chief this is not in any sense a military operation."

"Then what is that soldier 'agin' about with you?"

"He's not a soldier, dammit! He's a marine! He and four of his men merely have the duty of keeping order in our colony."

"Knowing Yanks, I should think that's 'ardly enough . . ."

"Shut up!" Pike swerved and looked at Albright. "This is impossible! This impudent clown is deliberately insulting us."

"You instructed me to stay out of this, sir. But, if I am free to make an observation, I would suggest patience."

"Maybe he's a Russian spy," Hanover mumbled.

Pike turned back and tried to split a smile at the Chief and a glare at Terry Mack. The result was confusing. After a moment he managed to continue, although his words came with ominous slowness.

"You tell the Chief that we are normal, law-abiding people. Our population includes several married couples and their children. We have as well some of the most distinguished scientists in the world and the representatives of France, England, and Japan. This is merely a courtesy visit. We have not the slightest desire to interfere with the Chief's village or his people in any way, shape, or form. I have given the strictest orders that no one shall cross the channel, although if the Chief or any of his people wish to visit us, they will be most welcome. Now, is that all clear? Do you think you can get it across without making a botch of it?"

TERRY MACK shrugged his shoulders and said innocently, "Why not?"

Then while Pike fidgeted he turned to Tanni and spoke with many gestures in the Polynesian manner.

When Terry Mack concluded his speech there was silence while Tanni thoughtfully examined the face of each man in Pike's party. There was no emotion in his large brown eyes. He seemed to be looking into the men rather than at them, neither approving nor disapproving. Pike clasped his hands uncertainly behind his back and assumed an at-ease posture. Capt. Michaud reached for a pack of cigarettes in his shirt pocket and then, thinking better of it, dropped his hand. Dr. Case, suddenly uncomfortable beneath Tanni's searching look, tried a half-smile and abandoned it almost instantly.

Albright experimented with his balance as was his habit. Hanover, suddenly sobered, wiped the perspiration from the pouches beneath his eyes and worked his dry tongue across his lips. Doolan alone appeared unaffected by the Chief's examination. He stood rigidly at attention and stared at a red tin roof he had selected as a target at the end of the village street.

At last Tanni seemed satisfied with what he had seen. He beckoned lazily towards one of the women, who moved quickly forward and held out a large cardboard box. Tanni reached into the box and drew out a necklace of sea shells. The shells were a mottled brown and highly polished, so much so they glittered in the sunlight as he placed the necklace around Pike's neck. Then he moved solemnly among his visi-

tors and presented each one with a necklace from the box. When he had finished, he returned to his position and spoke briefly to Terry Mack.

"The Chief sez yer welcome to Nikki, and 'e 'opes yer women will like the shells. You ought to. It takes a long time to get that particular kind."

"Tell the Chief we deeply appreciate his gifts. Albright! Why didn't you tell me this sort of thing was goin' to happen? We should have brought something for these people."

"I'll see that a launch brings over something appropriate this afternoon."

"The Chief sez would you like to see the village?"

"We would be honored," Pike said.

And so Tanni and Pike, with Terry Mack trotting along between them, led the procession along the sun-baked street which was the only one in Nikki.

They saw the Mormon church and admired its crudely painted glass windows; and they entered the Catholic church, which was smaller but more serene beneath a cluster of palms. Dr. Case observed that the Atlas Construction Company seemed to have remembered everything but a church in their own establishment, and Pike said yes, that was wrong and that he would do something about it.

They saw the Chinese store of Fat Sue, whose wares consisted of canned goods, fish-hooks, and needles and thread, and they saw the store of Charlie Yip Ker, who sold exactly the same things. They inspected a line of sheds in which copra was drying, and Tanni ordered two boys to open enough coconuts so they could each have a drink of the milk.

The tour of the village took less than an hour, and the re-embarkation into the launch went off without incident. As the launch pulled away from the wharf, Pike stood erect in the stern and waved his hand at the assembled crowd. He reserved a final salute for Tanni. The departure was robbed of some dignity by Terry Mack, who called after them with the maximum effort of his lungs, "Keep yer nose clean, Guv'nor!"

The question of a name for their settlement troubled the people who now occupied the buildings set up by the Atlas Construction Company. They could not call the place Nikki because that was already the name of the native village across the channel and, furthermore, it identified the entire atoll. Yet everyone seemed to feel the need of a name suitable to their new home. Debates on the subject flourished in the mess hall and at times almost led to violence. There were innumerable suggestions and no one from Pike to little Floyd Dunbar hesitated to voice his opinion.

Sue-Anne Pike, who managed to be present at the closing of the bar each night, said she didn't give a hollerin' hoot what the place was finally named if they didn't call it "Bourbonville." Her selection won some support among the

more carefree settlers who waited for the bar to open at five each day and were invariably present when it closed at ten.

Others were inclined to be more conservative. Professor Tasamachi, the Japanese observer, suggested "Babylon" because, as he pointed out, it would not be in existence for long. Pete Walsacki, the boss plumber, liked "Little Toledo." He was able to persuade Barney Dunbar, the boss carpenter, Pinkey Riley, the baker, and Ellsworth Tompkins, the chief of mechanical maintenance, to his way of thinking. This was a powerful coalition.

There were independents particularly among the scientific team now resident on Nikki. Dr. H. P. V. Callandar, the physicist, inserted the problem in his IBM-machine brain and after several days of almost audible clicking came up with "Station Sixty-One." His choice aroused so little enthusiasm he never had an opportunity to explain why the number so appealed to him. Dr. Herman Keim, the astronomer, said why not just call the place Nikki and let confusion reign; it was always stimulating. He could enlist no support whatever and brooded for several days on what he called the "human yearning for special identity."

The matter was settled for everyone by a mandate which came down from Tuamoni. The message danced across the Pacific sky and found its way down to the prefabricated shack which served as the communications centre. It was Sunnie Mandel who saw it first on the number three radioteletype machine.

"Well, whadda know. We got a name!"

She turned to Margaret Trumpey, who shared the work in the centre, and pointed at the still-clacking machine. Sunnie blew out her cheeks and said, "Wait until Herbert Zebulon Pike gets a load of this! One of those big brains on Tuamoni has fractured a cell! Ya just gotta be dippy to think up such stuff . . ."

Margaret joined her before the machine. Standing side by side, the two became as much a contrast as Nikki atoll and the island of Tuamoni, where the message had originated. Sunnie Mandel was so thin that in certain lights her skin gave the impression of being translucent, and only the lively sparkle in her eyes rescued her from appearing sickly.

Margaret would have made two of Sunnie. Her facial features were lovely, her eyes wide-set and intelligent, her mouth well formed and inviting.

And when she smiled it was impossible not to admire her perfect teeth. Her complexion was a striking heritage, and when struck by sunlight her tawny hair became like well-polished gold.

Unfortunately, Margaret's beauty ended abruptly at her neck, which was all too sturdy. Her neck matched her body and her powerful legs. She would have fitted perfectly into a nineteenth-century landscape stacking grain or crushing grapes with her bare feet. An artist who had once dined at Margaret's home in Beloit, Wisconsin, said that Margaret had not been born like other girls but had really escaped from a Rubens painting.

The next day Margaret went to the library and spent almost an hour studying Rubens. She was both embarrassed and sad. For the artist had been right. He only neglected to mention that fashions in the female figure had changed, and that to people who were not artists,

## STARS IN VINEYARD



FINAL DAY of exterior shooting on "This Earth Is Mine" found Rock Hudson and Jean Simmons sitting in a Californian vineyard, waiting for the camera to turn.

## New Film Releases

### ★★ ME AND THE COLONEL

Columbia drama, with Danny Kaye, Curt Jurgens, Nicole Maurey. Lyceum, Sydney.

FROM the beautifully paced and arrestingly photographed opening sequence, it is obvious that this is going to be an exceptional film.

A new, superbly sensitive and polished Kaye plays the straight dramatic role of a gentle and cultivated Polish Jew attempting to escape from a France being overrun by the occupying Germans.

Expediency and Kaye's acquisition of a huge Rolls-Royce persuade an autocratic, woman-and-wine-loving Polish colonel (Jurgens) to join him in the escape attempt.

The adventures of this unlikely combination, plus the colonel's girl-friend (Nicole Maurey) and batman (Akim Tamiroff), mix subtle humor with pathos.

If now and again Jurgens almost lets the role of the stiff-necked colonel get away from him, he always manages to retrieve the situation honorably. Notably so with his surprisingly moving portrayal of a momentarily broken man.

The admirable screen script of S. N. Behrman (English translator of the original play, "Jacobowsky and the Colonel") has been finely directed by Peter Glenville.

In a word . . . **RECOMMENDED.**

### ★★ THE PERFECT FURLOUGH

Universal comedy, with Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh, Linda Cristal. In Eastman Color, CinemaScope. State, Sydney.

THOUGH Curtis doesn't specially shine as a comedian, there are so many basically funny comedy situations in this

film that his lack of the real comedy touch doesn't much matter.

Janet Leigh is an Army psychologist who suggests that the men of an Army polar base, suffering from low morale, should draw for a three weeks' "perfect furlough."

Something of "a head," Curtis arranges that he's the man, Paris the place, and a glamor South American film star (Linda Cristal) his companion.

However, Curtis' record of amorous scandals is such that the Army decided the pair must be accompanied by Lieut. Leigh and another watchdog of Army morals.

A great number of complications—most of them very funny—arise in Paris before finally the real-life husband-and-wife team of Curtis and Leigh are married with the Army's blessings.

Keenan Wynn, as Linda's manager, and Elaine Stritch, as her chaperon, both do some nice work.

In a word . . . **LAUGHS.**

## Movie news

TITANUS FILMS of Italy plan to do a parody, "Toto In Madrid," of "Naked Maja," which starred Ava Gardner and Tony Franciosa.

The Titanus parody will star Abbe Lane, wife of band-leader Xavier Cugat, and the European clown Toto.

In the film Toto forges Goya paintings, using Miss Lane as his model, and sells them as previously hidden masterpieces done by his late ancestor.

★ ★ ★  
QUOTING rising young Latin-type actor Sal Mineo on what he calls "switch-blade punk" roles: "I've turned down large sums of money for more than a year rather than play these roles. Studio people told me I'd have to accept them. But I decided I didn't have to."

### Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 3500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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and especially to the young men of Beloit, Margaret Trumpey was just overweight. This was untrue. She could not have lost a pound if she tried. She was simply peasant-busky. Yet few young men in Beloit, conditioned by a generation which believed the deliberate malformation of the female figure to be a supreme social duty, understood or appreciated Margaret's honest and graceful proportions. Which was why she was not very unhappy to find herself so far away from home.

Now standing beside Sunnie Mandel, a quiet smile crept along her lips as she watched the last stutters of the machine.

**DIRECT URGENT PIKE FOR CONVENIENCE C O M M U N I C A T I O N S YOU NOW CLASSIFIED CODE NAME PISTOL TWO PERIOD OA TITIA ATOLL WILL BE DESIGNATED OA AND EXPLOSION SITE TRIGGER PERIOD COMPLY IMMEDIATELY AND FROM NOW ON SO DESIGNATE PERIOD ALL CONCERNED AIRCRAFT AND SHIPS ADVISED PERIOD SIGNED KEATING**

The machine paused and then clacked off EOM, for end of message. Sunnie pulled the yellow paper upward and tore it off below the signature name. She said: "Which one of us is going to risk her life delivering this to His Majesty? Last I heard the Governor was bound and determined to name us Pike City just in case somebody might forget who's boss."

Margaret said, "I'll take it over. I have to pick up the weather map, anyway."

"Lucky you."

"How do you mean?"

"That weather guy. He's pretty cute . . . for a jerk. That is, his face is kind of cute, you know, sort of Abraham Lincoln-y without the beard, you know, sort of the kind that shoulda been a minister, or could be if he turned his collar around. But he's so quiet! He don't talk. Maybe because he's living with an important secret . . . like he was in the Foreign Legion, or he has a wife who is in a T.B. sanatorium, or maybe really he's a counter-intelligence man . . . or, you know . . ."

Cripes, I never met anybody like him either back in Nyack or none of the other projects I worked on. Like NATO.

"But this weather guy is a character, believe me. Maybe he was tortured by the Chinese or something and they cut out his tongue."

At the door Margaret said, "He talks to me every time I go for the map."

"Yeah? What's he say?"

"Hello. Sometimes he even says goodbye."

"He must be in love with you. Maybe that's it. He made some kind of an oath with himself which keeps him Silent Sam until he meets the woman he will love. She will wear some kind of a special sign, like a chrysanthemum or a pearl in her right ear or . . ."

Margaret laughed. "Sunnie, if I had your imagination!"

Sunnie's face saddened and the expression was so rare Margaret waited at the door.

"You don't have to make the compliment talk, Margaret. I don't really have any imagination. I'm just repeating the kind of talk that's pretty standard in the Ree-Jay Club. I'm sort of a charter member and it seems like now that smart-aleck yak has become a part of me. But then I can see from your face you never heard of the Ree-Jay Club."

"I've never been much of a joiner."

"Well, don't ever join the Ree-Jays. There's too many of us now. It's sort of a poor girl's Junior League. I can spot a member a mile off. To

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## The Trouble With Lazy Ethel

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qualify you got to be just naturally ugly."

Sunnie glanced at Margaret's legs and then she looked quickly at her face again. Their eyes met, understood, and turned away. Sunnie started to talk again, but she now spoke uncertainly as if she were seeking a convenient exit from what she had begun.

"Well, mainly, there's got to be something about your personality men don't like and which all the mouth wash in the world won't help. Maybe the girl has a little moustache on her upper lip, or happens to be eight feet tall, or maybe she's all skin and bones like me. The funny thing is some of the nicest gals in the world belong to the Ree-Jays, only I guess it isn't really very funny. Because no one but ourselves ever bothers to find that out."

"I'm beginning to feel like I'm missing something worth while."

"Oh, no, you're not. Don't go and get ideas like that, for heaven's sake! Ree-Jay is our laugh-clown-laugh way of saying reject. These Government projects are full of us. The best training ground is the W.A.C.'s, where you learn to lie in your bunk at night in the dark and cry inside and know that every other girl in the room will know just how you feel."

"I've known Ree-Jays who were thirty years old and never had a date in their lives. They never even had a chance to mess one up. Nobody wants them hanging around home if they ever had a home to begin with, and the competition is too rough in the average business firm. So what does a Ree-Jay do? She signs up to go overseas with some outfit and the good old Government is usually the only outfit who'll take her. Overseas, see, things are supposed to be different, and maybe the men aren't so particular, because they're supposed to be lonely. Malarkey! The men go out with the native girls whether they're slant-eyed, brown-skinned, or what. The men know a reject when they see one, and if they're going to marry anybody it's Little Nell back home, or Fraulein Schmeercase in Europe, or Madame Butterfly if they get real good and desperate in the Far East."

"One thing is good about being a Ree-Jay. You get a lot of readin' done and you go to lots of movies . . . by yourself. Which is how I get all those crazy ideas I just spouted about that weather guy. And if you think I'm feeling sorry for myself, well I am. I do it every once in a while. It's purifying."

Margaret looked at Sunnie and saw that there was not a trace of bitterness in her eyes. Then she said, "I'm awfully glad you're here, Sunnie. I have a lot to learn."

The weather office was housed in the same building as the photo lab and was situated diagonally across the main street from the communications centre. Margaret was still squinting from the brilliant sunshine when she opened the screen door. She saw Adam Smith standing before his drafting board, and for a moment she watched in silence as he marked down a series of arrows and numbers on the large chart. Finally she said, "It's eleven o'clock, Mr. Smith."

He raised his head a moment, glanced at the Navy clock on the wall as if to confirm her statement, and then signed his name along the bottom of the chart. He rolled it carefully and handed it to Margaret. Then he smiled and said, "Goodbye."

On her way out of the office Margaret said, "Think it will snow today?"

"Nope."  
"See you around."  
"Sure."

Margaret stepped into the sunlight and began walking down the main street, which had now been labelled Broadway. She walked slowly because she wanted to think . . . mostly about Nikki and a lot about what Sunnie Mandel had said. So? Ree-Jay. At least that was a new way of putting it. Back in Beloit no one had ever heard of a Ree-Jay. A girl who failed to conform to a rigid set of physical standards was known in Beloit as a "dog." She might be a "nice dog" or a "good-head dog," or at worst could be an "awesome dog," but once classified in the canine status a dog remained a dog until she either moved away or enough time passed so that all interest in her was lost.

Not, Margaret supposed, that Beloit was any different from other places. She could remember now that the young

their own cluster with their sleeves rolled up to remind everyone and also themselves that their muscles were still hard.

And they would be looking down into their glasses pretty solemnly while they talked about the high cost of building even a modest house, and hohoing just a little louder than the next man when some wit reminded all of them that it really hadn't been so long since they attended these picnics as free men.

Yes, indeed, she thought, remembering she had better stop daydreaming and get on to General Pike's house. Yes, indeed, there was always an invisible dividing line at those picnics, even though almost everyone knew everyone else. To cross that line was asking for trouble. It separated the mated from the not yet mated, or the never-would-be mated, as surely as an electrically charged fence.

There were no dogs among the young mothers and wives.



"It's my friend who wants to learn—I learned yesterday."

and eligible men in Beloit had actually been kind to her. Overly kind in one instance. Her mouth twisted into a little smile when she remembered Luther Kidd, who was thirty-two and already owned half of a lumber yard. No one had ever questioned the activities of Luther Kidd. He was the most eligible young man in Beloit, yet he had the grace and intelligence not to show that he knew it.

The Junior Chamber of Commerce held an annual picnic, which was a lot more than just potato salad and sandwiches and beer and singing. It was an ancient rite in Beloit, as fixed in routine, Margaret thought, as a black mass. The young wives who were already mothers remained in one cluster and talked about their babies and what a relief it was, oh, dear, to get away for an afternoon. The young wives who were not yet mothers, but soon would be, or even hoped to be, were allowed to pass through this cluster; in and out without pausing too long, like needles on a loom.

All of the wives at these picnics were still attractive to look upon, although a few showed signs of early deterioration. They were the more sophisticated young matrons, who laughed long and loudly about their roles as mothers. Most of these wives read the "New Yorker" and were very keen on progressive jazz.

Now, walking slowly down the sunlit street on Nikki, Margaret could almost hear the feminine laughter at the picnic, and hear it echoed by the husbands who stood nearby in

is was sort of satisfying to think they maybe wouldn't have quite such a good time if you weren't there.

She was thinking about the picnic and why Luther Kidd had taken her when she passed the building which quartered the scientific team and which was already known as "Brains Bungalow." Dr. Herman Keim, the astronomer assigned to Nikki, sat on the concrete stoop which led to the door. Margaret had sat beside him twice in the mess hall and found him delightfully grumpy. He reminded her of a Humpty Dumpty illustration in one of her children's books.

"Good-morning, Dr. Keim."  
"What's good about it?"  
"Didn't all the stars behave themselves last night?"

"They continue to twinkle. Why do you trot past here with that roll of paper every morning?"

"A girl has to earn a living."  
"Come on. What is it?"  
"This is a weather map prepared daily for God."

Dr. Keim glanced significantly down the street towards the row of palms which nearly surrounded the Governor's house.

"I thought you ran the radioteletypes."  
"We double as messengers. There are times when I could use a horse."

"Would it be violating your security oath to tell me what the weather is going to be like today? I thought I might snoop around the east side of the lagoon and catch a fish."

"The forecaster does not discuss the weather with me in detail. Nor does he discuss anything else. He's the silent type."

"If I were younger I would discuss a great many things with you."

Margaret smiled at the sun and said, "That's the age-old excuse of a mature man who's afraid he will be caught talking to a younger girl."

"Pretty smart, aren't you? But you're wrong. I lost my chances thirty years ago when I fell in love with the stars. I could not see then that the stars would never do anything for me."

"They made you famous, didn't they?"  
"Romance with a star has its limitations."

Dr. Keim scowled at the sky, and then as if Margaret had suddenly ceased to exist he rose abruptly and went into the bungalow.

Margaret continued along Broadway towards Pike's house. She passed the area which had been levelled for a baseball diamond at the intersection of a narrower street labelled Second Avenue. Here, on one corner, stood the small building which housed the Marine detachment.

Two marines, Peterson and Randall, labored without enthusiasm on the path which led to the door of their quarters. They were trimming each side of the path with large sea shells. They were stripped to the waist and the sun had already provoked a menacing burn on their backs. Peterson said, "Here comes that Western Union babe again."

Randall did not look up from the problem which had occupied him for nearly an hour. Squatting before a pile of shells, he was trying to select a duplicate pair for each side of the doorway. That's the way Doolan wanted it and that wasn't the way he was going to get it. Now Randall grumbled, "So what. She's old enough to be your mother. I'll bet she's thirty. What you want to do, wrestle with a Sherman tank?"

"She looks comfortable."

"You know what Doolan said. Lay off the local talent."  
"What we supposed to do? Lay off the locals and don't go across the channel? Anyway, her name is Trumpey. I found it out from Aubrey, the barber. He knows everything that gives in this base."

Still watching Margaret,

Peterson smiled and waved a shell in salute. She answered his wave with the roll of paper, but kept on walking. Peterson said, "Even if she is as old as thirty, even if that was so . . . I got a feeling that six months from now she'll look pretty good to me."

Margaret passed the mess hall, which was opposite the Marine quarters.

Now, almost a year later, it was very plain why Luther Kidd had taken her to the J.C.C. picnic. And it wasn't very complimentary, no matter how you switched it around. One of the young wives made no attempt to conceal her fascination with Luther whenever she laid eyes on him. The husband was one of Luther's best customers and, furthermore, so very much liked that he had been elected president of the Chamber three times.

Luther didn't dare wander loose about that picnic; and he certainly didn't want to announce his engagement to any girl officially or unofficially. So he invited Margaret Trumpey. He might be on the receiving end of a few laughs from the boys, but she made a fine shield! So be it. It was fun protecting Luther, even for that one night. It was the only genuine, dyed-in-the-wool beginning-middle-and-end date she could remember.

Just beyond the mess hall she turned into a much smaller building, which housed the establishment Pike had insisted be called the store instead of the post exchange. It also contained the post office and the barber shop. Lillian Strock, who served as clerk in the store and also as postmistress, was still sorting the mail which had arrived on the morning plane from Tuamotu.

When she saw Margaret she nodded and said, "Mornin'."

"What's for His Imperial Highness?"

Mrs. Strock handed her a large manila envelope and two smaller ones. Then she said, "What's this Pistol Two business? All the official stuff is addressed that way."

"It's our new name."

"To think I'd ever have to live in a place called Pistol Two! Why couldn't they pick a pretty name?"

"I just work here. See you, Mrs. Strock."

On her way out of the post office Margaret paused by the open door which led to the barber shop. She called a cheerful good-morning to Aubrey Tinsman, who, as often as the occasion permitted, referred to his place as the beauty parlor and himself as a fashion stylist.

Aubrey said, "Good-morning, my dear."

He left his barber chair, where he had been yawning over a movie magazine, and came towards her. Clapping his hands primly before him he smiled and said, "Off on your appointed rounds, my dear?"

"Through hail and sleet nothing will stop me unless a coconut falls on my head."

Aubrey put one thin finger to his lips and looked at her appraisingly. Then he said, "I should like you to know that the sight of your statuesque beauty at this time every morning starts my day off sensationally."

"Aubrey, this is so sudden!"

Margaret laughed and raised her hand in a mock salute and went out into the street again. She walked rapidly towards the one group of palms which had been left standing in the area. She turned into the circular driveway of crushed coral, followed its course around a flagpole, and knocked on the screen door of Pike's house. She heard him bark something unintelligible from the interior shadows and entered.

The Atlas Construction Company had done well by Herbert

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# RICHEST-TASTING... MOST SUSTAINING

breakfast cereal of all



**WHAT COULD BE MORE NATURAL** — and more tempting — than that big, friendly packet right there on the table? **Wherever** people sit down to breakfast, the chances are you'll find Kellogg's Corn Flakes in somebody's hand. It's because they **taste** so good! So much

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## Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

"Yours for better, brighter breakfasts!" — that's what this new Kellogg's packet seems to say. Yours for **quicker** breakfasts, too — only seconds from packet to plate. No messy pots and pans either. Time for you busy mothers to sit down and enjoy a really good breakfast — the **richest-tasting, most-sustaining breakfast cereal of all** . . . Kellogg's Corn Flakes.



house was prefabricated, it managed an air of permanence, and the verandah which surrounded it on three sides was cool and spacious. Part of the verandah was designed to serve as a waiting-room for those who might attend on the Governor. Here there were two benches and several chairs set about a round wicker table. Someone had already placed an array of American magazines on the table. This area, which might have been the introduction to any dentist's office, was separated from the rest of the verandah by a bamboo screen.

Although she went to the Governor's house at least once every day, Margaret had seen nothing of the interior except Pike's office, which was just off the hallway to the right. This was a large room with only two attempts at decoration. An American flag stood in one corner, and on the wall opposite the verandah there was an enormous map of the Pacific. The room appealed to Pike's Spartan tastes.

It reminded him of his office at Fort Sill, where he had briefly commanded a battalion of artillery. And when he thought about it he could still hear the chink of spurs chains on the bare floor as his officers reported to him. Those were good times then . . . between the big wars. There weren't a lot of reservists around taking all the gravy commands. It was a regular army then, and if you weren't regular army you didn't stand a chance. Those were the days, he often told himself, when soldiers were soldiers. Artillery officers wore boots polished so you could see the sun in them, and they were careful that the only break in these boots was just above the ankle. They wore perfectly tailored whipcord breeches with a chambray patch inside the knee, and they wore spurs and chains even when they weren't mounted. And always there was about those men an agreeable and proper masculine aroma of whisky and stables. Now, in Pike's opinion, most soldiers, man and officer, smelled like garage mechanics and they looked like a bunch of civilians. In short, Pike did not know what the military was coming to.

It did not improve Pike's disposition to know that unless he declared a state of emergency the Marine detachment on Nikki was for most purposes unavailable to him. Or that his only courier was a mere girl who slipped into his office wearing tennis shoes. He thought wistfully that his courier should be a properly booted young second lieutenant. And so now he looked up unhappily from his desk when he allowed himself to realise that Margaret stood waiting in the centre of the room.

"Miss Trumpey . . . do you suppose you could knock before you enter this office?"

"I knocked at the door, sir. I thought that was enough. And you said come in."

"Never mind what I said. I don't like people creeping up on me."

"I'm sorry."

Pike extended his hand and she gave him the rolled weather map. Then she placed the three envelopes which were marked "Official" on his desk and held out the radioteletype. She turned to leave as Pike tore open the envelope.

"Just a minute, Miss Trumpey. I may want to send off a reply to this."

"I . . . doubt it . . . sir."

Displaying elaborate patience, Pike said, "Let me be the judge of that."

Then as Margaret waited in penitent silence he read the message. And the veins in his neck stood out as she knew they would. While she tried to concentrate on the trade winds brushing the palms outside the

Continuing . . .

## The Trouble With Lazy Ethel

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window she heard a low cry escape from Pike's throat. She had just time to think that it sounded like the bleat of a sick lamb back in Wisconsin when he said, "We'll see about this!"

"Do you want to send a reply, sir?"

Pike hesitated, and then slowly, as if the muscular effort were almost more than he could bear, his shoulders straightened. He laid the teletype down and aligned its edges with his desk blotter as carefully as if it were a directive to bombard Moscow.

"No. Go down to the carpenter shop and tell Dunbar to stop work on the two signs I ordered for the wharf. 'Welcome to Pike City' is one thing. 'Welcome to Pistol Two' is ridiculous."

"Yes, sir."

As Margaret crossed the verandah a man who had been waiting on one of the benches called to her.

"Miss?"

SHE turned in surprise to see a little man whom she vaguely remembered as a fellow passenger on the ship from Tuamani. He peered at her from beneath the brim of an enormous straw hat. He wore a brilliantly patterned hula shirt which was much too large for him and a pair of new khaki shorts long enough and wide enough to accommodate a man twice his size. Yet it was his eyes that held Margaret, for they were of a remarkable blue and now they sparkled mischievously as he smiled. He said, "Did you just leave the Governor?"

"Yes."

"What kind of a mood was he in?"

"Not good."

"Ah. That is going to make things rough."

The little man stared unhappily at the floor a moment and then the life returned to his eyes. He removed his hat and said, "I saw you on the ship and we've passed each other in the mess hall, but I never had a chance to say hello."

He bowed slightly.

"The name is Pete Hildebrandt. And you are—"

"Margaret Trumpey. Hi! I work in communications."

"So? If you receive any mail for me would you return it to the sender marked 'addressee deceased'?"

Margaret laughed. "I don't have anything to do with the mail. I work in the radio-teletype shack."

"Oh? Well, the same would apply to telegrams. Don't get the wrong idea. I'm not a fugitive from justice . . . Just from my wife's family. You have no idea."

"Is that what brings you to Nikki?"

"Partly. It's as good a place to hide as any. I'm your sanitation expert. I'll bet you never knew there was the need for such a person."

"I really hadn't given it much thought."

"Few people do. Everybody knows we have to have supplies in a community like ours, but disposing of those supplies is rarely considered. So it's always easier to identify myself as your garbage man."

Again he bowed and then returned the straw hat to his head with a flourish. "I intended to discuss all that with the Governor, and if I could get a line on his mood maybe I could get some action in there. Is he alone now?"

"He was when I left."

"Then I'll take a chance. A thousand thanks for the information. If I can ever do anything for you, you'll find me

in Building C. I share a room with our weatherman."

"Doesn't it get a little lonely for you sometimes?"

"He's a man of few words, all right. But sometimes we discuss music. As soon as another flute arrives I'm going to try to talk him into playing duets."

"Does he play a flute?"

"No. I do. And I intend to teach Adam. You have to come by for our first recital."

"Just give me an invitation."

Pike was not prepared for Peter Hildebrandt. He was still brooding over the directive from Tuamani and trying to reconcile himself to the fact that a place named Pike City would never go down in history when he saw Peter standing meekly in his doorway. Now, he thought, who is this clown? That shirt looks like a collapsed parachute. What next?

"Good-morning, Your Honor."

Pike answered him more crossly than he intended. It was the loss of Pike City as a name, he thought afterwards. It had him all upset. He said to Peter, "I'm not a judge, sir, so the term 'Your Honor' is out of place here. Out of respect to the meaning of this office you should address me as Governor."

"Then good-morning again, Governor. Can I have a few words with you about an important matter?"

"Of course," Pike said, regretting his harshness. "I'm available for grievances at any reasonable time. What's yours? And I'd appreciate your being quick about it because I have a very busy morning schedule."

This, Pike knew, was a considerable exaggeration, for after he had examined the weather map, which took only a few minutes, he had nothing whatever to do until lunch-time.

Peter Hildebrandt fiddled with the brim of his large hat, turning it around and around. Finally he said, "Governor, you have over two hundred people in this new community."

"I am well aware of that."

Who the devil, Pike wondered, was this fellow? He had seen him on the ship but could not place him now. Where was Albright? He ought to be around at a time like this to identify visitors. Make a note. Set up regular visiting hours every morning and have Albright around to run things. "Go on," Pike said, finding it extremely difficult to give the little man his full attention.

"These more than two hundred people are eating and drinking and opening boxes and cans several times a day. They are also washing and sweeping and, well . . . I tell you it's a problem."

"What's a problem?"

"Doing away with it all."

Pike was not certain he had heard the little man correctly. What the Sam Hill was he talking about? Was this some nut who had slipped through the Commissioner's screening? Make a note. Have Albright send immediately for a strait-jacket. And make sure Doc Case had plenty of sedatives. Out of two hundred people someone was bound to go cuckoo sooner or later. Including myself, Pike thought ruefully. Between that fresh girl and her teletype about Pistol Two, and Sue-Anne groaning out her latest hangover down the hall . . . and now this fumbling fool . . .

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"Go on, go on," Pike said impatiently.

"I want another dump, Governor."

"You what?"

"I want another dump. It's necessary."

"Sir, you are taking up a good deal of valuable time. Whatever your problem is, go see Mr. Albright."

"I did. He wasn't interested. If I may say so, Mr. Albright is not the type to explore this matter."

"Mr. Albright is my aide. He takes care of all the minor problems here."

"This is not a minor problem. If you would only listen to me . . ."

"I have been listening."

"I don't think you even know who I am."

Pike's voice rose. "And I am beginning not to care!"

Pike thought he would have to get some kind of directive from Tuamani allowing him more of a free hand with the marines. There ought to be one of them on duty outside the Governor's office. Cranks like this little man could be dangerous. His kind planted bombs and all sorts of things. There was, indeed, a mad glint in his eye. Now, without a marine in sight, the best thing to do was humor him.

Pike glanced at his wrist watch. "I am going to give you fifteen more seconds, mister. Then you must excuse me."

"I need a lot more than fifteen seconds, Governor. This here matter will take a lot of figuring if it's going to be done right. Now . . ."

Pike was horrified to see his wife appear in the doorway. She still wore only a nightgown. A cigarette hung from her lips and she held an ice-bag in one hand. Her hair was matted on one side where she had apparently pressed the bag. "Where'd you put the aspirin, Zebulon?"

"In the medicine chest where it belongs."

"That bottle's empty."

"Then there aren't any more. Can't you see I'm busy, Precious?"

Sue-Anne Pike looked at Peter Hildebrandt as if he were a creature just arrived from another planet. She cocked her head to one side, then moved very close to Peter until she was looking almost down on him. She shook her head in disbelief, then passed her hand slowly across her eyes as if they had betrayed her. She made a pistol with her hand, raised it carefully to one eye, and pointed it at Peter. She worked her lips experimentally and swayed slightly when she said, "You look like a goblin to me. Are you a goblin?"

Peter made a quick little bow and in doing so contrived to step back far enough so that he would inhale a lesser concentration of bourbon.

"No, madame. I am your sanitation expert."

"Would you like to be a goblin?"

"I think maybe I would."

Sue-Anne slapped him triumphantly on the shoulder. "Good! I'll fix it up for you! I know a lot of goblins. A whole delegation came to call on me this morning."

Pike said, "If you will excuse us now, dear. Mister . . . er . . . this gentleman and I were discussing quite an important matter. Weren't we, sir?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!"

Peter's little eyes sparkled as he added, "This here we were

that's got to be taken care of right now. It's sort of an emergency."

"Well, I have an emergency, too. I need some aspirin right now, Zebulon. How about you going down to the store and getting me some as soon as you all are through talking? I got the willies."

Pike tried briefly and unsuccessfully to remember the time when Sue-Anne did not have the willies. Then he saw that Peter was watching him with open sympathy, and suddenly he was glad that he had come.

He said to Sue-Anne, "I'll see you get some aspirin in just a little while, Precious. Now, if you'll excuse us . . ."

"Thank you, Zebulon. Beneath yooth stout chest beats a heart o' gold."

Moving with elaborate care she advanced on Peter. She bent down and took the lobe of his ear between her fingers. He felt the warm moisture of her breath as she whispered, "You can't fool me, mister. Don't you know you can't fool ol' Sue-Anne? I know. You're already a goblin!"

She swayed backward, took a moment to re-establish her bearings, and veered off down the hall.

When she had gone, Pike

surprised and pleased to hear Peter emit the same woeful sound.

Peter said, "You know, Governor, I've just got a hunch you'd feel better if I took a few minutes of your valuable time to tell you about my wife's family."

"Go ahead," Pike said. "Tell me."

Thus it was that Peter Hildebrandt and Herbert Zebulon Pike came to understand each other more than either one of them would ever have thought possible. It took Peter the better part of an hour to describe his wife's family. It took less than five minutes for Pike to authorise the location of a new refuse-disposal area exactly where Peter desired it.

"Peter, you just drop in and see me any time," Pike said warmly as he escorted him to the verandah.

"A cross borne by two is always lighter," Peter said.

Then he walked down the coral driveway whistling merrily. He would, he thought, create the most efficient and beautiful dump Herbert Zebulon Pike had ever seen.

To be continued

• The novel "The Trouble With Lazy Ethel," by Ernest Gann, is published by Hodder and Stoughton.

Illustrated: "Heart's Desire," frock by John J. Hilton



## Light starch your dress for that crisp, fresh look

Light starching with Robin makes the most of summer dresses, giving them a sparkle, a dainty freshness that lasts and lasts. And thanks to Robin they'll stay cleaner, longer. Fashion and common-sense agree on Robin, the economical starch that makes ironing so much easier.

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# Robin

## STARCH

keeps things crisper, cleaner, longer

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in the land, their clothes, home-spun and deadly, last forever.

The customers, tall and mottled, bear a striking likeness to their husbands' hunters. Well-mannered, well-bred, they shop with dignified, pent-up precision, from lists. Long-nosed, slim-ankled, and gently snorting, they go from department to department and end up in the Rest Room which "so conveniently adjoins the Restaurant."

The lift girl, whose hair has been chewed off by a rat, looks at me disdainfully when I enquire for "Towelling dresses in the Playwear Department."

"Third floor," she says and tweaks her rat bites. The Playwear Department is gay and colorful. Striped garments like tents on the battle field of Agincourt hang in glass cases. Bikinis lie in gay abandon on raffia gardening baskets, and a long counter is draped with play shorts, play longs, play demi-longs, and demi-semi-longs, bath robes, sleeveless, hooded, or belted, bathing-caps, swimuits, and swimshoes.

In one corner, exclusive and alone, fanned out to slim dummies leaning well over backwards with no heads, are my towelling dresses in powder-blue, buttercup-yellow, and white, as advertised.

I go up to one and feel it with my finger-tips. It is smooth, cool, satisfying, just as I imagined. Eager to try one on, I look round for an assistant.

A young girl slouching in a chair with an Aberdeen terrier on a tartan lead is the only person in sight. She is examining her nail varnish in deep concentration. Every time the dog drags at the lead she says, "Shut up, Andy! What a boring dog you are."

I ask if there is anyone about to serve.

She looks at me through bad-remembered purple eyes and draws, "I haven't the slightest idea. My mother's in one of the fitting-rooms. There's a girl seeing to her in there."

Impatient, irate, and fearful that there may be a sudden rush of white-towelling-dress-seekers, I pace about the department waiting for someone to attend to me. Suddenly a curtain is drawn back from one of the fitting-rooms and a woman steps out followed by a black-frocked assistant.

The woman is about my age, about my height, but (I notice with some satisfaction) grey-haired, and, I fancy, fatter. Her face is round and jolly like a pleased bun, her long fingers decked with half-hoop diamond - and - sapphire rings, the backs of her hands dotted with coffee - colored freckles. She wears a good string of pearls and my white towelling dress. She seems delighted with herself, the dress, the assistant, and the world.

"Well, Camilla? What do you think?"

She stands in front of the girl and spreads out her bare arms. The girl gives the tartan lead a tug, looks up, frowns, and says, "Ghastly."

The happy bun crumples. "Ghastly? Why ghastly? I think it's charming."

The girl shrugs her shoulders and gives a deep sigh.

"Well, you asked me," she says, "so I'm telling you. I think it's ghastly. You can't wear a thing like that, Mummy, really you can't. You look like the Abominable Snowman. Anyway, it's far too young."

The happy bun looks as though it is going to cry. "Oh, dear!" she says. "I did so want it. Still, if you really think . . ."

She turns to the assistant with a sad little smile and says, "I'm afraid my daughter doesn't like me in it. I am so sorry to have given you so much trouble."

The assistant glares at her. "Just as you wish, Madam."

## Continuing . . . Pin a Rose on Me

from page 29

Though I think it suits Madam extremely well." Then she turns to me with an ingratiating smile.

"Is there anything I can show you, Madam?"

"My mind is working fast. Too young! About my size? About my age? An Abominable Snowman!"

"No, thank you," I say. "I am only waiting for a friend."



**FAMILY** arrive at cottage: Son Tom, Flavia, and Baby Lucas (a credit) in shooting brake with right kind of luggage; Llewellyn, Anna, Saul, and horse in Landrover, with colored bundles tied with rope.

We take horse to the river, but swans protecting outside black baby hiss, flap their wings, and won't let it drink. Horse neighs, rears, and its back legs slide down the bank while a heron opposite looks on with a not-nice look in its eye. The willows weep in woeful rows, and the river flows violently the wrong way for the punt, which is "all in" with the cottage.

The babies don't like each other. Saul, naked, brown, with milk-white hair and blazing Bristol-blue eyes, scoops up crumbs and raw apples from the patio. Baby Lucas in high chair and pretty blue-and-white get-up, with white skin and yellow curls, toys with sweetbreads, strained spinach, swathed prunes, strained everything from an initialled silver christening spoon and pusher. Butter doesn't have to melt in his mouth. It has already been done in a minute saucepan over a slow flame in the kitchen.

Saul climbs up Baby Lucas' blue doeskin high chair and offers him a dead wasp. Baby Lucas bites Saul's bottom. Saul screams. Baby Lucas screams. Flavia says it will be all right when they get to know each other's ways. Anna lies in hammock reading "Drama Through the Ages."

Friends from Michigan, Illinois, have to be met at the station. Their family was kind to an old uncle in the 'eighties; now we are going to be kind back. Never knew uncle, but have heard he did something awful in Michigan.

Leave horse, Anna, Flavia, babies, and go with Tom in shooting brake to station. River winds through the fields and under old stone bridges. Anglers watch us with distrustful, unwelcoming eyes from their banks, the road is narrow, pot-holed, and sprinkled with flints.

Tom sings selections from "Die Fledermaus" out of tune and we run into herd of Jersey cows. Pretty, small, soft-eyed, long-lashed, they crowd around the brake, nuzzling, smelling, and showering us with sprays of Jersey saliva from their shiny black nostrils. Old cowman, bent, with hump, crook, and frayed hat, hails Tom and we stop.

"Gi' us a hand with this lot, lad," he shouts. His dimmed eyes plead above a nose which rambles like a briar stick down his brown cheeks.

Tom runs behind herd waving arms and making cow noises. I sit and marvel at the quiet of the breathing heat over the fields, the gentle swish of the river as it washes over the stones. We shall be late for the train.

My heart gives a little jump of hope that the Michigans may have lost heart and caught the next train back to Michigan. Tom comes back waving

a bundle which looks like a steak-and-kidney pudding wrapped in a dirty handkerchief.

"Mushrooms! The old man won't take anything for them, 'one good turn deserves t'other,' he said."

Tom empties the mushrooms into my lap. They are as big as saucers, black-topped with pink-pleated bellies.

Friends from Michigan waiting on empty platform slung with cameras, sunglasses, and strange clothes, looking up return trains. There are four of them; I had counted on two. They have brought Franklyn, jun., and Florizelle. Florizelle, thirteen, dressed as French widow in tight black coat and skirt, jangles gold bracelets on long black gloves as she steps into back of shooting brake.

"Hotch up! You're not the only dame in this dump," Franklyn, jun., fifteen, with swansdown beard, pushes her roughly over to the window as he climbs in beside her.

Father Michigan in pale grey suit, yellow-and-white chorus-girl tie, and gleaming silver spectacles heaves himself in with them and puts Junior's knee.

"Steady, son," he says. "Florizelle's all right. Florizelle's fine. See that ancient building over there?" and he points to the local chapel built two years ago midst a storm of protest from the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to English Beauty Spots. Let it pass.

Mother Michigan, gentle and milky like well-turned-out Jersey cow, sits between Tom and self, her soft brown eyes appraising, agreeing, soothing us all down to blood heat. A Southerner and "no damned Yankee," she intends one to know she is a cut above Mr. Michigan, but is being brave about it.

We drive back along the narrow lane, but now everything is deserted and still. The anglers have packed up for lunch and I don't see the Jersey herd or the old man. They have disappeared in the haze of the heat, and all at once I wonder if I ever saw them at all, and begin to feel like Miss Moberley and like Miss Jordaine after they left Versailles that fateful afternoon in the early nineteen hundreds.

But Tom's voice telling Mrs. Michigan that we are going to have the mushrooms for lunch brings me back to normal and I am acutely aware that I am not Miss Moberley or Miss Jordaine and that I have four Michigans to lunch and that Mrs. Michigan's bosom is heaving gently the way bosoms should heave under old Charlestonian lace, and that a faint smell of Chanel No. 5 is seeping pleasantly up my nose.

During lunch Florizelle tells me she despises the countryside. "It's so wet and so green," she says. "I just can't stand it. I hate green."

I apologise and ask her if she liked the museums and picture galleries in London, but she shakes her head, lays her knife and fork across a practically untouched plate of food, and says, "I hate painting, too. You see I have a thing against art."

I hear the metaphorical crash of Da Vinci from his ceiling, Titian, Michelangelo, El Greco tottering from their ladders, and murmur, "Too bad," as I hand round the beans.

"Aw, shucks! You don't have to listen to her, she's one great big slice of hell," Junior flicks a wasp off his own plate on to mine, Mrs. Michigan murmurs, "Junior," reprovingly, while Mr. Michigan gets on to the uncle they

were so kind to in the middle of his rhubarb pie.

"We were all very grateful to your parents for their help," I say and tell Anna to pass the cream and remember there are others.

After lunch Franklyn, jun., says he would like to take a swim. Florizelle says, "I despise swimming. It takes my hair out of pleat. When my hair's out of pleat I'm nobody's business."

"But your hair is so pretty," I say, "and exactly the same color as your mother's." And I watch Mrs. Michigan coming up from the willows, her braids shining like oozing honey in the sunlight.

"It's the same color," Florizelle agrees, "only mine's real and Momma's isn't."

"Does your mother like you to tell people?" I ask, sorting out bathing-towels for Junior.

"She does not, but then you see," and she frowns as she kicks a rose bush, "I'm kind o' mean."

I think so, too, but I am getting too tired to argue, and Franklyn, sen., who has shed his coat to show orange-and-white check braces, has drawn a deck-chair close to mine and embarked on a series of statistics concerning the State of Michigan, the color bar, and anti-Semitism.

"If you look at it this way see, with four thousand unmarried mothers in the North State alone, to say nothing of the South, the West, and East . . ."

The afternoon drags, my head aches, my corn hurts, the babies fight, Mrs. Michigan nods sympathetically towards whoever is getting the worst of an argument, and Florizelle says she hopes Franklyn, jun., will fall to surface because she despises Franklyn, jun.

We have tea under the mulberry tree and Mr. Michigan sits on a wasp.

"Garsh darn it, it's got me!" he shouts, and roars round the lawn clutching his behind. Tom takes him into the bathroom, tears down his trousers, and rubs bicarbonate of soda into the bite. Mrs. Michigan says her husband is "just one great big dear baby."

Tom lines them up after tea to catch an early train. They wave, I wave, the babies wave, and the horse looks happy for the first time.

"Be seein' you," they cry as they lean their heads out of the brake. "Thanks a lot. Marvellous day, fix a date later . . ."

The brake slides over the little stone bridge and the air is suddenly sweeter. Saul plucks gently at my skirt, and

the ground, so quiet, so brown, and so wise, I think he is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. I lift him by the elbows, crooning into his fat brown chest, and carry him to the bank of the river.

I walk slowly in the evening light, hugging him to me. He smells of warm milk, hay, rusks, honeycomb — a divine magic potion made specially for rubbing over a troubled day.

And, as I walk, I say out loud, "I love you, Saul. I love you probably more than anything in the whole wide world, more than drink I do love you, more than caviar or cream, carnations and roses, or maroon glaze."

"You're beautiful, you're warm, you don't know anything about the color bar or statistics in Illinois and you don't answer back. You're gold and soft, you smell wonderful, and I would like to ask you to marry me."

I speak loudly as if to the evening as well as to him, as if to the swans and the river, as if to the world. And suddenly I look across the bank and see two anglers sitting on the edge of the bank, listening and watching. Their jaws have dropped; their old eyes stare at me in blank astonishment.

Suddenly I feel foolish, self-conscious, and angry. I put Saul down with a bump on the grass and drag him by the arm up the grass slope and across the lawn to the cottage.



## MEET lady gardener at ladies' luncheon

All the ladies formidable in hats and noses, lady gardener the most formidable of all. Her booming voice holds the stage, making ripples in the soup.

"I adore gardening," she shouts at her hostess. "Always adored gardening. Born with a silver trowel in my mouth. I always say! Mother gave me a patch in the grounds, my own packet of seeds, my own toy spade, my own toy rake, and a miniature wheelbarrow."

"The gardeners declared unanimously that I had 'green fingers.' Had 'em ever since. Things spring to life under my touch, though I say it as I shouldn't."

She leans back in her chair and lets out guffaws of laughter. We all laugh, too, not because we think it funny that she should have green fingers, but because we are too frightened not to.

We talk gardens through

voraciously stuffing down food and drink as if to gather strength to do our gardens.

"I'll do all your gardens," she shouts. "Every one of you. You won't know yourselves. You'll be the pride and envy of your road."

A rather frail older lady at the end of the table protests that she lives in a flat.

"Never mind," shouts the lady gardener. "We'll introduce window-boxes. You see, they'll be a riot."

"Have you got a garden?"

She turns suddenly on me beside her. I drop my fork and we bang heads reaching for it. I admit to a small one in the front, and that I had intended putting in some bulbs next week.

"What! Not got your bulbs in yet?" She looks at me with horror and stretches across my chest for a cigarette out of a silver box.

"Disgraceful! You ought to be ashamed. You must let me do them for you. Now get out your little book. (We all have to have little books these days, don't we? What with no servants, everyone so busy, and the postage so high. Deliver all my letters by bicycle; won't give in to the Government any more.) Tuesday all right? Tuesday suits me admirably. In the morning, fine and early?"

She writes it down in her book and in mine. I am too weak to protest.

She nearly breaks my wrist when we say goodbye.

"It's Tuesday, remember. Tuesday as ever is. Ten o'clock, and have all the bulbs lined up where you want them to go. I'll need manure. Artificial if you can't get the genuine article." The other ladies watch me pityingly.

She comes on Tuesday. My yellow front door trembles under her knock, and I hear her deep voice announcing herself to Winnie in the hall.

"Tell Mrs. Appleby I'm here," she commands.

Barely dressed and still in my early morning fog of mind and body, I run downstairs.

She is standing like an eager carthorse with its head tied up in an openwork mauve woollen scarf. Legs apart in front of the fire in a pair of tobacco-colored slacks, a green pull-over, and gardening gloves, she snorts and beams.

"Well, here we are! Ready and waiting. This is going to be fun, isn't it? I can put in an hour or two before lunch, then we'll see how we go."

"I'd like elevenses at eleven. Always have elevenses. Just anything. Coffee and biscuits or cake, bread and butter and

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## EMBROIDERY TRANSFER AND PATTERN



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 7, 1959



jam, whatever you have. Honey if you have it."

"It is only ten o'clock. I decide not to ask her to lunch."

"I have a luncheon appointment," I lie, "but I expect you will have finished by then?"

"I shouldn't think so for a moment. If a thing's worth doing, as they say, and I never do anything badly. Loathe skimpers. Now to work. Where is everything?"

I take her to the paved garden in front of the house. It is thick and untidy with wet leaves, old twigs, and weeds peering up between the paving-stones.

"I would rather like all this cleared away," I say apologetically. "Then, if it's not too hard for you, the edging beds dug, and then the bulbs?"

"Too hard? Nonsense, of course it's not too hard. What do you take me for? A lily? Good heavens, a child of nine could do this job on his head. Child's play!" And she kicks a heap of leaves into Fanny's face, who is standing by my side trembling.

"Now! I shall want a fork and a rake."

Fetch fork. Two of the prongs are missing, and I have no rake. She looks at it with disgust.

"Call that a fork? Heavens, what a thing!" And she throws back her head and gives a barrack-room laugh.

"It's the only one I've got," I say.

"All right then, can't be helped. Mustn't be beaten by a half-baked fork. But I'll want a rake for these leaves."

"I don't think I've got a rake," I say. "I had one, but it's gone." Someone must have taken it.

"Not got a rake?"

"No. No rake." I hang my head and Fanny's tail goes down.

"Good heavens, how d'you expect me to get up this lot without a rake? Got any boards?"

Fetch wooden seedbox out of the glass passage.

"If I break this up into boards, will that do?"

She looks down her nose and sniffs. "It'll have to."

I try to break the wooden seedbox but nothing happens. She snatches the box from me.

"Give it here."

"Child's play," she says, and she smashes it in two with a flick of a huge red wrist and holds up two wooden boards.

"Scrumptious!" she shouts. "The very thing. Now I can get cracking."

She scrapes a heap of leaves between the two pieces of wood and flings them joyfully towards the cardboard packing-case at her side.

She misses the box, and the leaves fly over the railing on to an old lady who is passing with a shopping basket on wheels and poodle on a lead. The old lady lets out a little cry and the poodle dashes into the road. Lady gardener and I run out of the gate, brush down the old lady, and catch the poodle before the wheels of a van run over it.

"I'm most frightfully sorry, my dear lady."

The lady gardener towers over the little old lady and pats her back. "Missed my aim."

The old lady whimpers and takes back dog, and goes off mumbling, her basket full of leaves.

"Silly old thing! Why doesn't she look where she's going?" The lady gardener frowns, goes back to her post, seizes a bunch of dead tobacco plants and drags them up by the roots. "What on earth's this?"

They have flowered all the summer. They were my pride and my joy, opening at night and wafting their lovely scent through the windows on to my bed. I have loved them, watered them, and nurtured them. Now she holds them up

## Continuing . . . Pin a Rose on Me

[from page 56]



**S**AD friend can't use ticket for Sunday evening piano recital. She has something the matter with her leg. She would like me to go instead.

Own legs go numb while she describes symptoms. Feel guilty at having whole legs, but accept. She has had this ticket for three months, she says. "It is well placed in the second row of the stalls," she says. "Bang in the middle so that one can see the pianist's hands."

She says she would rather I used it than anyone else she knows. She won't take any money for it. The only thing she needs is a new leg, a new pair of hands, a new body. This concert is the only thing she has had to look forward to.

Fanny cowers in the hall. Tell her I am coming back soon, and go off in the car with clean gloves and clean handkerchiefs smelling of new scent brought by nephew from Paris.

Sing as I drive. The sky is full of stars. There is a fat new moon like our grocer's face. There is no wind. A night of nights for a piano recital. A night of nights to hear music by oneself.

Arrive early. The great glass hall blazes beside the river, lighting up boats, bombed sites and hospitals around.

I wander about as one does when first boarding a big ship, locate the nearest ladies' room to my place, and the easiest exit, buy a programme, peel off gloves, read programme, wander, sit, stand, and watch.

My ticket wears a green band. A smart, plain-clothes gentleman in a dark suit with a red badge on his lapel takes my ticket. "First on the left. Middle gangway."

Slowly the huge hall is filling. Soon the empty stage will be lit, and the greatest pianist in the world will walk across it and take his seat on the piano stool.

A round, furred lady with white gloves and jewels steps over me and asks to be excused as she reads on my feet with her high heels. She smells strongly of the same scent as mine, and I wonder if she can smell me back.

She smiles through tiny, bright green, excited eyes, and her long nose travels slowly, purposefully down to her old chin, where it is met by several more chins, which in their turn reach her jewelled bosom. "This is going to be exciting," she says, "but enormously exciting."

I nod and say, "I am sure it is."

The seats are filling fast now,

and I notice a tall, distinguished elderly man making for the seat next to mine.

He looks as though he has come from the old Russian Court, and he should have an eye-glass, decorations, diamond stars on bosom, and tight trousers tied under soles with elastic bands. As it is, he is in a dark suit, black tie, and horn-rimmed spectacles. But his thick white hair, side-whiskers, and accentuated eyebrows make do. He is very distinguished.

He arrives, looks at his seat, looks at me, and bows.

"Good evening, Madame," he says, and bows again.

I bow, too, and say good evening.

"I am most interested to make your acquaintance," he says. "You see, always I am interesting to know who I am sitting with." And he bows again. I bow again, too, because there doesn't seem to be anything else to do.

He twiddles a long black cord in his elegant white fingers which should carry the eye-glass, but it is only a silver pencil, which he swings from side to side as he goes on talking.

"This evening you will hear sunfink. Zis man is zee greatest artist in zer world. Hee is friend of mine since boyhood. No longer young he is not, no. But he is zee better for his years. You will hear. Such noises like his playing az az ever been heard. You know 'im perhaps?"

"No, I don't know him. I have heard him play but never seen him before. I am very excited."

"Vatt!" The elegant old man looks as though he will have a seizure, and turns towards me sharply. "You not nefer see 'im? But, Madame, vot haffe you been making viz your life?"

It would take too long to go into my life, and anyway I can't remember what I have done with it. The lights are going down in the hall, the lights are going up on the stage, and the man we have all come to hear is walking briskly across the stage. Now he stands in the middle like a tiny squirrel in evening dress. The applause is deafening. Very still — he doesn't look real — at last he turns, draws the stool under his tails, and rests his hands on the piano keys, runs a chord up the piano, waits for the last cough, and starts.

As the playing, miraculous and more miraculous, goes on the lady on my left smells stronger and stronger, and the gentleman on my right sways so violently I think he will fall on my shoulder.

The idea of listening to music alone I had cherished when I started out has vanished, and I am acutely aware of my companions, their joys, their reactions, their personalities, and by the time the interval comes the old man is shaking my knee and the lady holding my wrist.

Dravo, dravo: they shout at the tops of their voices as they wave their arms, my arms, and clap.

The lady is weeping unstrainedly, the tears dropping on to her diamonds. "Exquisite," she repeats. "I knew him well. I was only a child when he used to play in my mother's drawing-room. I used to listen hanging over the stairs."

"Genius 'ee izz," the old gentleman interrupts. "I remember a concert in Vienna ven zee vimen go berserk, throw zair jewels on zee stage, efen into zee piano. Von voman faint vile she try climb on der plattform. And now, Madame, if you permit, ve go and drink to 'im in zer bar."

I don't want to drink with the distinguished man. I don't want to sit with the tearful one-time banister-hanger. I want to be by myself with no outside interruption. I want to keep the music in my head and not talk to anyone.

"I'm so sorry," I lie, "but I promised to meet a friend in the interval." I step over his thin, distinguished legs, and run as fast as the crowd will allow to my nearest ladies' cloakroom, thanking heaven and my own sagacity in having located it earlier on.

But the gong goes all too soon.

We file in and make for our seats, but mine seems unfamiliar. There is an eager-looking, red-haired youth sitting where the weeping, jewelled lady should be, and a dark-skinned gentleman from Delhi where my Tsarist regime

elegant gentleman from Delhi is a grey raincoat hanging over the back of my chair. I hand the raincoat to the boy.

"S not mine. It's 'is," he says, pointing to the Indian. The Indian bursts into Hindustani, and suddenly I see my elegant gentleman one block off waving violently and beckoning in my direction.

I get to my seat just before the lights fade.

My elegant friend shakes his silver pencil under my nose reprovingly.

"Now you are only lost in time. Vat did you make in zat ozzer seat? Now is zis Mazurka you vill hear sunfink ven 'ee plays. I remember zo vell it vaz in Brussels in eighteen ninety-seven . . ."

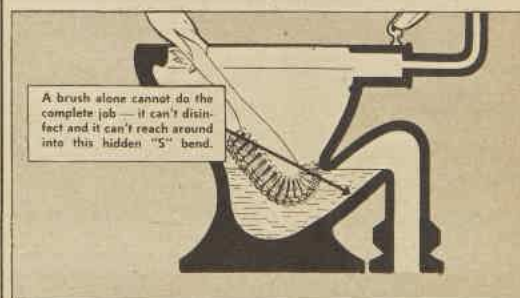
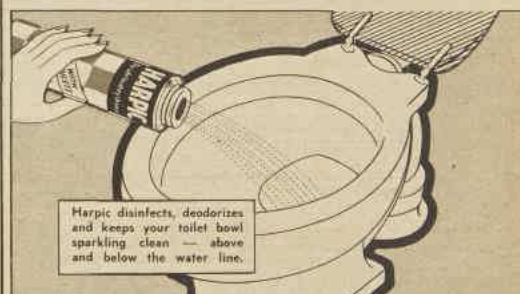
But the lights are down, the great pianist is once more on his piano stool, everything is silent, and I don't have to hear what happened in Brussels in eighteen ninety-seven . . .

### NEXT WEEK

In a further instalment of "PIN A ROSE ON ME," Josephine Blumenfeld's delightful housewife goes to America, where she experiences some of the more intriguing local customs. Her description of a visit to a Boston art gallery in sweltering heat, with swollen feet, is hilarious.

"PIN A ROSE ON ME," by Josephine Blumenfeld, is published by Heinemann.

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### Beauty in brief:

## YOUR NEW-YEAR LOOK

By CAROLYN EARLE

● It's always fun to make a few beauty resolutions for the New Year, even though many of them are doomed to lapse.

**B**UT even if you fail to keep all the resolutions, you are bound to reap some benefit from the effort.

Two factors that diminish feminine charm are careless grooming and a dated attitude towards new ideas.

Poor grooming can add years to the appearance of a young matron, but enough sleep, balanced diet, and good posture will keep her youthful and vital.

Youth is banished, mentally and physically, by women who get old too soon. Fixed ideas and routines, the tendency to sit down at every opportunity, the reluctance to try out new fashions or accept new trends make them old before their time.

A new hair-do does as much for the morale as it does for the appearance. An unchanging style is stodgy.



from page 25

Any more than she could help noticing how her husband avoided — most discreetly and adroitly avoided — any film in which Lisa Vanna appeared. (Harriet herself, in tacit co-operation, developed a taste for Westerns; occasionally, when they should have patronised some charity preview, she had a headache.) She was perfectly secure; even the mere passage of time — now she'd been married to Alec as long; now they'd been married longer — buttressed her confidence. Yet the reference was still to Lisa Vanna; and happily as their life ran, sure as she was of her husband's devotion, Harriet was aware that the lovely ghost still walked.

She began to wish for a showdown.

Evidently fate, at this period of Harriet's life, was in a mood of general benevolence. Scarcely had the wish taken definite shape — and born by no means of pique or jealousy, but from a most rational desire to set their house in perfect order — than Miss Vanna telephoned from a London hotel and, very prettily, invited herself to dine with the Alisanders.

Harriet knew immediately, the moment she told him and before Alec spoke a word, that Miss Vanna had already telephoned the office. His surprise wasn't genuine — though his irritation was. (He said no, thought Harriet lovingly. Ah, but he was wrong!) To give him time to recover aplomb, she began to repeat herself.

"Just as I was going to telephone the fishmonger — can you imagine the contrast, darling! — this lovely voice, and Lisa Vanna asking if she might dine with us! I kept my head quite wonderfully. I simply said, 'Thursday or Friday?' I must admit I had said, 'Goodness, I didn't know you were in England' — and she said yes, it was all arranged very suddenly, but her new film's being made over here. . . . Dear Alec," said Harriet, breaking off to smile at him; pausing to give her next words due weight. "I do know. Ellen told me, ages ago, that — ages ago — you'd been married to her."

Husband looked at wife.

"If I didn't say anything, it was because you hadn't. Also," said Harriet gently, "because it was of no importance."

"Of no importance whatever," agreed Alec Alisander. "But thank you, my dear."

With great affection, he kissed Harriet's cheek.

"And put her off," said Alec Alisander.

On the point of wishing to entertain a film star, however, Harriet persuaded him to let her have her way. It was difficult, but she persuaded him.

"Well?" said Alec — the door closing on Miss Vanna, in sables, and her white-tied escort who wrote theme songs.

"I think she's the most beautiful woman I've ever seen," said Harriet sincerely.

It was even an understatement. Lisa Vanna was exquisite. Not all film stars are, in the flesh, across a narrow table. Many owe much to their cameramen. Lisa Vanna owed her cameramen nothing. She was as exquisite, and as fragile, as a piece of Meissen china, from the gilt of her sleek head to the tip of a slim fish-tailed sheath; a Lorelei in Meissen.

She was also very simple, very undemanding, rather pathetic. To be in a real home again — breathed, hardly dared breathe, Lisa Vanna — was such a wonderful experience it almost made her cry. But she didn't cry, she was too brave; instead, she slipped down on the hearthrug and lost herself in childish dreams . . . until her escort who wrote theme songs took her off to the Ritz, where a bunch of other celebrities awaited them.

"She's the most beautiful woman I've ever seen," said Harriet.

Alec Alisander, munching a

last salted almond, grinned cheerfully. "It's her profession, my love."

"And the most . . . beguiling."

"That's her profession, too. I'm glad we had her," said Alec meditatively. "You were right and I was wrong. I'm glad to have seen her, and I'm glad you've seen her. You've seen at least why I once made a fool of myself."

"I can imagine nothing more natural," said Harriet lightly.

"But I shan't again," said Alec Alisander.

Never had the little business of tidying after a party seemed more delightful. Snuffing her tall candles, watching her husband stir apart the last embers of their fire — alone with him, safe with him in the warm familiar room — Harriet discovered with thankfulness and astonishment that even her first, perfect happiness could become incomparably sweeter.

The first time Alec gave Miss Vanna lunch he told Harriet that same night.

"Dashed if she didn't turn up at the office, just as I was leaving," reported Alec wryly. "Some chap had let her down and she couldn't face a restaurant alone . . . I could hardly be brutal, could I?"

"Certainly not," agreed Harriet. "Though I thought they were slave-driving her on the set?"

She also thought, but didn't say so, that for anyone to let down Lisa Vanna must be a highly unusual occurrence.

"There's been a hold-up," said Alec vaguely. "What Lisa calls script trouble. . . . She sent you her best love."

At first he always told Lisa'd telephoned and asked to be given lunch again; or Lisa'd telephoned and asked him round for a drink; adding, meticulously, whether or not they had in fact lunched, whether he'd accepted or refused. Lisa was simply, he explained, at a loose end, owing to this unfortunate hold-up in her film: not working made her nervous and unhappy; she naturally turned to someone she knew, really as a child might.

"Mind you don't let the child be a nuisance," smiled Harriet.

Alec laughed. "I'll admit, my love, it puffs the male ego to be seen about with her. If you minded —"

"Of course I don't mind," said Harriet.

To prove she didn't mind, the next time she saw her sister-in-law she made an amusing tale of the whole affair; and was slightly irritated by Mrs. Hambro's reaction. With country prejudice, the latter proclaimed Harriet's whole course of action to be thoroughly rash: if Lisa Vanna — "Child, indeed!" cried Mrs. Hambro, in vigorous parentheses; "thirty if she's a day!" — if Lisa Vanna didn't mean mischief, why had she made any contact at all, in the first place?

"To see what I'm like, of course," retorted Harriet. "It was the most natural thing in the world."

"You know she's still between husbands?" demanded Mrs. Hambro suspiciously.

"But she's got a splendid theme-song writer," said Harriet, "who drives a custom-built sports car. Besides . . . dear Ellen, as you know, I'm besotted about Alec, but even I," smiled Harriet, "don't see him as devastating; and wasn't he a good deal more attractive ten years ago?"

Mrs. Hambro looked at her shrewdly. "Quite possibly, my dear; but now there's an added attraction. At long last he's married to someone else."

For once Harriet was glad when her sister-in-law left. She had always disliked women who made emotional mountains out of molehills; and felt that with

Alec telling her each time Miss Vanna so much as telephoned, there was no more to put up with than a slight, if rational, annoyance.

Then he stopped telling her.

It could, of course, have been because there was nothing to tell. But Harriet, who by this time knew her way about every movie magazine, saw no word of shooting restarted on Miss Vanna's new film.

On the contrary, she learned a new use of the word "hoo-doo". Miss Vanna's opposite masculine number, the Italian star Riccardo Ricci, had had the misfortune to drive his sports car into a delivery truck, and at least a month would elapse before he was out of plaster. Thus Lisa was still, more than ever, at a loose end — while for all Alec Alisander said of her, she might have been working a ten-hour day.

Midway through this month of Signor Ricci's unfortunate hospitalisation, business called Alec Alisander to Paris. He was away so short a time, only a couple of nights, he didn't bother Harriet to come with him. As a pleasant surprise, to show how she, too, could befriend a poor child, Harriet telephoned Lisa Vanna's hotel.



(She was still able to deceive herself a little.) But Miss Vanna also was out of town.

That theme-song writer certainly looked like a wolf! thought Harriet — still able to deceive herself a little; and set a very pretty table to greet her husband's return. (The tall candles, the party candles, setting lights to partners in polished silver; the low bowl of roses; the salted almonds in little shining dishes. The full treatment! thought Harriet, laughing because she loved.) And, indeed, a very pleasant dinner it was, if a trifle formal, Alec being unusually instructive on the subject of French architecture. (Notre Dame, the Sainte Chapelle.) It wasn't till they were sitting over coffee that he said abruptly: "Actually, it's Lisa."

Harriet's heart stopped when she heard that name.

"I mean, it's Lisa I've got to talk about. Lisa . . . and myself."

The heart, having stopped, unless it has stopped forever, begins to pound again sooner or later. As two years earlier, in that expensive, elegant nightclub, Harriet felt a beating in her breast.

"Yes?" she said.

He got up and walked over to the hearth, standing with his back to her. Harriet prided herself on her wood fires, so sweet smelling and homely; of which even the ashes, on one occasion at least, were as beautiful as the flames.

"Yes?"

"It seems — I know this must sound incredibly conceited — it seems that in all these years she's never stopped . . . loving me. Even though she married again —"

"Isn't that putting it," said Harriet, "rather moderately?" She was astounded at her own calm, at her lack of astonishment; the explanation being, of

course, that she was not astonished. (Having been able to deceive herself, after all, only a little.) Though the conversation was like a conversation in a nightmare, it had also a nightmare inevitability: struck to the heart, Harriet was still calm.

Yet she would not have used irony deliberately, the words spoke themselves; and, indeed, made no ironic impact. Her husband turned to her almost eagerly.

"No one could blame Lisa more than she does herself. There was that first ghastly mistake, and it made her reckless. And there was something else besides. In each man she married she saw something of me."

Drawing on an excellent memory, Arthur Schmidt, Jack Brennan, Jacques Ducros, Prince Compostelli, recalled Harriet. Common denominator, Alec Alisander.

"Because it was me she really wanted to come back to, all the time, all the time!" marvelled Alec Alisander. "And now, now we're both older, she feels so desperately that before it's too late, if we're to have any life together at all —"

He broke off with an odd gesture: pride and contrition mingling, he pushed both hands up through his hair; and

suddenly he flung them higher, like an unwary swimmer who has been caught in too strong a tide.

Through cold lips, as though she were drowning, too, Harriet asked, "What, exactly, do you both want?"

It wasn't easy for him to say it. Beglamed as he was, it wasn't easy. He could approach, still, only obliquely.

"Of course, you'll have every security —"

As once before, in the nightclub: "No!" cried Harriet.

"But of course you will. You must. Of course!"

"Tell me what you want."

"We want — I want — you to divorce me," said Alec Alisander.

"I must be clever," thought Harriet. "I must be subtle, and brilliant, and very clever."

It was daylight before she was thus lucid: after a night of weeping. Her control had broken the moment she found herself alone; before that she had even, quite calmly, seen the spare bedroom properly comfortable. "If you'd rather, I can go to my club," suggested Alec. "Dear me, no," said Harriet. "Aren't we both civilised people?" (It was the phrase that had occurred again and again — like an echo. "As Lisa says, we're all civilised people." "Lisa says you're the most civilised woman she knows." "Thank goodness we live in a civilised society.") "I shall probably have breakfast in bed," said Harriet, "but there's certainly no need for the club."

Then she wept.

It was the pattern of the following week. ("Lisa wants to come and talk to you herself," said Alec Alisander. "Not for a week!" said Harriet quickly. She didn't know why she said a week, unless she felt it was the shortest period they would wait before forcing her

hand.) By night Harriet wept; by day, incessantly, she racked her brains, racked her heart to find out some brilliant, subtle, clever plan.

She had plenty of time to plan, and solitude. Except for a quarter of an hour each evening, before he left again to dine out, she saw nothing of her husband at all. It was easier for both of them since they found it difficult to look at each other.

"Try to understand," said Alec Alisander.

"I am trying," said Harriet. "I think I do. When you went to Paris together —"

He stared. "But Lisa wasn't in Paris with me! You may have assumed it, but in point of fact she was at Stratford."

"I'm sorry," apologised Harriet.

She was in no way comforted, however. On the contrary: when she thought the matter over she recognised even more clearly than before that Lisa's object was a marriage — a remarriage! — and nothing less. Nothing less would satisfy her now that Alec had married another woman . . . And how long would it last this time? wondered Harriet bitterly. A year again — as much as a year? — before the next baron, or prince, turned up, and the remarriage was followed by a redoubt and Alec's ultimate, incurable heartbreak?

Unless, of course, Lisa was in earnest.

Essentially fair-minded, Harriet drove herself to consider this possibility also. She had, after all, met Lisa only once for one evening; what right had she to attribute to any woman, so briefly known, such falsity and heartless egoism? There was no answer, except that she knew in her bones it was the truth.

Lisa Vanna was as beautiful, beguiling, and heartless as a Lorelei; perhaps as little to be blamed in following her Lorelei nature; but Harriet, the shore woman, recognised the sea creature . . . against whom, moreover, if no subtle, brilliant plan presented itself, what traditional measure could succeed? Take pains with your appearance, thought Harriet wryly.

Originally more than good looking, happiness had made her nearly beautiful; at thirty-two she was in a dark woman's bloom; she still couldn't, could never, compete with the golden Lorelei. Make your home attractive? No home could be more so, but when did sailor driving on that rock remember his fireside? Be patient and understanding . . . and see your husband drown? thought Harriet.

As her desperation increased, so her wits numbed. She still had no plan, she had thought of nothing, when a week to the day later Alec brought Lisa to the flat. It was Harriet, as she now recalled with terror, who once wished for a showdown.

No one could have behaved more beautifully than Lisa Vanna. Gentle, compassionate, and civilised, she had even dimmed herself a little, as though reluctant to outshine Harriet too brutally. She wasn't wearing her sables, just a simple mink. She wasn't wearing emeralds, just a simple string of pearls. She was just a simple, rather sad woman; in her little, flat, ballerina slippers almost a simple child.

Beside her Alec looked old enough to be her father.

For a moment, as they entered the room together, Harriet looked only at him. She hadn't noticed (seeing him so briefly, only each night before dinner, when they avoided each other's eyes) how much the last week had aged him. He was gaunt; she could almost believe him greyer. It's beginning already, thought Harriet. He's going through the mill already. She felt a light, cold touch on her cheek as Lisa kissed her.

"Darling Harriet! Must we hurt you?" mourned Lisa Vanna. "But we needn't, you know, truly we needn't! Aren't we all three civilised people? And won't you always," begged Lisa Vanna, "be our best friend? You're what we so need, Alec and I: a friend!"

She had no doubts at all as to the issue, as Harriet at once perceived. It was to be merely a regularising, a simple, friendly regularising of an obvious situation.

Harriet looked at the man who was still her husband.

"Lisa means it," said Alec Alisander. "We both mean it."

"Or we'd be too unhappy," cooed Lisa, "without you in our lives!"

So sweetly sang the Lorelei. Harriet looked at her husband again, and saw his eyes deep in his head. As he put out a hand to the cigarette box, she saw the bone of his wrist.

"And we shall be part of your life, darling Harriet!" sang Lisa Vanna. "Always and always! Just only give Alec a divorce —"

"I'm damned if I will," said Harriet.

She wasn't being clever, she wasn't being subtle, she wasn't even being civilised. She was simply standing on her rights. If her husband hated her for it, she couldn't help it. And he was hating her, she knew it; though she couldn't now face him, she saw herself already mirrored in his eyes as that most odious of all female characters, the bitch in the manger. Nonetheless, she repeated herself.

"I'm not going to divorce him," said Harriet steadily. "Be quite clear about it. You can take Alec away, but you can't marry him."

Behind her, for she had turned away as she spoke, she heard two distinct sounds: the light clatter of a dropped cigarette box and a sudden hiss of indrawn breath; the latter a sea sound, as of a wave drawing back from the shingle. Then Lisa was at her side, wide-eyed with incredulity.

"But, darling Harriet," cried Lisa Vanna, "you know you don't mean it! You can't want us to hate you!" cried Lisa Vanna.

"I do mean it," said Harriet, "hate me or not. I shall not divorce Alec in any circumstances whatever. Whatever the provocation. He can leave me, and go away with you, live with you, but I shan't divorce him. Nor shall I let him divorce me. If you make him try to, I shall defend and I shall win. I shan't care what sort of scandal it makes. I don't care for anything except my husband."

Then, at last, she brought herself to meet his eyes, and read in them an expression of immense, of overwhelming relief.

"I was a fool," said Alec Alisander.

"It was very natural," reflected Harriet — snuffing her tall candles.

"But I should have known I was being fooled."

"That's nonsense," said Harriet — raking apart the embers of the fire. "No man in the world could have kept his head with Lisa Vanna. Thank goodness she had her car," added Harriet practically. "At least she could sweep out without our having to phone for a taxi for her."

"I should have known when she wouldn't come to Paris with me."

"That's when I knew," agreed Harriet. "I'd have come to Paris with you any time you asked me."

"You would?" said Alec. "Actually it never occurred to me. I mean, I never thought of you except as a wife."

"And a wife is what you've got," said Harriet Alisander.

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I knew that Mrs. Maxwell, the dear, had put him up to it; I was always telling her how beautiful she smelled.)

"Speaking of Mr. Maxwell," I went on, "he reserved a table for two at the Chandelier Grill for New Year's Eve." That was a broad enough hint, wasn't it?

"That's nice," he said. He managed very adroitly to change the subject and somehow we got through lunch.

When he walked back to my office with me, he put out his hand and said, "Well, Happy New Year, Meg. I'll ring you in a week or so."

I mumbled something about what a nice lunch it had been and then ran blindly into the building.

It didn't snow one flake on December 31. It was clear and just cold enough to make you glad to be alive, only I wished I were dead. I was listless all day and kept making stupid mistakes.

Mr. Maxwell said jovially, "I suppose you've got your mind on the big event to-night, eh, Meg?"

I gave him a sickly sort of grin.

That night the hostel was like Berlin. Those in the Western Zone were happy sprites, busily flitting about getting dressed. In sharp contrast, their sisters in the Eastern Zone were sombre, melancholy creatures.

"Some of us are going to a film," Jean said dully about seven. "Do you want to come?"

I don't know what pos-

Continuing . . .

## Ask Any Girl

(from page 21)

sessed me to tell her I was going out with Robert. Her eyes and mouth opened wide simultaneously.

"He just rang me," I lied.

Jean threw her arms round me and hugged me. There isn't a jealous bone in the whole of her body.

"I'm so happy for you," she enthused.

Before I could stop her she tore through the rest of the house letting everybody know. They poured into my tiny room to help me put on my dress, which is cocktail length and has a skirt like a coral cloud.

One of the dateless horde fastened the wide bow at my waist; another polished my shoes; someone else offered her gorgeous velvet evening coat. They were so sweet and I felt such an outrageous fraud I could have cried.

"You look an angel," Jean said, surveying the finished product. "What time is he calling for you?"

"What time are you girls leaving?" I countered.

"We're going to the last house."

"Robert won't be here until at least nine-thirty," I said hurriedly.

After they were gone, the hostel was quiet and very lonely. You've heard the saying "all dressed up and nowhere to go"? That was me. I

made a drastic decision. My heart was set on being part of that joyous throng in London on New Year's Eve—with or without Robert Tate!

I took a taxi to Piccadilly. It didn't take me long to realise that I had made a dreadful mistake. Couples brushed by me on the way into brilliantly lighted hotels. They brushed past me two by two and I felt dismally alone. It had been absurd venturing out by myself.

I found a telephone box. I wanted to be reassured that somebody loved me on New Year's Eve. My mother was overjoyed to hear my voice.

"I just wanted to wish you and Daddy a Happy New Year," I said shakily.

"I suppose you're out having a good time," she said.

"Oh, yes. Marvellous!" I swallowed hard.

I spoke to her, then to my father, then the pips went. I decided to have a brooding cup of coffee and go back to the hostel.

That's when I met Vincent. He was quite attractive, if you like the type. I don't particularly go for the bulging-bicep variety of male. He was blond, about twenty-eight, and had an interesting crooked way of smiling. He was drinking coffee, too.

"All alone?" he said.

I didn't answer the first time, so he said, "You're much too pretty to be all alone."

"I was meeting somebody," I answered frostily. "He's got appendicitis. Acute."

"I'm alone, too," Vincent said sadly.

I thought of Robert and hated men . . . passionately. "Why don't you go home to your wife," I snapped.

"I haven't one."

I regarded him with new interest. He still wasn't my type, but I had come to the

Vincent had to scream to make himself heard. "Like it?" "I think I'm going to be crushed to death," I shouted back.

"I know a better place," he said.

"Where?"

"My place."

I stiffened. "No, thanks," I said.

"I can't hear you."

"I said 'No, thanks,'" I yelled.

Then some big man shoved me right into Vincent's arms and he held me so close to him that neither of us had to speak louder than usual to be heard.

"Let me go," I said.

"Aw, come on," he said. "I didn't think you were that kind."

I knew exactly the kind he thought I was, and if I wanted to be perfectly honest with myself I couldn't blame him. He had picked me up, hadn't he . . . dressed up to the teeth and out scouting on New Year's Eve?

I wished with all my heart that I had gone to the pictures with Jean and the other girls.

At that moment I was struck by a blinding revelation of truth. Being out with anybody, anybody at all, simply for the sake of being out, means nothing. A girl's got to put a higher value on herself or nobody else will.

There would be other New Year's Eves, a lot of them, and I'd be better off at the hostel reading a good book to improve my mind instead of wrestling in the middle of Piccadilly Circus.

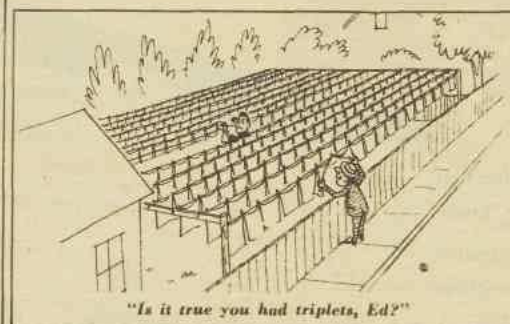
I struggled, but Vincent held me in a vice and tried to kiss me.

"Stop it," I said frantically, twisting my head desperately from side to side. "Stop!"

Consider the nightmarish aspects of the situation! I was surrounded by people, but yelling for help didn't do a bit of good.

Everybody else was yelling, too, and no one paid the slightest attention to me. The only contribution they made was to push Vincent and me closer together.

"Let's kiss the old year out," Vincent said, "and we'll worry



conclusion that two was the most satisfying number in the whole world, especially on New Year's Eve.

One thing led to another, and the next thing I knew we left the cafe together.

My conscience and I had a fierce inner battle! This is London, I argued, where romantic things happen all the time. Miracles occur with such regularity in this city as to become almost a commonplace. Besides, it's New Year's Eve and why should I spend it alone when there's somebody who wants to spend it with me?

My conscience, poor little thing, lost.

We walked to Piccadilly Circus, where everybody was wearing paper hats and blowing hooters and yelling and pushing. It was exciting . . . at the beginning, that is . . . and wonderful.

We were crowded off the pavement. We were swept along with the growing tide of noisy people. The din was quite deafening.

about the New Year when it arrives."

I said, "Let me go," at the same time punching the heel of my shoe into his foot. I took a chance. In that mob it was difficult to be sure on whose foot you were stepping. Vincent groaned and loosened his grip for a second. That second was all I needed.

I disappeared into the swarming thousands, pushed and fought my way through to a side street. It wasn't easy, and by the time I managed to find an empty taxi my dress was torn and I was crying like a baby.

It's all Robert Tate's fault, I thought furiously. If I hadn't become emotionally involved with him I might have given myself a chance to meet someone else who would have taken me out and treated me like a lady! To the devil with Tate!

Guess who was waiting for me, sitting on the steps smoking a cigarette, when I reached

To page 61

## AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning January 5



### ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. ★ Lucky color for love, blue. ★ Gambling colors, blue, rose. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday. ★ Luck in seizing opportunity.

★ If you're content to drift you'll have a pleasant time, but will miss magnificent influences which will not come again for a long while. You like action; here's your chance. If either love or ambition is stirring you on, you can attain personal happiness or financial security. Use holiday leisure to plot a campaign.



### TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. ★ Lucky color for love, black. ★ Gambling colors, black, blue. ★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. ★ Luck in a change.

★ On a cruise or holiday excursion, you may meet your future life partner. If at home, you try new places to eat, meet adventure, and discover places in your own town quite strange to you. You may play a new game or enjoy a new pastime. Adventure knocks when least expected; don't be afraid to travel abroad at home.



### GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 7. ★ Lucky color for love, pastels. ★ Gambling colors, tricolors. ★ Lucky days, Monday, Sat. ★ Luck in a difficult job.

★ You overcome obstacles, whether you're trying to arrange a party or build a holiday shack. Part of this will be luck at the right moment, or a helping hand when you need it most, but your best weapon will be cool determination. Should your love affair have faded, be brave and say so. Don't dodge around corners, postpone decisions.



### CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 21

★ Lucky number this week, 1. ★ Lucky color for love, yellow. ★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey. ★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat. ★ Luck among people.

★ There will be no wallflowers among you this week. You are most attractive to the opposite sex, and, young or old, won't lack escorts. Should you have a family celebration, or holiday will be a happy occasion. At home, family and guests will help you with the work. Routine standards may fall, but happiness prevails.



### LEO

The Lion

JULY 22-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 3. ★ Lucky color for love, violet. ★ Gambling colors, violet, green. ★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. ★ Luck in organising your plans.

★ If you come up with a ready, well-thought-out scheme, people will fall in with your wishes. A long-cherished idea will receive a better reception than you thought. If you want to plan, if things done, work to a plan. If you are eager to improve your skill in some sport, now is your opportunity. Certain sacrifices may be demanded of you.



### VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 5. ★ Lucky color for love, green. ★ Gambling colors, green, gold. ★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. ★ Luck in speculation.

★ Given a little encouragement, Dame Fortune will pay you a visit. Almost any enterprise begun now should flourish beyond your hopes. Don't be afraid to try your luck, but keep the risk within bounds. A small outlay will show a good return. Major investments could prove profitable over a much longer period.



### LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 4. ★ Lucky color for love, orange. ★ Gambling colors, orange, brown. ★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. ★ Luck in domestic harmony.

★ Your nearest and dearest go out of their way to please you. Family co-operation results in home improvements, clean-up jobs, interior decoration. Be lavish with praise and keep criticism down to a minimum. Home versus career problems are in the offing. Whatever you decide, be prepared to pay a certain price.



### SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 9. ★ Lucky color for love, rose. ★ Gambling colors, rose, black. ★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. ★ Luck in discontent.

★ If you are not satisfied with your present situation, outlook, activities, or if you think you could improve them, you are on the right track when restlessness sparks you to definite action. Whether you set out to take more pains with your appearance, posture, charm of manner, or skill in social pastimes, work to a set pattern.



### SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. ★ Lucky color for love, silver. ★ Gambling colors, silver, gold. ★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. ★ Luck in being energetic.

★ Others may play, but you'll be on the job. You'll either be pursuing bargains or applying for a new job. All of you are value-conscious, and in a saving mood after a spending spree. There is a danger of going to extremes, depriving yourself of essentials, making your budget too tight. Strike a balance that will make life pleasant for all.



### CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 2. ★ Lucky color for love, white. ★ Gambling colors, white, black. ★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. ★ Luck in foresight.

★ You have clear sight this week and move steadily towards your goal. Having calculated your chances of success, determination will bring victory in dealing with persons and situations. Tangents will not be permitted to distract you from your chosen path. Nothing will be unexpected for you, but you will find happiness in attaining your wishes.



### AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 6. ★ Lucky color for love, navy. ★ Gambling colors, navy, green. ★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sat. ★ Luck in a new friendship.

★ Someone you already know only slightly is going to play an increasingly important part in your affairs. It is a relationship that will ripen to degrees, but will bring added brightness, gaiety, common interests. It could contain a romantic element, you may indeed have met, without knowing it, the one who is going to be your future mate.



### PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9. ★ Lucky color for love, red. ★ Gambling colors, red, white. ★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sun. ★ Luck in a shrewd guess.

★ You can't afford to make mistakes about people, their motives or real intentions. Influences are deceptive on many points. With little information to guide you, appearances are not being reliable. Intuition may help you discover who are your real friends. If your feelings are hurt, be calm and try to find the reason. Use your head.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - JANUARY 7, 1959

## NOW! a HERCO SHAMPOO!



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• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Box 4089, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 86-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 632, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

# Fashion PATTERNS

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

**F4436.**—Pretty after-five dress designed for lace and trimmed with bands of contrast. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. lace, 5½yds. 36in. net for lining, and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6.

**F9402.**—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make child's petticoat slip and matching panties. Sizes 2, 4, and 6 years. Requires Slip, 1½yds. 36in. material; panties, ¾yd. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

**F5146.**—Attractively styled shirtwaist dress finished with a self-material lace-edge ruffle. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material and 5yds. 1in. lace edging. Price 3/9.

**F4643.**—Bare-armed one-piece dress styled with a slender skirt and Empire-line bodice-top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



F9402

**F5147.**—Waisted one-piece worn with a contrasting cummerbund. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material and ¾yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.



F5146



**F4252.**—Chic one-piece combines an Empire-line bodice and flared skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



F4252



F5147



F4643

## No. 867. — EMPIRE-LINE DRESS

The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in a flower-basket-patterned cambric. The color choice includes pink, grey, and aqua; pale green, grey, and rose-pink; pale blue, grey, and pink; pale grey, beige, and lemon. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 46-6, 36 and 38in. bust 47-3. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 868. — DUCHESSE SET

The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a pretty fan design. The material and color choice includes cream and white. Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Price 8/9. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

### No. 869. — SLEEVELESS BLOUSE

The blouse is obtainable cut out ready to make in sanforized poplin. The color choice includes junior-navy, maize, rose-pink, red, and white. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 15-6; 36 and 38in. bust 17-3. Postage and registration 2/3 extra.

### No. 870. — WAIST APRON

Easy-to-make apron is obtainable cut out ready to make in floral cambric. The color choice includes blue and white, aqua and white, coffee and white, and grey and white. Price 12/9. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

### No. 871. — SLEEVELESS BLOUSE

The blouse is obtainable cut out ready to make in sanforized poplin. The color choice includes maize, pale blue, pillarbox-red, emerald-green, aqua-blue, pale pink, and white. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 14-6; 36 and 38in. bust 15-9. Postage and registration 2/3 extra.

### No. 872. — SKIRT

Pretty gathered skirt is obtainable cut out ready to make in a floral striped cotton. The color choice includes grey and white, red and white, blue and white, and green and white. Sizes: 28, 30, 32in. waist. Price 28 3. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

868



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## Continuing . . . Ask Any Girl

from page 60

the hostel? Robert. He was absolutely the last person in the world I had expected to find there.

"I managed to splutter, 'What are you doing here?'"

"Waiting for you to come home, of course! Where is he?"

"I said haughtily, 'That shouldn't be any concern of yours.'"

Without warning, he grabbed me by the shoulders and shook me roughly for no apparent reason.

"What's the matter with you?" I said, pulling away from him.

"My New Year's Resolution," Robert said angrily, "is to get things straight with you."

"It's about time," I shot back.

"You're too nice a girl to be running round with a married man."

"I couldn't look at him. 'Until tonight,' I said heavily, 'I wasn't absolutely sure there was a wife in the picture.'"

"You knew there was a Mrs. Maxwell?"

"I blinked stupidly. 'Mrs. Maxwell?'"

"Why, the man's quite old enough to be your father."

"Well, he treats me like a daughter, for goodness' sake," I began.

"Don't lie to me, Meg." He looked terribly stern. "I know what's been going on."

"Suppose you tell me, then."

"He employed you because he likes you in a sweater. You told me so yourself."

"Yes, but that doesn't mean . . ."

"And he gave you some perfume for Christmas . . ."

"It may interest you to know it was his wife's suggestion."

"That very first night we went to the Chandelier Grill you told me it was his favorite place."

"Well, it is, but . . ."

"And the same night you asked me my personal opinion of married men who take out single girls."

"I meant you," I said, exasperated. "I was trying to find out if you were married. And I still don't know."

That did it. There wasn't a sound out of him. Silence.

"Well," I said finally, "are you or aren't you? It's not fair to treat a girl like this."

He was flabbergasted. "Of course I'm not married." I was speechless, stunned.

Joy, pure joy, flowed over me like hot sauce over ice-cream. "You're positive?"

"Of course I'm positive! What gave you a mad idea like that?"

"For one thing, I only saw you every other Saturday."

"That's because I had to stay at home on alternate weekends to nurse my ailing wallet. The plain and simple truth is, I can't afford it, Meg. I have a future to consider. A man has got to plan ahead."

"Your car?" I managed feebly.

"It belongs to the firm. I've a long way to go before I can afford a car like that. I have two decent suits and since meeting you I can barely afford to get them cleaned."

"The first time you took me to lunch," I said, "that French restaurant—"

"That first time came under the heading of expenses. I was told to entertain Kutie Knits and your Mr. Maxwell was busy."

I was beginning to be slightly annoyed. "Once and for all," I said, "he's not my Mr. Maxwell. He never was!"

"I want a yes or no from you, Meg. Are you willing to take long walks with me on Saturday nights and just talk? Are you willing to go to plays in the gallery?"

"Yes," I breathed. "Oh, yes."

"And no more lunches at restaurants where I have to leave my right arm for a tip? You never eat, anyway. Agreed?"

"Agreed," I said. "Robert, is this the reason you didn't ask me to spend New Year's Eve with you?"

"I'm flat broke. I was going to make a clean breast of my financial situation when you told me Maxwell had reserved a table for two at the Chandelier Grill."

"What a tangled web," I sighed, rubbing my cheek against the lapel of his coat. "And all the time I thought . . . but it doesn't matter now, does it?"

He held me at arm's length. "Wait a minute," he said, "if it wasn't Maxwell, who were you with tonight?"

I related the whole sordid episode with Vincent.

"Poor pet," he said, tenderly.

That's when he kissed me. This must be love, I thought dizzily, while he was doing it. I can even hear bells! Then I realised the chimes were coming from the church in the



next road. It was midnight, the beginning of the New Year.

"There's a coffee bar at the corner," Robert said. "We can get a cup of coffee."

"And a sandwich," I suggested hopefully. "I'm hungry."

He smiled. "I think we can manage a sandwich. Let's celebrate!" he offered impulsively. "I'll buy you champagne. Blow the cost!"

I shook my head. "There's no need to be extravagant. Coffee and a sandwich will do very nicely, thank you. We have . . . I mean . . . you have a future to consider."

He smiled again. "You were right the first time, Meg," he said shortly.

We don't do anything much now except be together. We go for long walks and just talk. Sometimes we go to the pictures, and occasionally, on Saturday nights, we have dinner in Soho.

We're going to be married in the spring, and if I get my way it'll be a double ring ceremony.

Because, if you want to know what I think, it is that every married man should be required by law to wear a wedding-ring at all times. Husbands, after all, look almost exactly like bachelors, don't they? Ask any girl . . .

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# Continuing . . . Marry Me, Maggie

from page 19

without the element of surprise her heart was beating abnormally fast.

He came just as the house lights were dimming, and Margaret, for no good reason at all, was terribly glad that he was there. He reached over and picked up the handbag from her lap and pinned a fat, fragrant gardenia to the dark cloth. Then he replaced the bag and reached for her hand.

"Hello, there," he said. She pulled her hand away. "Are you crazy?" she demanded in an indignant whisper. "No," he whispered back. "But I'm going to be. About you."

During the intermission they stood in the lobby and smoked. "Is your name Marcia?" he asked.

"No," she said. "It's Margaret. Why Marcia?"

"Oh, I don't know. Sometimes people look like names. Marcia is smooth, finished, and glossy, like you. Are you a model?"

Margaret laughed. "No, thanks. When I graduated from college an agent came up to me after the exercises and asked me if I'd like to be, though. It's my one claim to fame."

"Why didn't you give it a try?" he asked.

"Again, no, thanks," she said. "I plan on working for longer than my face and figure will hold out."

"I see," he said. "Do your friends call you Maggie?"

"No, Peggy."

"Unh-unh," he said, shaking his head. "That's long, blond pigtailed and a sailor hat, Maggie. That's for you."

Margaret exhaled smoke in a big cloud. "I think you're crazy," she said. "What do you work at?"

"I write," he said. Margaret smiled. "That explains everything."

"My name is Bill," he told her, returning her smile.

Suddenly she knew what he had meant about people looking like names. "Yes," she said. "It had to be."

Now it was September. Five short months, but long enough to change Margaret - Peggy Sherwood into Maggie Sherwood, a girl with opinions and ideas, and the need to express them; a girl who read books, went places and knew people who would have been alien to Margaret Sherwood; a girl who had caught her breath with wonder when the rising sun had turned skyscraper windows to golden squares, and concrete walls to pink spun sugar candy, and who had let a man kiss her then, and had fallen in love.

The cab jerked to a stop, and Margaret waited for Bill to pay the driver. The windows of her apartment were dark. She handed her key to Bill, and he unlocked the door. Before she could flick the wall switch he had her in his arms. His hands were not gentle as

he took off her hat. They tangled in her hair, and his mouth was hard and possessive on hers. Margaret clung to him.

"Tell me that you don't care now, darling," he whispered harshly. "Tell me now that it doesn't matter whether I go or stay. Can you tell me that now, Maggie? Can you?"

Margaret shook her head, pressing close to him, putting her lips near to his again. "I love you, Maggie," he said. "Marry me."

"Don't say anything, darling," she whispered, putting her slim fingers against his lips. "I can't stand it when we quarrel."

"I'll go now," said Bill. "This is making it worse for both of us. Tomorrow?"

"Yes, Bill. Good-night."

Margaret lay in bed, twisting and turning, and asked herself why, over and over again. What was so horrible about a good safe life? Why did he hate it so? Why couldn't he understand that globe-trotting was for people without responsibilities, not for men who wanted to get married? When her mother came in Margaret got up to have a cup of coffee and a cigarette with her.

Lucia Sherwood was small, sweet-faced, and gentle. She looked nearer thirty-five than forty-five.

"Mother," said Margaret, when they were settled at the kitchen table, "how did you feel when Daddy asked you to marry him?"

"Wonderful," said Lucia without hesitation. "Happy, too, and a just a little bit scared, I think."

"Bill wants to marry me."

"I know, dear."

"You do?"

"Yes," said Lucia, smiling. "It's not hard to tell when a man feels that way."

"He doesn't want to take a steady job. He wants to keep on writing, free-lance."

"Do you love him, dear?"

"Yes, Mother, I do."

"Enough?"

"Too much, I'm afraid."

Lucia looked thoughtfully at the tip of her cigarette. "I think that if your father had been a writer, instead of an accountant, that I would have married him, anyway," she said.

"And what would you have done when I came along?"

"I'd have raised you," said Lucia. "I imagine that I could have done that as well in several foreign cities as I did in New York."

"Suppose Daddy had died and left nothing for you. What would you be doing now?"

Lucia poured more coffee. "I think that I might be doing any number of things, dear," she said. "Hostessing in a tea shop, or selling at Macy's." She paused and looked at Margaret. "The job that I might have now would be unimportant when stacked against all the good years that I had with your father. They were worth anything."

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It was all right again the next morning. It was a sunshiny new day, and Margaret let herself hope again.

Maybe today I can make him see, she thought. I'll take him out to Long Island to meet Myra and Greg.

She dressed painstakingly, choosing and rejecting, and deciding finally on a pale grey suit and a bright blue scarf. When Bill drove up in a borrowed car she knew that her efforts had been worthwhile. His eyes appreciated her.

"Let's get out of the city, shall we?" he said.

"Fine!" said Margaret. "I know just the place to go."

"Good. Where to?"

"Long Island. I'd like you to meet some friends of mine."

It was a perfect afternoon. They talked and laughed and ate at a drive-in. They admired the brazenly colored foliage, and too soon they were at Myra and Greg's.

Myra and Greg Cornish were class-mates of Margaret's who had married immediately after graduation from college. Now Greg had a good job, with a prospective partnership in view, in his father's stock brokerage office. Greg and Myra had two children, and they owned their own home. It was a white house, set well back behind a green lawn, with shady trees and flowers.

Margaret kept her fingers crossed, but there was no need. Everything was fine. Myra and Greg took to Bill at once, but, then, everyone did. Bill told them some amusing stories about his experiences in foreign countries; he played with the two-year-old twins; he praised Myra's excellent dinner, and he talked finances with Greg. Margaret was so happy that she hurt. She pictured herself in a house just like this one, with healthy children in bed upstairs, and friends in for dinner.

When they were driving back to the city, Bill said quickly, "I guess this is it, Maggie. I'm taking a plane to France in three days. Are you coming with me?"

Margaret sat very still next to him. She could hear the ends of her scarf blowing in the wind behind her. This was definitely it, the fork in the road, and she could not answer. This afternoon she had been so sure that he was changing, that he was beginning to see her side of things.

"Don't answer right this minute, darling," said Bill. "I'll take you to church tomorrow morning, and you can tell me then. But you must decide, Maggie, because I'm really going."

"You are afraid to look at things my way," she said.

"I'm not afraid, Maggie. It's just that I don't think that being married has to mean, ought to mean, being shackled. Look at it this way, Maggie. You get yourself a pretty good paying job, so you buy a car. You climb into your still-unpaid-for car to go shopping for a house. You find just the place you want, of course the price is a little steep, but it's what you want, so you buy it. That's the beginning of the good, settled life you're always talking about."

"You're not being fair, Bill, and you know it. You make marriage sound like a credit bureau, instead of like a beautiful plan for sharing the good things together."

"Let me finish, darling," he said. "So there you are. A job, an unpaid-for car, and a very much unpaid-for house. None of your fine security left in the bank, either, because you've used it all for down payments."

"Then comes the day when you get fed to the teeth with your job, and you know that you can't leave to look for something better paying or

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# Mandrake the Magician

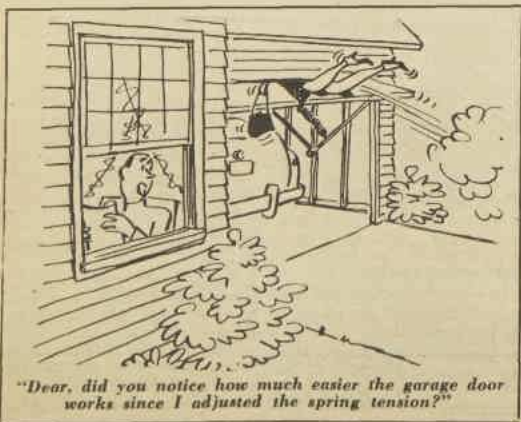
MANDRAKE: Master magician, and LOTHAR, his giant Nubian servant, have solved the mystery of the Thundergod and his sacred Mesa. A gang of crooks discovered the Mesa to be a rich source of uranium ore, but the land was owned by the nearby Indian tribe. The gang set up a mine, and, to hide their

activities, fostered the Indians' belief that the Thundergod lived on the Mesa and the area was forbidden. Mandrake exposes the deception and restores to the Indians their Mesa — and uranium. This week Mandrake and Princess Narda begin a new adventure on the planet Magna.



## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD







Those who Know say—

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## TEENA

by Linda Torg



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

1. Thereby you can save 90% (1, 6, 2, 4).
8. Bracing medicine produced by Bert on ice (5).
9. Takes away (7).
10. Nauseously put a broken list in a negation (7).
11. He is often in the society of Joan (5).
12. Quick way to journalism (5, 6).
17. Easily breakable, transparent and mostly a young woman (5).
19. Blew up the shoe form in bed (7).
21. They are useful for golf or for tea (7).
22. Picture mostly of age (5).
23. They are interested in bumps (13).



Solution of last week's crossword.

### DOWN

1. A very famous one had his mark (6).
2. Turn a set round a French one to get melodies (5).
3. You must touch or get touched to get this kind of feeling (7).
4. There is urgency when through Ur ryc is imported (5).
5. He has no fixed abode, but he is not insane (5).
6. Direct opposite in metrical line (7).
7. Attempts the end of which speaks (6).
13. Hero was his girl-friend (7).
14. I garner (Anagr., 7).
15. It may hold a shell (3, 3).
16. Small venomous snakes (6).
18. A descendant (5).
19. Fundamental in a web as a lining (5).
20. Pitfalls of a backward saint keeping a counterfeit Irish coin (5).

Solution will be published next week.

Continuing . . .

## Marry Me, Maggie

from page 62

more interesting, because if you quit your job, who is going to make the payments on your house and your car? That is the day when marriage ceases to be a romantic bond and becomes an iron chain."

"It's not like that, Bill," she said quietly.

"Don't tell me what it's like. I saw it all happen to my father," said Bill angrily. "Life is too short to spend the best years worrying about the first of every month."

Margaret was getting angry, too. "I can't help what happened to your father," she said. "Look at Mother. My father is dead now, but she will never have to worry. Look at Myra and Greg. Don't you think that they are happy, building something together? Something to keep them safe when they grow old, and something for their children. But I suppose to you they are simple creatures, rotting in their little rut."

"Please, Maggie, let's not fight about it. I think that Myra and Greg are fine people. I just don't want their kind of life."

So now she knew why he hated her idea of marriage, but knowing did not solve anything. He had asked her to go with him, and she had to answer. If he only knew how much she wanted to say yes. She wanted to marry him, belong to him, travel with him, but she also wanted the assurance that one day they would come home and settle down, and Bill could not, would not, give her that. Did she love him enough? Her mother had asked. Enough to give him up? Was she strong enough to look him in the eyes and say, "No, Bill, I can't marry you?"

She shivered a little, and he put his arm around her and drove on. She looked down at his hand on her shoulder. It was a brown hand, with long fingers and short square nails, and it lay on her shoulder, strong and sure. She wished that it were on the back of her neck, under her hair, the way it was just before he kissed her. Too soon they were slowing up in front of her house, and Margaret was wetting her lips, trying to swallow the pain in her throat.

Bill nodded towards the dark windows of the apartment. "Where's your mother?" he asked.

"Her afternoon bridge club decided that poker is more exciting, so they switched to that. Sometimes they go on for half the night."

"How about a cup of coffee for a weary driver?" Margaret nodded silently.

Later, as they sat in the living-room after she had changed, she tried to think of a way to tell him, but when the words came they were blurred and incoherent.

"It's no good, Bill," she said. "We'd ruin each other inside of three months. Let's just say goodbye now and forget that this ever happened to us."

His saucer clattered against the top of the coffee table.

"Do you mean that you don't want to marry me, Maggie?"

"Yes," said Margaret. "I mean no, I don't want to marry you." She stood up suddenly. "I wish that you'd go now, Bill."

"You don't love me, Maggie?" She kept her back to him, holding herself stiffly. "No, Bill, I don't love you. I'm not sure that I ever did. I think that it was just that you are different, and it was spring, and—I wish you'd leave."

She heard the door slam behind him. He had not said goodbye. He had just opened the door and gone. Margaret

turned and looked at the empty living-room. Everything was so still and dead. What had she done? Bill was gone, because she had sent him away. She felt horribly cold and shaky. Well, what had she expected? Sweetness and light after love had gone?

Margaret sat down and absently tapped a cigarette against the edge of the coffee table and suddenly, like a sharp, chastising slap, the question struck her. What kind of woman was she, anyway? A decent woman went with her man, didn't she? No matter where he led, if she loved him, she followed.

And Margaret knew that she loved Bill. For whom did she think the words about her better or for worse had been written? For every woman but herself? She had fallen in love with one kind of man, and had been trying to change him into another.

Just who do you think you are, she asked herself. Thinking of your house, your future, your life, when without Bill nothing is worth thinking about.

She grabbed for her coat and ran out of the apartment. For once in her life she, too, was going to be non-conformist. She was going to run after a man. Outside there was a cab cruising by, and Margaret yelled at the driver.

At Bill's apartment house she pressed her finger against the bell next to his card, and held it there. It was several minutes before she realised that he was not there. Slowly she went out to the sidewalk, and even more slowly she started walking home.

This feeling that she carried inside herself now was what people who wrote books meant when they talked about heart-break, she thought. Except that the pain was not only in her heart but all over her, a pain from which there was no escape. There was no place to hide from it, and no one to make it better.

She was crying when she rang the bell at home, and gasping when the buzzer sounded and she pushed the door open.

"Mother," she wailed, but the arms that held her were not her mother's. They were wonderfully, miraculously, Bill's. He pressed her face against the roughness of his coat, and his hand was on the back of her neck, under her hair. "I went looking for you, and you weren't there," sobbed Margaret.

"I came right back, darling," said Bill gently. "I still had your keys, so I came on in. I came back to ask you to come shopping for a little white house with me tomorrow."

Margaret's breath caught on the edge of a sob. "I went to your apartment to ask you to buy another ticket on the plane to France."

"Never mind, darling," said Bill, his smile gentle but unbelieving. "We can always see France on a two weeks' vacation some year."

Margaret stamped her foot. "I don't want to go to Europe on a vacation. I want to go there on my wedding trip, and I want to go to a lot of other places, too. So you'll have to work your head off writing things to support me and to keep us in transportation."

He kissed her then. It was several minutes before he spoke, and then he said: "Let's buy that book on antiques before we go, darling. I hear tell that Europe is just crawling with old furniture for sale."

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1959 JANUARY 1959	1959 FEBRUARY 1959	1959 MARCH 1959
Sun. : 4 11 18 25 : :	Sun. 1 8 15 22 : : :	Sun. 1 8 15 22 29 : :
Mon. : 5 12 19 26 : :	Mon. 2 9 16 23 : : :	Mon. 2 9 16 23 30 : :
Tues. : 6 13 20 27 : :	Tues. 3 10 17 24 : : :	Tues. 3 10 17 24 31 : :
Wed. : 7 14 21 28 : :	Wed. 4 11 18 25 : : :	Wed. 4 11 18 25 : : :
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Fri. 2 9 16 23 30 : :	Fri. 6 13 20 27 : : :	Fri. 6 13 20 27 : : :
Sat. 3 10 17 24 31 : :	Sat. 7 14 21 28 : : :	Sat. 7 14 21 28 : : :
1959 APRIL 1959	1959 MAY 1959	1959 JUNE 1959
Sun. : 5 12 19 26 : :	Sun. : 3 10 17 24 31	Sun. : 7 14 21 28 : :
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1959 JULY 1959	1959 AUGUST 1959	1959 SEPTEMBER 1959
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1959 OCTOBER 1959	1959 NOVEMBER 1959	1959 DECEMBER 1959
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Fri. 2 9 16 23 30 : :	Fri. 6 13 20 27 : : :	Fri. 4 11 18 25 : : :
Sat. 3 10 17 24 31 : :	Sat. 7 14 21 28 : : :	Sat. 5 12 19 26 : : :

## PUBLIC HOLIDAYS — 1959

New Year's Day, 1st January.  
Australia Day, 26th January.  
Labour Day (Tas. & W.A.), 2nd March.  
Labour Day (Vic.), 9th March.  
Good Friday, 27th March.  
Easter Saturday, 28th March.  
Easter Monday, 30th March.

Anzac Day, 25th April.  
Labour Day (Qld.), 4th May.  
Foundation Day (W.A.), 1st June.  
Queen's Birthday (except W.A.), to be proclaimed.  
Xmas Day, 25th December.  
Boxing Day, 26th December.  
Proclamation Day (S.A.), 28th Dec.

Labour Day (N.S.W.), 8th October.  
Eight Hour Day (S.A.), 12th October.  
Queen's Birthday (W.A.), to be proclaimed.  
Xmas Day, 25th December.  
Boxing Day, 26th December.  
Proclamation Day (S.A.), 28th Dec.



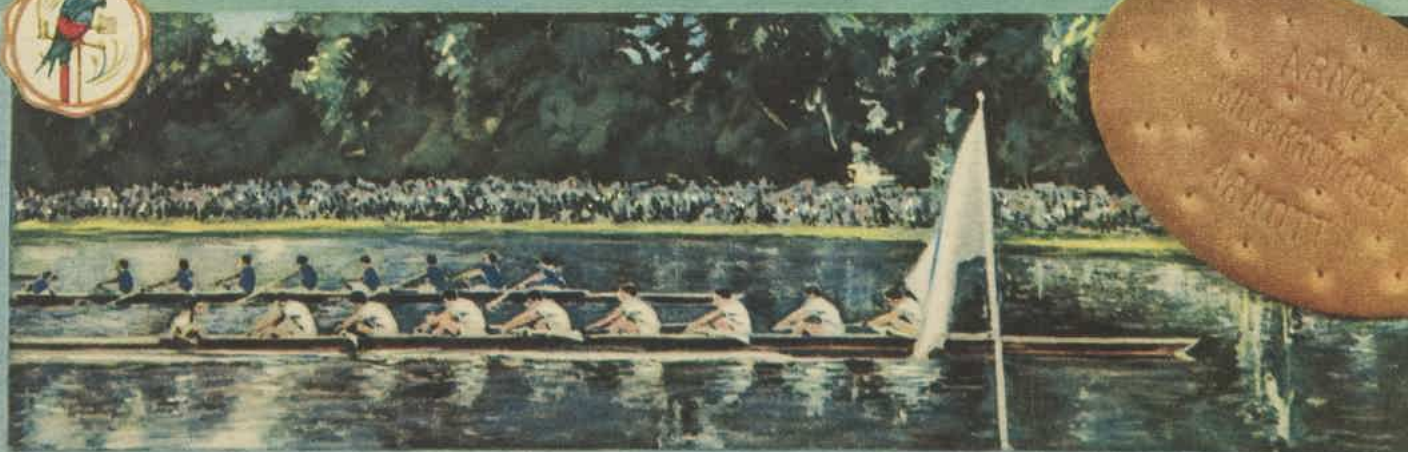
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A leading coach of rowing crews competing in Empire Games and Head of the River contests recalled that a school crew, quite by accident, had Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits prior to winning the Riverview Gold Cup in 1938, the first school crew to do so. He decided to use them before rowing in the Australian Eight Oar Test Race at Ballarat on 18th January. "We had no

regular lunch," he said, "just a half-pound of Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits and a glass of milk each. We won the race. Since then we have eaten them between rows each weekend and find they make energy readily available and cause no indigestion, even if we row almost immediately after eating them. So we now call Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits our Racing Food."

ORIGINAL LETTER HELD BY WILLIAM ARNOTT PTY. LIMITED.



Finish of Australian Eight Oar Test Race at Ballarat, 18th January, 1958. (Photo courtesy of "Ballarat Courier.")